THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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As Proofs of Holy Writ—By Edwin Lefèvre

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

You Think It →
Say It

RECIPE FOR MAKING
BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

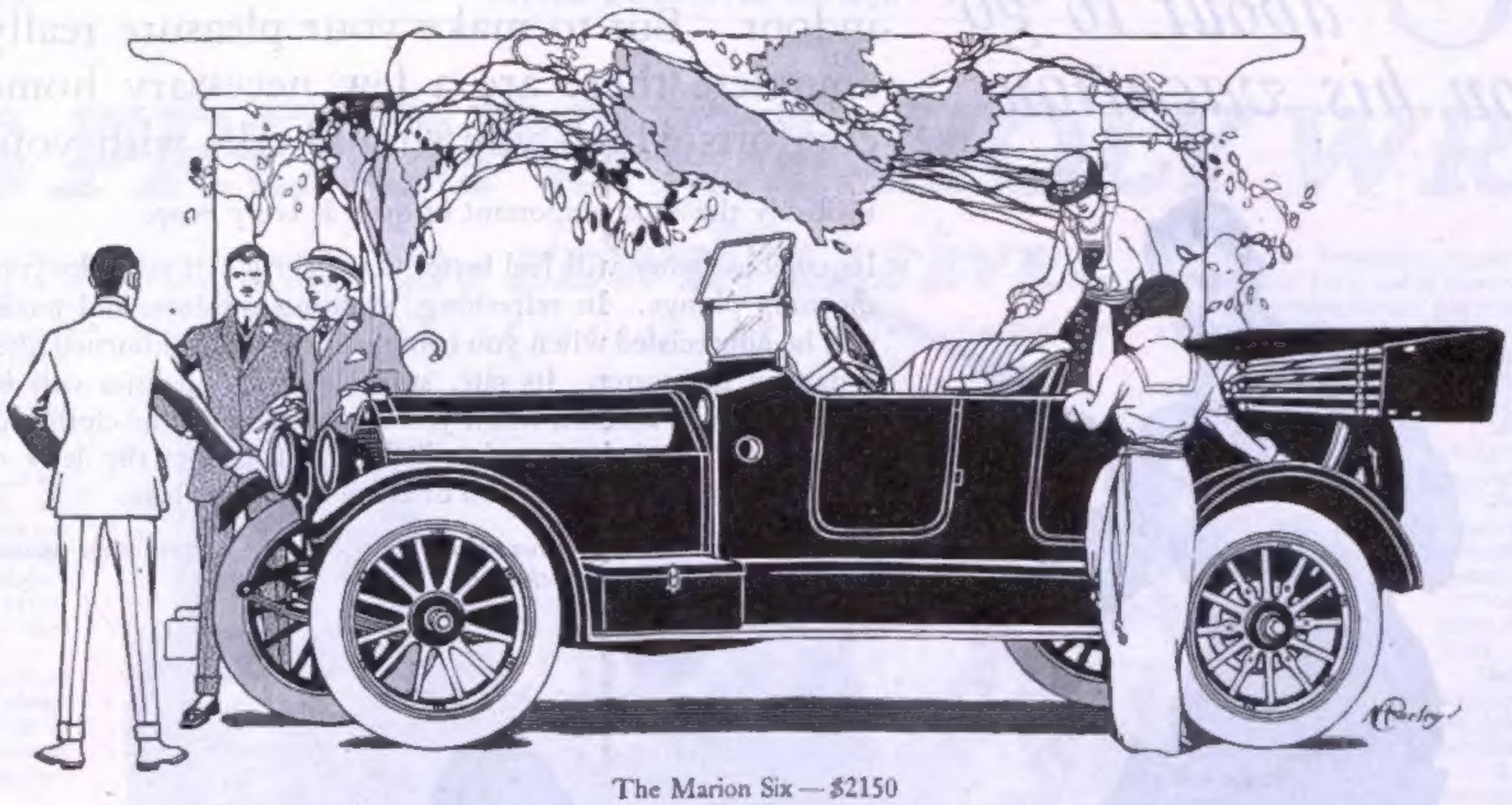
1 qt. sifted Gold Medal flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons butter
1⅞ cups milk

Sift the dry ingredients together four times; cut and rub the butter into the mixture with the thumb and fingers, add the milk gradually, mixing and cutting through with a knife until the whole is a light, spongy mass. Turn on a well floured board, roll lightly to one inch thick, cut with a biscuit cutter and bake in a hot oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. If two inch cutter is used the rule will make eighteen biscuits.

This recipe and 761 others in the GOLD MEDAL COOK BOOK.
Each package of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR contains a Cook Book coupon.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR AT ALL GROCERS

Marion



The Marion Six — $2150

The Car that is Chosen by the Shrewdest Buyers

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These are the people to whom the makers of the Marion have been catering during the many years they have been building automobiles. Their purpose has not been quantity. It has been quality that means a certain disposal of their yearly output. In this purpose they have succeeded. And it is for these reasons that the Marion is often called "the Substantial American Family Car."

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It has speed, but is not overpowered. It is roomy but not bulky. Convenience may be measured by its Westinghouse electric starter that fairly spins the motor, and by the bright electric lights that snap on at the touch of a button. Comfort may be realized by sitting in its deep, full Turkish upholstery.

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Six-Cylinder, 50 h. p. Motor
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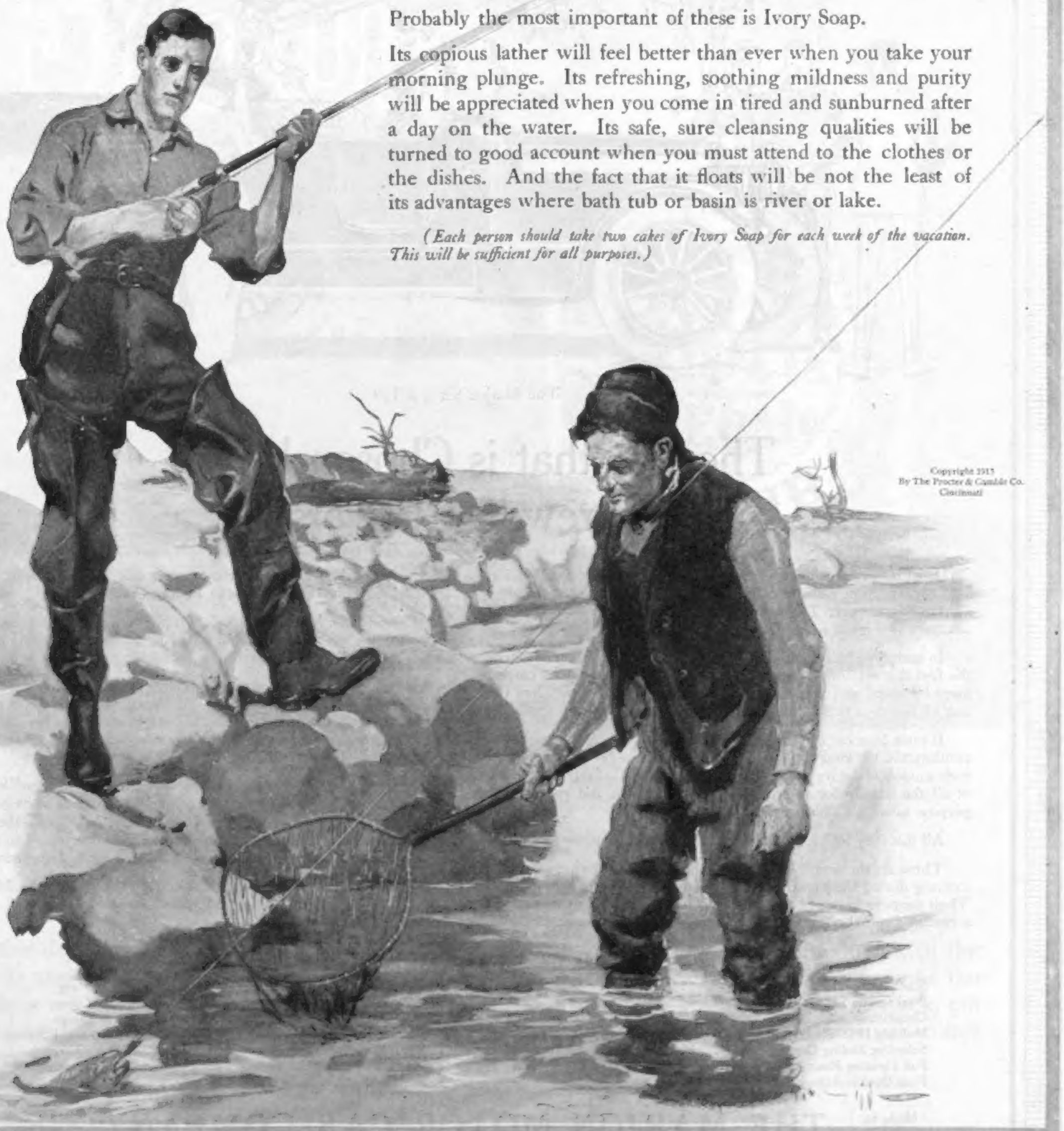
YOU are looking forward to a complete change—play instead of work, country instead of city, outdoor life instead of indoor. But to make your pleasure really complete there are a few necessary home comforts which you should take with you.

Probably the most important of these is Ivory Soap.

Its copious lather will feel better than ever when you take your morning plunge. Its refreshing, soothing mildness and purity will be appreciated when you come in tired and sunburned after a day on the water. Its safe, sure cleansing qualities will be turned to good account when you must attend to the clothes or the dishes. And the fact that it floats will be not the least of its advantages where bath tub or basin is river or lake.

(Each person should take two cakes of Ivory Soap for each week of the vacation. This will be sufficient for all purposes.)



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AS PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE bell of the telephone on the desk of the alert city editor of the New York Planet rang twice. The alert city editor did not instantly answer it. He was reading a love letter not meant for his eyes. It had been sent in with his mail by mistake. The bell rang again.

"Yes?" he said angrily. "Who? Oh, hello, Bill!" There was a pause. Then: "Shall we? Why, friend, he's already started. Thanks awfully! Sure thing!"

He swung round and cast a roaming glance about the big room. It was Sunday, the sacred day when nothing happened.

"Parkhurst!" he called.

Parkhurst, one of the Planet's star men, sauntered over to the desk. He had planned to do other things with his time this nice Sunday afternoon. Monday morning stories are not apt to be exciting. Therefore he limped pathetically in anticipation of the excuse he proposed to make to get off. He was Williams' chum.

There Before Their Wide-Gaping Eyes Was a Boxful of Yellow Yukon Gold

"Jimmy," said the city editor with his habitual air of giving assignments as though they were decorations awarded for distinguished services, "I just had Bill Stewart, of the Hotel Brabant, on the telephone. He says there is a man there who has seven million dollars in golddust in the engine room of the hotel. Klondike mineowner. Does not believe in banks, I guess. Takes mighty big stocking to hold the cash ——"

"Do you want me to write the story?" cut in Parkhurst coldly. It was his way of showing his city editor his place.

"Coal-Oil Johnny up to date! Don't fall for any press agent ——"

Parkhurst forgot the excuse he was going to make. His limp vanished. The story promised well. He hastened to the Brabant and saw the room clerk, Stewart, who had tipped off the city editor.

"Yes; he is in," said Stewart. "But if you think it is another case of Coal-Oil Johnny you've got another guess coming. Not that he is a tightwad; he is liberal enough with his nuggets, the hallboys say. But he is no fool. And yet—think of it!—he takes into Seattle with him from Nome eight or ten millions of golddust! There he hires a special train to bring him and his golddust to New York. He arrives at the Grand Central in the early morning. They hustle round and find seven trucks to carry the boxes of golddust for him. He follows in a taxicab. He comes straight to this hotel ——"

Stewart here swelled up his chest. It made the reporter say amiably:

"It was considered a good hotel once; but news travels slowly in the frozen North."

"He comes up here, registers, and then expects me to let him take the whole fifteen tons of gold up to his room. What do you know about that? Well, then he wanted to hire a whole floor so as to distribute the weight. But you know it is a highly concentrated weight. No floor would stand it. Gold is the heaviest thing there is."

"It is," agreed Parkhurst hastily. "It is, dear friend. That's why I never carry more than a couple of tooth-fillings with me, and ——"

"Let me tell you," cut in Stewart, full of his story. "So, being Sunday and no banks open, we arranged for him to keep the golddust downstairs in the engine room. And it is there now, a hundred and fifty boxes, worth, he says, about eight million ——"

"Lead me to it before you hand in your bill," entreated the reporter.

"There are eight Old Sleuths, with sixteen automatic pistols, on the job of keeping hungry newspaper men from the nice little paperweights, Jimmy," said Stewart. "I am so kind to Mr. Jerningham myself that I think he will remember me in one of those wills you fellows are always writing about—don't you know? How a fabulous fortune is left to the polite hotel clerk who was so nice to the stranger in the spring of 1874?"

"What's the full name?" asked the reporter.

"There it is!" and Stewart pointed to the autograph in the hotel register.

"Alfred Jerningham. Nome and New York. Suite G."

There followed the names of the eight bullion guards and his two personal servants.

"Looks like a schoolboy's writing."

"He is about forty," said the clerk.

"Then it means he probably stopped writing for publication when he was about fourteen. That is the immature chirography of a man who is more at home with a pick than with a pen. And, furthermore ——"

"Here he comes," interjected Stewart. "I'll introduce you."

J. Willoughby Parkhurst, the reporter, was startled by the change in Stewart's face. It had taken on the ingratiating soul-sweetness of one who enjoys your story with all his faculties—the complete surrender of self, soul and hopes of Heaven. He exuded gratitude from every pore.

"Gosh!" exclaimed J. Willoughby Parkhurst in amazement, and turned quickly to see who it was that had made Stewart's greed-stricken face turn itself into a moving-picture film of all the delights.

A man was approaching—a man of about the reporter's height, square-shouldered, smooth-shaved, strong-chinned, with an outdoor complexion and the clear, clean, steady eyes of a man without a liver. There was a metallic glint to the gray-blue of the iris that made the eyes a trifle hard. The lips were not only compressed but you guessed that the compression was habitual. Even a private detective could have told that this man had made up his mind to do one thing, and therefore he would do it. There was no doubt of it.

"Oh, Mr. Jerningham!" The name issued like a stream of saccharin out of the eddying smiles on Stewart's face.

"The expectation of twenty million of gold, at least, on that face!" thought Parkhurst, more impressed by the smile than by the cause thereof.

"Here is that nugget I promised you." And Mr. Jerningham dropped four-and-three-quarter pounds Troy of gold into the clerk's coy hand. "It is the largest I ever found in six years' mining on the Klondike."

The reporter later told the city editor—he did not print this—that Stewart, as he got the nugget, showed plainly on his face his disappointment that Jerningham had not come from the South African diamond fields. A carbon crystal weighing four pounds and three-quarters—that would have been worth a real smile! But the clerk said gratefully:

"It's very good of you. Thank you ever so much! I'd like to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Parkhurst."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. Parker, did you say?" The Klondiker spoke coldly. It made the reporter say, subtly antagonistic:

"Parkhurst!"

"Any relation to ——"

"Haven't a relation in the world."

"Shake again, friend," said Jerningham warmly. "I am in the same boat myself!" They shook hands again.

"Do you want to be very nice?" asked Jerningham almost eagerly of the reporter.

"It is my invariable custom to be that," Parkhurst assured him gravely.

"Dine with me tonight." Jerningham looked expectant.

"I have an engagement with my friend the bishop," said the reporter, who hated clergymen for obvious reasons. "But—let me see!" Parkhurst closed his eyes the better to see how he could break his engagement. "I'll send regrets to the bishop and dine with you with pleasure."

"Mr. Parkhurst is on the Planet," put in Stewart. It was the way he said it!

"Ah, yes," said Jerningham vaguely.

"In fact, Mr. Jerningham," said Parkhurst, "I was sent to interview you."

"Huh?" ejaculated the Klondiker blankly. It was plain he was virgin soil.

"All to myself!" thought J. Willoughby with a mental smack of the lips. Then he began in that congratulatory tone of voice with which practiced interviewers corkscrew admissions out of their victims: "We heard about your trip from Seattle and about your—er—baggage. Would you mind telling me a little more about it? We could," with a honeyed grin at Stewart, "sit down in a nice little corner of the café and have a nice little chat."

"I don't mind—if you don't," said Jerningham with one of those diffidently eager smiles of people who are doing you a favor and do not know it.

The reporter led the way to the café, selected a small table in the farthest corner, beckoned to a waiter, pointed to a chair and nodded toward the Alaskan Monte Cristo.

"Thank you!" said Jerningham with real gratitude, and sat down. Then he looked at his watch, saw that it was only four o'clock and said to the waiter:

"A cup of tea, please."

"Huh?" It was all J. Willoughby could rise to. A miner and tea? What about the free champagne for the hundreds? A tea-drinker would not scatter walnut-sized diamonds along the Great White Way.

"I got used to it. My pal was English. We found it preferable to whisky in the Klondike." Mr. Jerningham made no effort to disguise the apologetic tone.

"I'll have the same," cleverly said J. Willoughby. Then, to clinch it: "Of course you know that in the exclusive clubs today men drink more tea than liquor!"

"It's the proper thing—eh?" said Jerningham with a sort of head-waiter deference that made the reporter stare in surprise. "I am glad you told me that."

"Oh, yes. It is no longer good form to get load—er—intoxicated. It's one of the few good things we've got from England—teadrinking," the reporter said. "And, Mr. Jerningham, to get back to our subject, just how did you happen to go to the Klondike?"

"It began in New York," said Jerningham, and drew his lips together. It was clearly not a pleasant memory.

"But What's Digging Graves Got to Do With Your Going to the Klondike?"

"It did?" You could tell that J. Willoughby was grateful. "Well, well! And ——" He frowned as though a date had escaped him. He really suggested time to the miner, for Jerningham volunteered:

"When I was twelve years old."

"That's about twenty years ago," ventured the reporter in the affirmative tone of voice that inevitably elicits contradiction and the exact figures from the victim.

"Thirty-two years ago, sir."

"Well, well! And —— How did you say it began?"

The reporter put his hand to his ear to show that his hardness of hearing had prevented him from getting Jerningham's previous answer to the same question.

"My father!" Mr. Jerningham nodded twice, to show that those two words told the whole story.

"Ah, yes! And then?" The reporter looked as if instant death would follow the non-receipt of information; and Jerningham, as though against a life-long determination to be silent, spoke—and frowned as he spoke:

"My father! He was a coachman in the employ of old David Soulett, who was the son of Walter and the father of Richard and David the third, and of Madge, who married the Duke of Peterborough. Old David Soulett—the second, he was—was my father's employer. My father was English. He came to New York when he was eighteen. He went straight into the Souletts' stable, became head coachman and lived with the family for fifty years. They pensioned him off. I grew up with the boys—called one another by our first names. Do you get that?—by our first names!"

Jerningham compressed his lips tightly and nodded. His eyes filled with reminiscence—sweet, yet sad.

"You did, eh?" said the reporter. If J. Willoughby had been addicted to slang he would have used the same wondering tone of voice and would have exclaimed: "What do you know about that!"

"And that is why I went to the Klondike!" There are times when a man's voice and attitude show that he is speaking in italics. This was one of the times. Having said all there was to be said, he turned to the tea with a gesture of such determination that Parkhurst leaned over, half expecting to see a dozen starving grizzly bears jump out of the cup. Then the thought came to the watchful reporter that the grim-shut lips merely expressed that some memory was bitter. He asked, very sympathetically:

"Did they send you away?"

"They did not send me away. They did nothing! They were! That's all. It was enough."

"Yes, of course!" The reporter agreed with Jerningham absolutely. "But I don't quite see the exact reason, as you might say."

"They were!" explained Jerningham as one might talk to a child. "They were Souletts, rich by inheritance, in the best society. They had everything I did not have. So I went to the Klondike."

"Yes?"

"Is it not clear?"

"No!" said the reporter, grateful for the chance to use the plain negative.

"They were in the Four Hundred. They were gentlemen. They were good-looking, pleasant-mannered, kindly hearted fellow-Christians. But if they had not been the sons of David Soulett, and if David had not been the son of Walter, and Walter the son of the first David, they wouldn't have been in the Four Hundred, or in the Four Thousand even. Policemen at the corners used to touch their hats to them as they drove by and seemed really glad to get a pleasant smile in return. You felt the cops would never have dreamt of taking a Soulett to the station house—always to the Soulett mansion.

"New Yorkers used to point to the house—the Soulett mansion—with an air of pride, as though they owned it! Clerks in shops would send for the proprietor if one of the Souletts walked in, and later they would brag how they said to David Soulett, they said; and he said, said he—and so on. And why? Why, I ask you? Because an ignorant old cuss couldn't read or write and had to go to digging graves in Trinity Churchyard for a living.

"It was old David's proud boast that he put away one thousand six hundred and thirty-two people, including the very best there were in literature, art, science, theology, commerce and finance, besides nineteen murderers, thirty-eight pet slaves, and one dog of his own. A very snob among gravediggers, laying the foundation for the non-snobbishness of his great-grandchildren! Digging graves, you see, turned his mind to soil. The only thing that didn't burn up or evaporate or shrink was soil. Genius for real estate they call his madness today. But it was an obsession. He bought a farm in what is now the swell shopping district; and another where the Hotel Regina is; and another beginning where the Vandeventer houses are.

"The old lunatic's mad purchases are now worth one hundred and fifty million dollars; and he himself is an ancestor, with fake portraits showing an intellectual-looking country squire. Gravedigger—that's what! But the money really began with him and the near gentleman with Walter, who knew the best families because his father buried them one after another. By the time the real-estate market got to going in earnest David was born—of course a gentleman! What did it? Unearned money!"

"Yes. But what's digging graves got to do with your going to the Klondike?"

"Everything. It gave me the secret of it—the unearned part. Don't you see?"

"No."

"My dear sir, I loved the company of the Soulett boys and I enjoyed the society of their equals. So I naturally desired to become their equal. To become a gentleman I had to become rich. But the money must not be earned; so I couldn't make it in trade—which, moreover, was too slow. The careers of butcher, plumber and liquor dealer, that might have made me rich quickly, were closed to me by the social disqualifications they carry. And the careers of Jim Sands and Bill Train in Wall Street were too malodorous; besides which, you can't make very much money on the Stock Exchange without treading on influential social toes. Hence the Klondike. Do you see now?"

"I'm beginning to."

"Well?"

"Do you mean," said the reporter to get it straight, "that you went to the Klondike to make money so as to climb—I mean, so as to go into society?"

"Exactly so! Yes, sir! And I tell you, Mr. Parker——"

"Park-hurst!" said J. Willoughby with a frown of injured vanity.

"Mr. Parkhurst, a man has to have some strong motive to enable him to conquer success. In all my wanderings for twenty-five years, prospecting in Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, the Southwest, Nevada, California, Oregon and Washington, and finally all over Alaska, I had but one object in mind, one purpose. It sustained me. It gave me courage when others despaired; it kept me marching onward when others fell by the wayside and died or became sheepranchers. I had no thought for amusement, none for pleasure, none for love. I simply kept up my search. It was the search for happiness that the old knights used to go out on. It was a search, Mr. Parker-hurst, for the yellow admission ticket to the Four Hundred!"

"Have you found it?" J. Willoughby could not help it.

"Let me tell you," pursued Jerningham, ignoring the question. "I used to read the society columns of the New York

"He Expects Me to Let Him Take the Whole Fifteen Tons of Gold Up to His Room"

papers whenever I felt myself growing discouraged; and that always revived me. Up in the Klondike I had saved fifteen hundred dollars and I paid one thousand dollars in golddust for a six-months-old copy of a society paper which had an account of Mrs. Masters' Ball. To me, 'among those present' meant more than a list of gilt-edge bonds. I've got it yet."

He paused to take from his pocketbook a tattered clipping and showed it to the newspaper man with a mixture of pride and tenderness and solicitude lest it be harmed, as a father shows the only photograph in existence of the most wonderful baby in captivity.

"I thought my name would fit in very nicely between the Janeways and the Jesups. It was a good investment, that one thousand dollars, for I felt I had to get a gait on; and that very same day I went on that prospecting trip to the Endicott Mountains, which changed my luck for me. Everything came my way then—I mean, in mining. I am getting six hundred thousand dollars a year out of my claims; and that is because I believe fifty thousand dollars a month enough for a bachelor. More would be—er—sort of ostentatious. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed," heartily agreed J. Willoughby Parkhurst with a shudder.

"When I marry I'll make it one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a month."

"I agree with you," said Parkhurst—"because, really, two cannot live as cheaply as one." He thrilled when he thought how he would play up that promised income in his story.

"That's what I say," Jerningham said gratefully. "Of course there's the seven millions and a half of golddust I have brought with me. It's downstairs." His grim mouth became more determinedly grim than ever. This man was the kind that gets what he wants, with or without money. He will not climb, thought Parkhurst; he will vault into society. He asked Jerningham:

"Have you really got that much downstairs? I mean," he hastily corrected himself, "have you no fear of the danger of going about with that much loose change?"

"No. It's guarded by men who are getting big pay for being honest. You can buy honesty—if you treat it as a luxury and pay for it as such. Each box weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, for convenience in handling. Would you like to see the stuff?" He could not hide a boyish eagerness—not at all offensive—to impress his new friend. J. Willoughby Parkhurst forgave him in advance, and to prove it said heartily:

"Very much indeed!"

"Very well. Please come with me." And he led the way to the engine room. They went down two flights. At the door of the engine room they met the engineer, who bowed with an obsequiousness that indicated sincere gratitude and renewed hope—as of a man who has received a handsome gratuity and is expecting another.

In the middle of the concrete floor of the engine room, piled up in an amazingly small mound of boxes, was the gold.

"Each box has about fifty thousand dollars in dust," explained Jerningham with what one might have called a matter-of-fact pride. "Would you like to open one?"

"I don't want to put you to any trouble—not for worlds; but I do want to see the inside of one like anything."

"No trouble. I say, Mr. Wilkinson," to the hotel engineer, who had followed them, a deferential smile fastened to his face, "could you get me a hammer and chisel, and a screwdriver?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jerningham," said the engineer with obvious pride at being part of an extraordinary adventure. He reappeared presently with the tools and a burly assistant. They pried off the steel hoop and cracked off the sealing wax from over the heads of the screws that held the lid in place. They then unscrewed the cover—and there before their wide-gaping eyes was a boxful of yellow Yukon gold.

Jerningham smilingly looked at J. Willoughby Parkhurst and waved his hand toward the treasure—a gesture that said Help yourself!—only it said it humorously. And so the reporter smiled indulgently and plunged his hand in it.

"How heavy!" he exclaimed involuntarily. He had meant to be witty, as penniless people always are in the presence of great wealth to show that they are not impressed.

"It will be light enough to blow away here," said Jerningham so seriously that nobody smiled—indeed, everybody hoped for a blast in the direction of his own pocket. But Jerningham merely said: "Thank you. Will you screw it on again?" And the engineer did. Jerningham did not stay to see the rescrewing finished. He took Parkhurst's arm and walked out. The reporter told him:

"I can't help thinking it was imprudent. The detectives now know they can open the boxes and ——"

"It isn't likely that all eight will be dishonest at the same minute. That's why I got eight instead of four. But, even if they all wanted to, how much could they get away with? With the contents of one of the boxes, fifty thousand dollars? Well, that isn't much. I can't afford to let that gold be a bother to me. I brought it along so that it could be my servant—not for me to be its slave."

"I've heard others make that selfsame remark," said J. Willoughby cheerfully, "but they never struck off the aureate shackles!"

"My friend, it's not in striking off shackles; that is always difficult. The secret is in not letting them become shackles!" said Jerningham grimly. "A man does not confidently expect during twenty-five years to strike it rich some day without very carefully thinking of what he is going to do with the gold after he gets it."

II

THE story, as James Willoughby Parkhurst wrote it, and even as the Planet printed it, was a masterpiece. It was far more interesting than a fake. The truth often may be stranger than fiction, but it is seldom so exciting. With the generous desire to repay Jerningham's hospitality with kindness, to say nothing of an eye for the picturesque, the reporter made his victim an Admirable Crichton. Parkhurst's Jerningham was very distinguished-looking, which every woman knows is better for a man than being handsome. He not only was "probably the richest man in the world," but a fine linguist—indeed, a philologist. You saw Jerningham digging in his gravel bank by day—spadeful after spadeful of clear golddust—and at nights reading Aristophanes in the original by the flickering and malodorous light of seal-fat lamps.

On the same day that Jerningham learned that his own wealth was practically inexhaustible, and decided to limit his income in order that gold might not be demonetized, he—the philologist in him—discovered also amazing analogies between certain Eskimo and Aleutian words and their equivalents in Tibetan. This and a monograph on Totemism in the Light of Its Undoubted Babylonian Origin, he would read in London before the Royal Society. Of Jerningham's ancestry the article said that the erudite Crœsus was "of the Long Island Jerninghams."

At three separate and distinct places in the article, each time differently worded but the intention and purpose thereof being the same, the writer said that for generosity, lavish extravagance, capacity for spending and deep-rooted belief that there was no difference between gold coins and stage money, the learned Klondiker was a combination of Monte Cristo, Boni de Castellane, Coal-Oil Johnny and Alcibiades—only more so. But his feverish efforts were all in vain—he only grew richer! If he decided to give a million to a newsboy who was polite, that same moment he would be sure to get a cablegram from one of his superintendents that the vein had widened to three miles and the assays jumped to three hundred thousand dollars a ton.

Parkhurst finished by saying that Jerningham had no use for women. In divers countries world-famous sirens had sung to him—in vain. He was the kind that registered zero, even though plunged to the chin in Vesuvian lava. So the dear things might as well save time, breath and muscular exertion; he would have none of them, no matter what their age, color of hair, temperament, accomplishments, or even faces might be. He was arrowproof and Cupid had given up trying. Still, there must be One—somewhere!

When J. Willoughby Parkhurst went to the Hotel Brabant on Monday morning in the hope of a second-day story, he was not sure how Jerningham would take his masterpiece. He was going so early in the hope of shunting off the headline artists of the afternoon papers, for all that he had begged Stewart to fix it so that nobody got to Jerningham before the Planet man turned up.

As he entered the lobby he saw in a corner lounge five reporters from the yellows, three photographers from same, a professor from the Afternoon Three-Center, and a "psychological portraitist," feminine and fat, but dressed with unusual care and even piquancy, from a magazine. He saw Jerningham's finish—not!

The competitors were too busy talking to see J. Willoughby Parkhurst, author of the day's sensation, walk up to the desk and greet Stewart affectionately. They did not see J. W. P. turn sharply, approach a well-built, square-shouldered man, with an outdoor complexion, who had just emerged from the elevator, and shake hands warmly.

After one and a half seconds of dialogue, consisting of Good morning! and Good morning! J. Willoughby cleverly realized that Mr. Alfred Jerningham could not possibly have read the article. On general principles he took the Klondiker to one end of the corridor, out of sight of the other reporters.

"I am very anxious to make arrangements to store my gold in some bank's vaults. I don't know any bank—that is, I have no account in any; and I wondered if I needed to be introduced."

Jerningham looked anxiously at Parkhurst.

"Of course!" said J. Willoughby, and immediately looked alarmed. "Of course! They are very particular—very! The good ones, you know. A man's bank is like a man's club—it can give him a social standing or it can prove he hasn't any." He looked at his Klondike friend with a frown of anxiety.

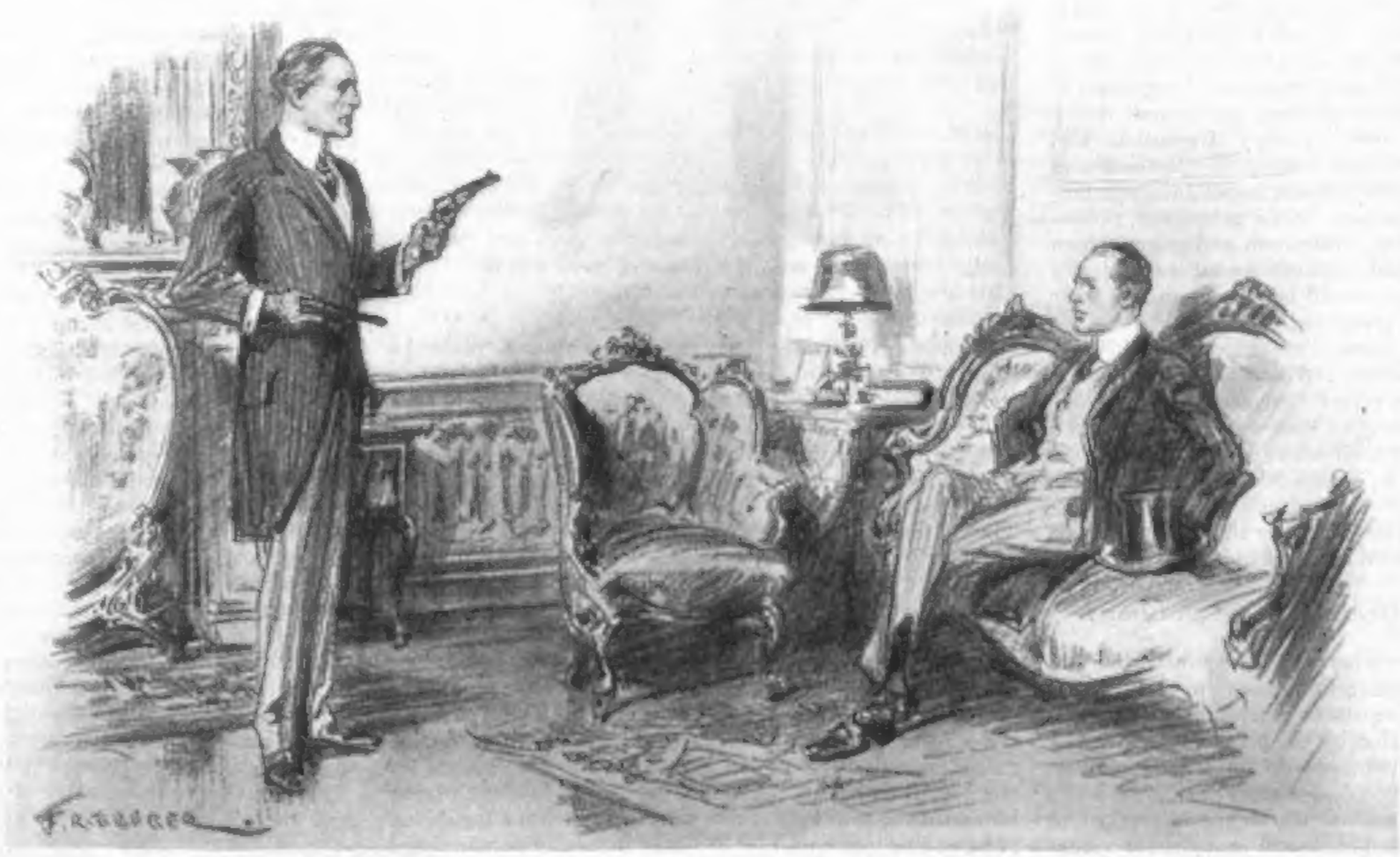
"I never thought of that side of it. But I can see there is much in what you say. I should like to put the gold in the VanTwiller Trust Company."

"Fine! I think I can help you. I'll call up our Wall Street man and he will make the trust company take it—unless he thinks there is another still better. Let's go to your room and telephone from there; and we'll tell Stewart to tell the telephone operator not to bother us—what?"

J. Willoughby intended that Jerningham should be the sole and exclusive property of the Planet. From Jerningham's sumptuous room he called up the office, ordered a corps of photographers to the battlefield to take pictures of sundry loads of gold on trucks on their way to the great vaults, escorted by the Planet's special commissioner in one of the automobiles the Planet supplied to its bright young men.

Then he called up Amos F. Kidder, the Planet's financial editor; and Kidder, who, of course, knew the president of the VanTwiller Trust Company, Mr. Ashton Welles, hustled thitherward and made all arrangements, including the securing of the trucks owned by Tommy O'Loughlin,

(Continued on Page 38)



"A Man Who Has Prospected All Over North America is Not Apt to Be an Emotional Ass!"

LOBBYISTS I HAVE MET

An Interview With Former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon

THE insidious lobby is the opposition to your particular legislative ox, which is being gored," said Uncle Joe Cannon, in reminiscing about the lobby and the lobbyists in Washington. "The man who is supporting your bill or opposing the bills you oppose is 'a public-spirited citizen,' performing his part in a Government of the people, no matter how he goes about it; but the fellow who is against you in legislation is always a lobbyist and a part of the insidious lobby that infests the Capitol.

"I have a weakness for ghost stories; so I read all these stories about the insidious lobby now, just as I have for more than sixty years, though I recognize some of the lobbyists who appear in the press columns today as the ghosts of the departed—the same old stories, with just enough change in dress to fit them into present-day society.

"I suppose Ben Perley Poore and General Boynton, and their contemporaries in the press gallery fifty years ago, might charge plagiarism against the boys in the gallery today, if they, in their spiritual state, are not conscious that they, too, had borrowed from the generations of political writers who preceded them. But we cannot lay the ghost of romanticism, and I for one have no desire to banish the ghosts of the lobby. Legislation is a rather humdrum business, and no better sidelight has ever been invented for the reports of congressional proceedings than the romance of the insidious lobby.

"I have no doubt there is a lobby in Washington all the time. I have been in contact with it for forty years, and it is a part of the Government. We call it the Third House; and I can tell you there is a lot of legislation originates in the Third House—and often very important legislation.

"I have met in the lobby authors, artists and architects; barbers, brewers and bankers; dramatists and doctors; editors, engineers and educators; farmers and financiers; lawyers and ladies; miners, merchants, missionaries and mechanics; preachers, poets, professors, policemen and publishers; soldiers, statesmen and sailors—men and women of all classes and distinctions, all energetically lobbying for some bill that would benefit them and their kind, or against some bill promoted by somebody else.

"They all showed the same disposition to look upon themselves as the real representatives of the people and as having more wisdom than either Congress or the people. They had the same weakness, to look upon those who did not agree with and accept their views as enemies of good government and part of an insidious lobby. And yet a member of Congress may learn much from these self-centered people who infest the lobby, for they are specialists and generally know their own business at least."

Legislation for Stiffening Spinal Columns

"THE lobby is the place where we have illustrated and concentrated that selfishness, both individual and organized, which spurs Congress to activity in an effort to make laws that are demanded by the people, and which at the same time keeps the members of Congress guessing as to what a majority of the people demand. Congress is the political exchange of the nation, where the interests and ambitions of ninety million people are brought for valuation, and all brought with the assurance that they are gilt-edged securities, sure to sell above par. Congress is the one place where these varied complex and conflicting interests and ambitions are finally brought together in the contest as to what represents the majority sentiment of the country. There is no other place where these contests can be fought out and decided.

"It is, therefore, the marketplace for political ideas, the exchange where all must be valued. The lobbyists are the bulls and bears on the curbstone of this exchange, and they exert what influence they can on the exchange itself in determining which of the thirty-five thousand bills shall be written into law. To facilitate the work of the lobby we have wide corridors almost surrounding the legislative chambers, and employ doorkeepers and messengers to carry cards to senators and representatives and let them know what is the ruling sentiment in the lobby.

"I have never been afraid of the lobby. It is legitimate in the general sense and perhaps necessary, for much of our legislation originates with the great lobby of the people—the men and women who start something, get up a movement and agitate with the purpose of influencing Congress. These agitators may be presidents, members of the Cabinet, judges, preachers, doctors, working men, bankers, literary men, ladies who want to vote and those who do not. This is a people's government, and the people rule—often through the lobby. They may follow either wise men or fools, honest men or fakers; but, to safeguard lawmaking, the

"The Man Who Is Supporting Your Bill Is 'a Public-Spirited Citizen'"

Constitution provides that a representative must be twenty-five years old and a citizen of the United States for seven years—a senator thirty years old and a citizen for nine years.

"The Constitution-makers proposed that the lawmakers should be dry behind the ears and that they should have arrived at the age of discretion and judgment. The people evidently wanted neither infants nor incompetents in Congress. It is apparent, however, that they did not entirely succeed in guarding against the election of moral cowards to Congress or bar out men who would not accept responsibility for their actions; for we have a good many so-called statesmen who so fear the lobby that they want to make laws for their own self-protection.

"I don't believe they will succeed in making an effective law for that purpose; for if a man has not intelligence and moral courage to observe his oath of office to legislate for the best interests of the whole people, no law can endow him with those qualifications after he becomes a legislator. If he will be influenced by bribes of money or personal and political favor, or bulldozed by threats from any source in his official action, no law can prevent it. The people's remedy is to find men who have spinal columns composed of something firmer than that of the angleworm.

"The right of petition is guaranteed by the Constitution, and the Congress is the receptacle of petitions that may come in formal communications, to be delivered in person or by an authorized agent. The petitions sent to Congress every year and the bills introduced at the request of petitioners embrace enough legislation to make over the Revised Statutes, the Constitution and the Decalogue. They run the whole gamut of legislation, from national divorce to Sunday observance, from trust-busting to the prevention of barbers' itch.

"According to the discoverer of radium, it takes about eight tons of crude uraninite dust to make a saltspoonful of pure radium. We need the same kind of analytical work in boiling down the petitions into legislative enactment; but we cannot abolish the lobby or the lobbyist, for they are the petitioners or their representatives. And, without any disrespect to professions or individuals, I must say I have seen as impractical legislation proposed by the head of a great university as that which came from Elijah II, who used to write regularly to the speaker until some medical commission in lunacy cut off the correspondence by sending Elijah II to an asylum. So I should not like to draw the line on the lobbyist who has the right of petition and the one who has not, but who is still at large.

"Our modern Elijah wanted to reform the people just as all other reformers do, and like the great majority of reformers Elijah II proposed to begin at the top—reform the men in public life, beginning with the president and vice-president, and following with members of Congress. Elijah II selected the speaker of the House of Representatives as the repository for his petitions—perhaps because, like many others, he thought the speaker most in need of reformation. I never saw this modern Elijah, but I received many letters from him—letters written in a beautiful hand, expressed in excellent English, and with pen-and-ink sketches and colored cartoons to illustrate the text. I enjoyed reading those letters, and I was interested as well as entertained by the suggestions contained therein."

The Great Idea of Elijah

"ELIJAH II proposed to apply the science of eugenics to the body politic, and regenerate the political life of this country as Noah replenished the earth, by selecting the most perfect of the species, male and female, and allowing Nature to work out the reform. He suggested selecting for president the most virile Republican of the male sex in the land, and for vice-president the most perfect Democrat of the female sex, marrying them in the White House and producing a family of non-partisans! He contended that this mating of the heads of the two great political families would cure the evil of partisanship, make the whole people a united family, banish political quarrels by abolishing political parties, and at the same time supply the deficiency as to female suffrage. His plan was interesting and unique, but the doctors saw in his enthusiasm over this proposition an evidence of unsound mind and sent him to the insane asylum.

"Now come some of the doctors with their plan of sex hygiene; and as I read over the old letters from Elijah II in connection with the petitions from the latest scientific faddists who want to regenerate the race, I wonder whether he really was insane or only a true descendant of the early Elijah and a prophet as well as an apostle. I have seen just as strange and startling legislative propositions from college professors as that of Elijah II, with the same end in view—the abolition of political parties.

"I have met all kinds of lobbyists; but I think probably the most interesting phenomenon of that character—even more interesting than Elijah—was the gentleman who called at the speaker's room one day and introduced himself as the representative of the Plain People. When I saw his card I told the messenger to admit him at once as I had some curiosity to see and talk with a man who introduced himself as the representative of all the people. It occurred to me that Elijah's scheme of political eugenics had already been applied somewhere and that here was the final result. The gentleman who entered the speaker's room was dressed in the height of fashion and carried a small cane. Shades of Democracy! A fashion plate come to the Capitol as the living exponent of 'We, the People!'

"'I am the representative of the people, and I want to find out who represents me here in Congress,' was his preface.

"That was a poser. But I replied: 'Well, there are three hundred and eighty-six representatives here, ninety senators at the other end of the Capitol, the Supreme Court in the midway, and the President in the White House, at the other end of the avenue. Look us over and take your choice.'

"'All belong to The System,' replied the little man. 'I am from the people and I want to know who represents me here in Washington. I have discovered that the corporations, the trusts, the combines and the bosses all have their men here; but who represents me—the plain people—in this great national legislature?'

"He was not a lunatic in the accepted sense, for he bore a name that I had frequently seen as the author of political articles, and I had heard his statements quoted as authority by men of prominence in literary life and in Congress.

"I talked with that man for two hours and found that he knew absolutely nothing about our Government, either as to its principles, its machinery, or the men in public life. He was as ignorant of these things as a child; and yet he had come to Washington, as he explained, to secure material for an article on the corruption and incapacity of our legislators.

"There are many petty lobbyists in Washington now, always have been and always will be. We cannot get rid of them, for they simply impose on people who have more credulity than sense and accept every pretender at his own

estimate. There are thousands of people throughout the country who are imposed upon by these cheap fakers who pretend to have influence in Congress as well as with the heads of departments, and even with the president. I have heard of them trying to sell a senator's vote on both sides of a contest—for the bill to one man who favored it, and against the bill to another man who opposed it—while, in fact, the senator did not know there was such a bill and had no interest in it one way or the other. My vote and influence may have been marketed in this way many times by men I never saw or heard of; but you cannot correct this evil by law, for these fellows do not go to the Capitol except as the general public goes, and their imposition is on the suckers who abound in spite of legal safeguards and warnings.

"There are many people who still buy lottery tickets where there are no lotteries; mining stock that represents no mines; real estate in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean—and goldbricks of every description. When I was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations the clerk of that committee put a prohibition against some of these fakers entering the committee room, because he had reason to believe they made commercial use of that simple privilege to bunco innocent people by the pretense that they were friends of the chairman and could influence his vote. When a member of Congress knows a faker he can well afford to keep out of that company, so that people with little information and a large fund of gullibility shall not be imposed upon by that evidence.

"Now it is no doubt true that some of the big corporations have lobbyists in Washington to look after their interests; and so have the labor organizations, scientific societies, professionals of all kinds, and associations composed of all sorts of people representing all kinds of ideas touching legislation. This is all legitimate, provided the lobbyists employ legitimate methods in their work. It is perfectly legitimate for a lawyer or any other representative of a corporation to appear before committees of Congress and defend a bill in which that corporation is interested, or oppose one that it thinks is meant to harm it. It is also legitimate for that lobbyist to present his views to individual senators and representatives. It is as improper for the agent of a labor organization to attempt to bulldoze or bribe members of Congress as it is for the representative of a corporation to do either."

When Mark Twain Played Lobbyist

"ONE of the frankest lobbyists I ever met in Washington was Mark Twain. He came to the Capitol to lobby for the copyright bill and he frankly told everybody why he came. He had a selfish interest in that bill and he admitted it. He did not pretend to any other interest than that of a selfish one for himself and his family in a literary property they possessed. He came to the speaker and in his humorous way suggested that he ought to have a vote of thanks from Congress because he had kept away so long and bothered it so little. He knew that people who have received the thanks of Congress are entitled to the privileges of the floor. He wanted that privilege so he could lobby for his bill there on the floor where legislation is enacted. I could not give him access to the floor, nor could I submit a motion to the House granting him that privilege; but I gave him my private room in the Capitol, where he could meet the members of the House and lobby with them individually and collectively.

"Under the proposed reform laws to regulate the lobby Mark Twain would have had to take out a license and appear only before the Committee on Patents, which had jurisdiction over the copyright bill. But he did not want to talk with the committee; he wanted to meet the members of the House and appeal to them in person, realizing that he could get more support for his bill in that way than by any formal argument he could make anywhere. So he occupied my private office for several days, met nearly all the members of the House, told them stories, gave them cigars, and made his appeal for votes direct.

"His personality was the greatest force behind that bill and his personal appeals secured the votes to pass it, but not in the exact form he desired, for there were other literary lobbyists in Washington who wanted protection for their copyrights and patents; and when the bill was passed Mark Twain complained to me that he had been used—he had hitched his personality to the bill as a locomotive to pull through one special car carrying the copyright on legitimate literature, but the other fellows came along and hitched on their cars, so that he had to pull a whole train of canned music, patent supplements for newspapers, cartoon jokes, and other things in which he had no interest whatever. He did not care whether they were protected or not. He did want a law to protect his literary work from the pirates and leave that property to his family. What Mark Twain did in the way of lobbying every individual has a right to do; and any bar to the ordinary man, put up by law, would be a bar to just such men as Mark Twain.

"There are two sides to every question, and both sides are usually represented in the lobby. Several years ago we had a big lobby of Massachusetts shoemakers in Washington, claiming to represent the consumer in demanding free hides, that they might make cheaper shoes. We had another lobby of cattlemen from the Southwest, who threatened the banishment of Congress if it dared remove the duty on hides. Congress listened to the shoemakers, because they promised to reduce the cost of living; but when we placed hides on the free list the price of shoes advanced, and the cattlemen had good reason for saying that Congress had been buncoed by a lot of selfish shoemakers.

"In the Fifty-ninth Congress Mr. Samuel Gompers, as president of the American Federation of Labor, was conspicuous in the lobby, claiming to represent two million laboring men in his opposition to what was called the ship-subsidy bill; but at the same time petitions poured in on Congress from a multitude of labor unions that were members of the Federation of Labor. These petitions prayed for the passage of that bill. Mr. Gompers presented resolutions adopted by the federation at its annual convention opposing the bill; but a great number of the labor unions belonging to the federation had adopted resolutions in favor of the bill, and these resolutions were forwarded to Congress by the officers of the unions. Who represented union labor in that lobby? The official head of the federation or the body composed of the unions? Congress had to try to find out. The same situation was created in reference to the anti-injunction bill and the employers' liability bill. The lobby of union labor was divided into two or more camps. Mr. Gompers professed to speak for all union labor; but other union men, with as good credentials, were in the lobby opposing him.

"We had a like situation in the contest over an appropriation for free seeds. The metropolitan press had for years made a joke of this legislation, and some papers charged that it was petty graft. The seedsmen who did not want the competition of the Government took up the contest and with their advertising influence in the agricultural press secured much publicity in opposition to the appropriation. The lobby against free seeds seemed to have a monopoly on public sentiment, and the Committee on Agriculture dropped that appropriation from the bill. Then the press announced that the free-seed graft was ended; but the bill had not yet passed the House. It had only been reported from the committee.

"The news that the Government would no longer supply free garden and flower seeds brought another kind of petition from people not in the Washington lobby. The farmers and their wives, the teachers and the children in the public schools, all over the country, began to send in petitions for the restoration of that paragraph, and it was restored by an overwhelming vote in the House. In that case the lobby both in Washington and in the public press failed to represent the majority of the people interested in the legislation.

"When the immigration bill was before the Fifty-ninth Congress the speaker's room received so many round-robin letters and telegrams in favor of the bill that it appeared as though the whole people demanded it; but these circular letters had been printed in Boston, and on many of them the names signed were all in the same handwriting. A little investigation developed the fact that the secretary of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics had his headquarters in Washington; that he had sent the circular letters to the secretaries of the various lodges throughout the country, and many of these secretaries had signed them with the roll of membership of the lodges. Later he had arranged with the telegraph company to mimeograph telegrams from each lodge and make as many individual telegrams as there were members of the order. These were addressed to the Speaker of the House of Representatives."

"The Right of Petition is Guaranteed by the Constitution"

In the Yellow Jack Panic

"THE Federation of Labor joined in the good work with the same method, and it looked as though the demand was well-nigh universal until another organization entered the field and roused the millions of people who had been among our immigrants, and who resented this attempt to close the door against their families and friends who wanted to come to America and enjoy the blessings of freedom. Some of the churches were enlisted, and some of the most powerful influences behind that bill in the beginning were so impressed by this new voice of the people that they became indifferent and then opposed to the legislation.

"In that same Congress there was a lobby from the South petitioning Congress for legislation to enlarge the powers of the Marine Hospital Service in the regulation of quarantine. There had been an outbreak of yellow fever in New Orleans, and large sections of the South were alarmed; but at the same time there came another lobby from the South of just the same kind of Southern people, who insisted that such legislation would violate the rights of the state. No one would think of becoming impatient if the people in unison cried for the moon; but, with every few thousand crying for the individual astral body under which they happened to have been born, it complicates matters for those in authority who are expected to settle such several questions of organized or sectional predilection offhand.

"I have, as I said, seen judges and Cabinet officers lobby. They had no more right to do that than any other individual and no less. They are not a part of Congress and have only the individual right to seek to influence Congress in legislation. The president has the right and the duty to make recommendations to Congress, and he has the right to veto a bill; but every president I have ever known has tried to influence congressmen touching legislation in which he was particularly interested—just as Mark Twain did by personal representation. Some of them have exercised their right over patronage to dispense it where there was shown a proper appreciation of their recommendations touching legislation.

"I have dined with a lobbyist who represented a big corporation that had what it regarded as a legitimate claim against the Government. I do not believe I have ever been corrupted by accepting such an invitation. I have listened to the appeal of the man or woman who wanted a special pension bill passed for a friend, and I have not been embarrassed by that contact. I have always felt that I could take care of myself and fulfill my obligation as a member of Congress, and at the same time meet those who claimed to have business with the Government.

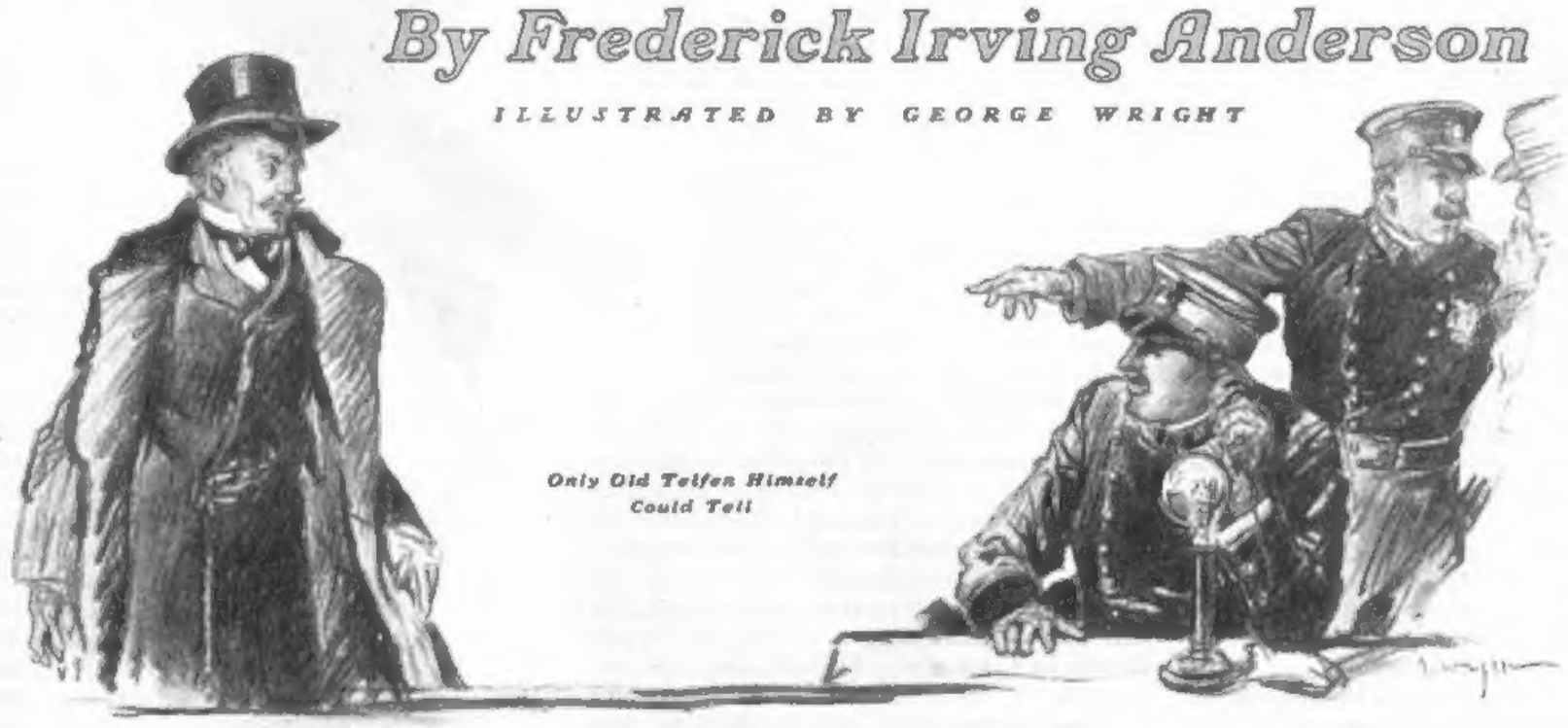
(Continued on Page 27)

"The Insidious Lobby is the Opposition to Your Particular Legislative Ox"

The Night of the Thousand Thieves

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



Only Old Telfen Himself Could Tell

TUCKED away toward the apex of the island at the Battery are a few irregular city blocks over which the figure of Sleep seems to hover with a finger on her lips; the stillness that falls here when the day's work is done is sepulchral.

To the west is lower Broadway, feebly sensuous even in the small hours, a thin stream of cars and the occasional rumble of the underground still evidencing that the line of life linking two days is not yet broken. To the north is Newspaper Row, glowing with its perpetual flame of eternal wakefulness, functioning stridently at the approach of dawn when only the cock should be crowing. To the east is the river, gleaming with the arching lights of the bridges, dull with the shadows of silent looming ships and creeping barges, turning to and fro sluggishly with the tide. It is drowsing, but it does not sleep. A winch rattles; the exhaust of a straining engine breaks a blank wall of darkness; and a blinding beam of intense electric blue breaks through the dull shadows of a freight house, to show that Labor still strains and sweats—even at the darkest hour. The heart is slow, but it still pulses. The city never sleeps—except here, in this tiny triangle.

An inverted triangle—its base the Lane, where the greatest jewelers in the world are massed; its apex the Street, the financial vortex of the nation, where fortunes change hands every minute—here, where life is at its highest tension during daylight hours, it is as silent as death now, its towering façades of marble, granite and sandstone as dull as some long-forgotten city. A footfall among the long shadows starts a hollow song of echoes; a policeman, drowsing against some grill, lets fall his club, and the rattle is like the roar of artillery. No wheel is stirring; no human being abroad, except the slouching night watchmen gossiping together in some dark arch in whispers. Within a stone's throw on each hand are riches beyond definition—beyond the power of a mint to duplicate. Here are cold vaults of gold and storehouses of jewels so rare that guardians of flesh and blood have been swept aside and intricate, unerring mechanism installed in their stead. Hidden wires, as sensitive as raw nerves, creep hither and yon to every corner into honeycombs of cells incased with concrete, steel and live steam.

Officer Double-O-Four was sorrowfully executing a vamp on the tessellated pavement of the corridor of the International Life Building, interjecting syncopations with snaps of his fingers to the tune of meditation that was running through his head. It was a cruel task for a young man—to be condemned to the very silences of these ghoulish defiles. All must serve, but some must stand and wait. To stand and wait with majestic uplifted finger in the maelstrom of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue was one thing; to haunt a graveyard that could not even boast a rabbit was quite another, and not at all in keeping with the dignity he had absorbed from his book of rules when he was presented with his shield and heard his chief depicting the glory of his calling. Occasionally a night watchman in heretical gray slunk by; but it is more simple to extract blood from a stone than companionship from one of these low-caste civilians. At this hour even the nocturnal scrubwomen had long since put on their shoes and gone home.

At the lower end of his beat, toward the river, dwelt the one human being whom Officer Double-O-Four could cultivate consistently through the six weary hours of his watch. That was Long John, the hot-dog man, whose steaming kettle of frankfurters simmered plaintively throughout the hours of the night, inviting passing sailormen or spelling night-toiling longshoremen. Stealthily the whisking feet of the policeman wiped the pavement of the corridor to the tempo of his snapping fingers, as he meditated on the sorrows of life and the lonesomeness of death.

Suddenly the resonant air of the ghoulish defiles was smitten with the Bang! Bang! of an automobile exhaust. Now an automobile in itself was as welcome a sight to our policeman as a sportive whale to a ship in the doldrums; but an automobile that came to a jarring standstill with a squealing of brakes, jammed on by no tender hand, suggested not only an event but an adventure! The quick brain of our officer noted, furthermore, from the gloom of his corridor that this car came to a stop on the left side of the street, hard against the curb.

Rule Number Twenty-six in the little blue book he carried buttoned inside his blouse stated plainly that such an offense against well-seasoned traffic rules is punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. However, from the look of things—and particularly from the sounds that emerged from the two passengers—this automobile was enjoying rare good fortune to be able to come to a stop at all, regardless of the rules of the road. When the muffler of the engine suddenly blew its head off with a loud bang the car was sliding down the incline in the cañon that dumps Nassau Street into the hollow that was once, in the long ago, a meandering brook flanked by a romantic cowpath, still known by the name of Maiden Lane.

Our officer brought his vamping feet to a standstill and exercised his discretion. He might vary the monotony—establish a reputation for himself, in fact—by bringing in a prisoner from this solemn spot, which slept with both eyes shut at night; but, he reflected, the misdemeanor was just round the corner from the confines of his beat, and was therefore the concern of his partner, Mulligan, who was not in sight. Also tomorrow was his day off; and he must choose, and choose quickly, between going to court and going fishing. He decided in favor of the latter as the season was well advanced—late October—and weakfish would be migrating at the first opportunity. He tinctured his decision with the reflection that traffic rules are made solely for traffic, a condition that obviously did not exist at this moment; and therefore Rule Number Twenty-six would never know the difference if it were not called into use for the present emergency.

The decision was proved especially happy by what followed. Evidently his new friends were in for quite a stay—at least, it appeared they would tarry to keep him company until his relief arrived. Strange noises were emerging from the engine, even now after the pistons had come to a halt. One of the passengers dismounted with much difficulty, on account of a greatcoat. He stretched himself, yawned, and divested himself of his greatcoat, and then carefully picked out the sharply-corrugated surface of a manhole cover as the couch on which he might rest while he made astronomical observations under the car. Why a man should pick out a manhole cover, sharply corrugated, in the first place, was beyond the wit of our officer. Why the man should strike a match to examine the manhole cover, to be sure he had the right one, was another rather asinine trick. This person was at length satisfied, for he rolled over on his back and with much exertion, because of his girth, worked himself under the chassis.

Our officer, seeking companionship, softly resumed his vamp and propelled himself toward the stalled car and its horizontal mechanician. The passenger in the seat was enveloped in bearskins to his chin; his chin was shrouded with a truly Bismarckian mustache; and a pair of obsolete goggles bridged the gap between the bow of the mustache and the peak of a cap. He looked exactly like the cartoons of motorists before the days of windshields.

At sight of the sculling policeman the man in bearskins mechanically began exploring the depths of his furs and produced therefrom two cigars, one of which he handed without a word to the officer; the other he applied to the recesses of his mustache, igniting the tip with a pocket lighter, which evidently he carried palmed for such occasions. He nodded a greeting to the policeman, and watched with some curiosity as Officer Double-O-Four deftly transferred the cigar to the crown of his helmet.

"Here's another for your brother," said the man in bearskins, producing another cigar; and our policeman, not at all nonplused by the windfall, sent this second offering to join the first.

"Breakdown?" said the policeman, by way of opening a vein of sympathy and understanding.

His words seemed for the first time to awaken the man under the engine to a consciousness of his presence; for the man below—himself enveloped in goggles—thrust out his head.

"No," said the man under the car. "Not a breakdown! We are sewer inspectors, testing manholes."

The policeman readily traced the source of this wit to the waffle-like manhole cover on which the man lay prostrate, and smiled indulgently. He could while away the remaining few minutes of his watch giving advice. In these days of foolproof motors, with needle-valves, butterfly-shutters, and tubes so placed that they can be doctored from above instead of below, the sight of a horizontal motorist was becoming rare, even in the barber-shop papers.

"Nineteen-seven, Herkimer!" said the policeman to himself scornfully, taking note of the hub. Once, before he became an officer, he had begun a correspondence course in automobile engineering; and he had progressed so far that he was able to classify machines according to the cryptic designs of their hubs. That was long ago. A motorist of today who was so far put to it that he drove a Herkimer of 1907 model must be pretty far put to it indeed!

They Found the Captain of the Night Watch Bound and Gagged

"Don't mind my friend," said the man in bearskins, contentedly drawing at his cigar. "He has been sitting up all night with this sick car and it is getting on his nerves. Do you happen to have the correct time, officer?"

It lacked five minutes of the hour of two. This seemingly innocent fact caused quite a commotion between the two motorists, and for a moment they argued in lively fashion back and forth. The only thing they agreed on was that their respective watches differed by three minutes and ten seconds of eternal time, as indicated by the policeman's timepiece. Indeed, the exactness of the hour seemed of such importance to these two—apparently hung up for the rest of the night with their sick car—that the obliging officer ran across the street to verify his faith in his own timepiece by a jeweler's chronometer, ticking away in the half-shadow of a barred window. When he returned the man in furs had submerged himself to the ears in his great collar, and only the lazily winking cigar protruding from the enveloping folds gave signs of life.

The policeman squatted on his heels and held matches in close proximity to the gasoline feed, while the man underneath sweated and swore—but did not remove his goggles. Then came the welcome clatter of a distant nightstick on the pavement, as strident as a drumbeat; and Officer Double-O-Four took his leave gracefully and made his way toward the river with light foot. His relief was calling; his day off had begun; his head was full of fish. He did not once glance round. Had he done so he might have seen the head of the man in furs emerge from its enshrouding collar and turn cautiously. The man lifted a heavy instrument which looked like a pair of bloom-shears, but might have been an automobile jack and set it down on the pavement beside the car. Then he waited for thirty seconds.

At the end of that time, apparently unmindful of his mechanician, he touched the button of an up-to-date starter; the engine purred softly, and the car slid away as easily as if coasting downhill instead of uphill—for the car turned into the upgrade of Maiden Lane, to Broadway, and then north. The hollow silence shut down again. The cañon was deserted. Only the manhole cover now marked the spot where, five minutes before, Providence had presented Policeman Double-O-Four with two cigars against his day off on the banks.

A two-hours wink on his cot in the dormitory would fortify our sportsman for the pleasures of the day ahead—so he reflected as he divested himself of his shoes and belt and lay down to lull himself to sleep with the problem of whether the weather would be more propitious for shrimps than bloodworms, as bait. But it was not to be!

Later in his career Officer Double-O-Four more than once used the incident of this morning to drive in his lessons to the rookies who came his way, that a patrolman of the first grade must on no account exercise his discretion! Discretion is all right for captains, or even for lieutenants, on occasions; but the little blue book states clearly what a patrolman must do under certain circumstances. Rule Number Twenty-six covers the case in point. If our policeman had done his duty as he saw it he would have jugged these two night birds and appeared in court at the break of day to witness against them for violating the rules of the road. The judge would have listened to three words—"Ten Dollars!" he would have said; and, with fair winds blowing, Policeman Double-O-Four might have caught the eight-o'clock boat and the nine-o'clock train to Huguenots and had his play with the fish in spite of himself. Traffic rules are traffic rules—even in Nassau Street at two in the morning!

The superiority of bloodworms, in spite of the price, had won the debate, when suddenly the slumbers of Officer Double-O-Four were interrupted by a crashing clamor that seemed to jar the very plaster of the room. It was followed instantly by the thumping of stockinged feet falling off the forests of cots; sharp cries and indistinct commands burst in through the door of the drillroom. A volley of musketry, which seemed to come from the street, told the sleepy senses of the fisherman that the automobile reserve wagon was waiting with noisy impatience at the curb. He fell into his shoes, scooped up his belt, his club, his revolver and his helmet, and joined the rush to the front room. He was buckling on his belt as he said "Here!" to the rollcall; he was buttoning his blouse as he stumbled on the heels of the man ahead of him in the double trot to the street; he was climbing into the green wagon—that holds forty men on a pinch and takes them where they want to go at forty miles an hour if necessary—when he discovered that he had tipped his precious cigars out of his helmet.

"Cedar Street! Straight across! William to Broadway! Remember—a solid line! Not a man to pass!"

Some one was shouting to the lieutenant who swung on the footboard; and they were off round the first corner at a gait that threatened to capsize them. At William the police wagon began spilling policemen as peas rolling out of a pod. Officer Double-O-Four tumbled out at Nassau, and his feet stuck to the pavement where they struck; that was orders! Not a man was to pass. Every twenty feet stood a policeman, trying his best to gather his still-slumbering wits and to make head or tail out of the situation.

There was not the familiar sting of smoke in the air that usually accounts for such a midnight upheaval. Neither was the clang of the police wagon, to be heard on all sides now, met by the answering wail of fire-trucks' sirens—that strange wail which in the dead of night is like nothing so much as the howl of a panther with its head buried in some mud cavern. But bells, bells, bells! Everywhere the angry clang of bells! Fast, slow, whimpering, booming—they shivered the early morning air with their insistent clamor!

"First-precinct reserves! Close order—forward! Double quick!" came the bellowing order of a megaphone from the Broadway end; and the men closed up and started forward on a run. At Broadway they were shunted to the north. At Maiden Lane they were dropped twenty feet apart east to William.

"Not a man to pass!" roared the megaphone; and its echoes had scarcely died away when a little police automobile sped up and came to a stop. Two men got out—one was the inspector of the district; the other was a man in civilian's clothes. He was roaring at the top of his voice:

"Hell! No! Who said the Lane? Number Three Cable has gone now! Throw this line across Fulton Street!"

And before the blown reserves could get their breath they were bellowed into double-quick again, and shot up Broadway another eighth of a mile. As they were thrown cross-town at Fulton Street they were met by the advance line of scouts from Park Row—emergency reporters panting, some of them without hats or coats in the rush of the moment of alarm.

"You can't get through!" said the lieutenant, running forward to meet them.

Instantly there was the flashing of silver stars and reporters' police cards, the sesame by which the press crowds to the front row of the thrillers that are staged every hour of the day and night in this city of five million souls.

"I don't give three whoops if you are the Angel Gabriel! You can't get through! Them's orders!" roared the lieutenant; and he reached out and caught one daring fellow by the collar and sent him spinning to the gutter.

"Here's a man through from the other end!" cried one of the angry reporters. They all turned. A young man, his ulster flapping in the wind, was running toward them.

"You can't pass!" cried the lieutenant, barring his way.

"Who says I can't? Inspector Wiegand put me through at John Street. Take your hands off me! What the devil is the matter with you mutts anyway? Every reserve south of Forty-second Street is here and you've got a line strung solid round twenty blocks! And there isn't a man among you with wit enough to know what's happened! Gad! Look at that!"

His last exclamation was caused by the sudden bursting into light of the tall towers of the International Life. One by one the floors counted themselves, as some hand threw on the current at the electric switch. Then a neighboring building began to wink light through its windows; then another, and another. The Wall Street and Maiden Lane District was opening its eyes wide in the dead of night!

The shiny pavement was flooded with reflection. The dull sky overhead caught the glare and threw it back as a luminous cloud.

In the Pearl Street converting station, the Edison superintendent sprang from his couch at the clang of a warning bell and ran to the switchboard. The needle of the dial he looked at was jumping forward a thousand amperes at a time. The lone set of converters caring for the night load south of Canal Street was as hot to the touch as a flatiron under the stress of a sudden excess of electric current. The superintendent threw in one machine after another at the giant switchboard; the needle had now touched the index of the peak of the load—the normal capacity of the electric service to be had from this station.

"Who the devil is celebrating at this hour!" he exclaimed, glancing over at the clock.

It lacked five minutes of three. He ran up a flight of iron steps to a balcony hanging on the side of the south wall and peered out of the window. The sky-scraper line of the lower part of the island was like a huge heap of glittering yellow jewels—every window, to the topmost of the towers, was aglow with light.

"Who Says I Can't? Inspector Wiegand Put Me Through at John Street. Take Your Hands Off Me!"

II

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK on that momentous October morning—which was always afterward referred to by the Edison superintendent as "The time we hit the peak of the load with a jump of four thousand amps at three A. M.!" and by Officer Double-O-Four as "The day I did not go fishing!"—at seven o'clock that morning the cordon of police was still being drawn tight across Fulton to William; down William to Pearl; down Pearl to the spot where it crosses Broadway for the second time in that street's crooked career through lower New York; and up Broadway to meet the start of the line at Fulton.

Gradually, however, the excitement focused itself at a point in Dutch Street, where the new Manufacturing Jewelers' Building stands—a stone's throw from Maiden Lane. This building is the last work in the art of safety devices as applied to fire and burglar hazard. It is absolutely unburnable, they say.

Dizzy Sunday-story specialists have attempted to compute the wealth in gold and precious stones that finds its way into this tall skyscraper—given over entirely to manufacturing jewelers—in the course of a year. A knowledge of logarithms is necessary in the calculation. Knights of the road occasionally stop on the opposite side of the street and look with longing eyes at the tall façade, every window of which seems to nod an invitation. Usually these gentlemen, if they stand too long in one spot, are

tapped on the shoulder by total strangers and requested to move on—back, not forward.

The old deadline, relic of the days of a great policeman, has long since passed into history as a police institution in the Maiden Lane district. The public did not take to the idea of a squad of plainclothes police telling a man in which direction he might walk the free streets of the city, no matter what the record of that man might be; but the association of jewelers themselves, recognizing the value of the old deadline, have always maintained it at their own expense.

At seven in the morning two squads of men—one of police and the other of the gray-coated specials—getting no response to repeated knocking on the big bronze gate that closed the corridor in the nighttime, set to work with sledges and jacks and soon had the gate open. Their fears were doubled by the fact that the din occasioned by the battering did not bring the body of watchmen who guarded this building during every hour of the day and night. The building was fully illuminated like the rest, showing that some hand had manipulated the switch at the first alarm. Next they attacked the inside doors. These proved to be more easily negotiable.

On the floor in front of the elevator cage they found the captain of the night watch bound and gagged, an ugly streak of dried blood matting his hair and covering his forehead. He was released; but he was found to be in so serious a condition that it was necessary to transfer him at once to Gouverneur Hospital.

Inside an elevator the rescue party found two more of the watch, bound together back to back, all but unconscious from the choking effect of ligatures about their necks. They had been chloroformed and were still in so dazed a condition that they could throw little light on the situation. Indeed, later their sole knowledge appeared to be that they had been suddenly set on, overpowered and bound. They had seen nothing.

The captains of the two squads telephoned their chiefs at once. They had found the storm center!

Deputy Byrnes of the police was a former secret-service man, drafted into the city service because of his knowledge of crime and criminals. Captain Dunstan, of the private corporation—the burglar-alarm system that was living a night of history—had been one of the deputies and chief aides in the Government work; and he possessed, in addition to a knowledge of crime and criminals, a technical skill that had enabled him to perfect a burglar-alarm system believed by experts to be absolutely invulnerable. And now, at this moment, the vaunted mechanism was a tangle of useless wires!

Three of the main cables had been cut; and, at the moment that Officer Double-O-Four was tumbled out of bed by the riot call, the indicators on the sensitive burglar-alarm switchboard in John Street—if they were veracious—reported the astounding fact that over seventeen hundred safes were being tampered with at the same moment! Seventeen hundred strong boxes bulging with wealth were shrieking for help.

Not exactly at the same moment, however; for the cunning thief had cut the cables with intervals of one minute between—first the lead-inclosed sheaf carrying nearly five hundred pairs of wires, the sensory nerves of the rich vaults lying below Cedar Street. At the deafening persistent clang of that first alarm, the authorities, dumfounded at the extent of the catastrophe, had thrown their cordon of police about this small district, drawing it so tight that, it seemed, no man could escape.

Then with a crash the switchboard of District Number Two went to pieces; and in another sixty seconds District Number Three added its bells to the bedlam. Then it was that the police lines were moved as far north as Fulton, and the call was sent forth for all reserves south of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

Byrnes and Dunstan, summoned from opposite quarters to the Jewelers' Building, arrived simultaneously. Grave as was the crisis, as their eyes met and they clasped hands they burst into a laugh. This outdistanced even their experience.

"Picked up anybody?" asked Dunstan. "I'll wager you haven't nabbed the man who had brains enough to touch off these seventeen hundred burglar alarms at once!"

"Oh, we've got the usual riffraff," said Byrnes—"Some bums, a couple of scrubwomen, a handful of firemen from the big buildings, and so on. It's hard on them, but it can't be helped. The only thing promising was one man who had a reporter's card, but he bluffed a lieutenant and got through the lines. Well, captain," said the deputy, turning to one of his men, "what is it? Where did they spring the trap?"

The police captain saluted and led the way to the second floor of the building. This entire floor was occupied by Ludwig Telfen.

If you are fortunate enough to possess an ornament inclosing jewels of something finer than usual water, the chances are that if you take a sharp glass and look on the reverse side you will find a little mark formed by the looping together of the capitals L and T. And you can rest assured that if Ludwig Telfen made the setting, the gems it incloses are worth far more than the gold that clasps them, no matter how exquisite the setting—no matter if Benvenuto himself made the design. Ludwig Telfen once came into prominence by his refusal to assemble a certain famous brooch of pearls that had paid one hundred thousand dollars in customs duties—on the ground that they were imitations. He of a dozen jewelers and experts was the only one to discern the fraud.

"Whew! Old Telfen, eh? That's bad as a starter!" exclaimed Byrnes under his breath. The main entrance to the suite occupied by Telfen stood open. An ugly gash in the studding showed. A new light as to the daring of this deed burst on Byrnes, used to shocks as he was.

"Rough work, that!" he said, turning to Dunstan. "What was the exact hour the first switchboard went off?"

"Two-forty-five, to the second. Hell broke loose! I was asleep upstairs. I thought the roof had caved in! Then came the second and the third—seventeen hundred and fifty-six all at once! I never expect to hear a racket like that again."

"Seventeen hundred and fifty-six chances to one!" said Byrnes; and they proceeded, examining every step of the way. Here a door was battered; there a litter of glass on the floor. With nearly eighteen hundred strong boxes within a radius of half a mile shrieking Burglar! the master thief had gone straight to the mark.

There was no mistaking the mark. It stood in the middle of a great room—the famous safe of Ludwig Telfen. The grating about it was crumpled like cloth. This safe has been described so many times in the press that it is worth only a line here. Not content with Harveyized steel, the makers constructed an envelope of armored concrete, eighteen inches thick on all four sides.

The safe stood in the middle of the room like a four-square tomb in its cathedral crypt. Even after the wonderfully ingenious locks had been manipulated a section of the floor must be lowered before the door could be opened. That section of flooring—solid concrete—was lowered now! It lay six inches below the surrounding level. Byrnes sprang forward with a cry of amazement. He seized the pilot wheel and whirled it. The great door of the safe swung silently open like some animate thing and the darkness of the interior yawned on the tense little party. Byrnes turned with a queer gesture. The gesture said:

"It's all over!"

When the door once started on its half-revolution touched a certain angle an electric contact was made and the interior suddenly glowed with scores of incandescent lights. On the floor lay a crude-appearing mechanism, consisting of two unusually long carbon rods bound together, though insulated from each other, and connected with an electric transformer such as is used in welding.

On the floor, too, were scores of crumpled envelopes—all empty. Metal doors that lined the walls of the interior hung slatternly on rudely twisted hinges, disclosing metal boxes—empty. Byrnes himself—matter-of-fact, unromantic, stirred more easily by deeds than by poetic suggestion found himself trying to decipher the symbols with which the empty envelopes were penciled. Each symbol held its story of treasures of gold and gems, men's greed, women's vanity and tears. How much was gone? How much remained? Only old Telfen himself with shrewd, pasty mask of a face, with its high, thin nose, and lips as thin as a slit in ivory—only old Telfen himself could tell.

But the thief—what a thief! On the floor, carefully laid aside, was the ransom of a king. Rare designs in special metals; fragile baskets, woven of threads of gold as fine as silk; wreaths of stubborn platinum, worked with infinite patience and skill into little nests to receive their precious jewels; the almost medieval trappings designed for the oratory of the wife of a multimillionaire these, magnificent in themselves, were thrust aside, ignored as dross, for the masterpieces the famous vault contained.

While eighteen hundred bells were shrieking—crying in terror; while cordons of police were being thrown about, so that even a crawling animal could not escape; while guardians of the mammoth treasure were rushing frantically about seeking the thousand thieves in one or the one thief in the thousand—this master rogue had with unerring hand cracked the biggest prize in the city, and with the coolness of a connoisseur had tested, weighed and rejected—and taken his fill!

Then Ludwig Telfen himself came, white and terrible to behold. Byrnes established field headquarters on the spot, and his lieutenants were coming and going with his terse commands. He reënforced the lines about the desolated blocks until, in police parlance, the four streets that held the cordon together were one continuous circle of pegposts. But no one realized more than Byrnes himself the futility of such a course. He tightened the lines merely because it was the obvious thing to do—there was one chance in a thousand that the bird had not yet flown. Newspaper men were assaulting the lines on all sides; but all to no purpose. There was no juice in the turnip for them. Extras were flooding the streets; throngs were hurrying downtown by every line of cars—surging against the impregnable police wall by thousands. But the best they could get in the way of information was the fact that nearly two thousand burglar alarms had gone off at the same moment and left uncovered the richest camp in the world—measured in terms of gold and gems.

That the reserves of the whole island had now been summoned to hold the impregnable wall was in itself a drug that fed the popular imagination beyond the heights of reason. A mechanical system, fairly devilish in its ingenuity, invulnerable behind its double and redoubled lines of defense, had been swept away by a single stroke, as a tornado levels a plain or a flood engulfs a valley.

Bankers, brokers, merchants, jewelers, goldsmiths—the aristocracy of wealth and trade that hives in this quarter in the daylight hours and draws on the world for capital—rushed to the scene, frantically importunate, hurling themselves against that stubborn line that knew no orders except from one source—the huge, silent man, with square jaws, square mustache and square shoes, who was sitting in the offices of Ludwig Telfen, examining a set of powerful bloom-shears that had been found in the manhole in Nassau Street. The blades of this set of shears had a cutting strength of thousands of pounds—a child exerting gentle pressure on the powerful lever could slice a great piece of metal in twain as if it were a sausage. The emergency crew of the protective system had discovered the spot where the cables had been rent asunder early in the excitement. With their charts showing the location of every trunk of the monster nerve system of burglar-protection, they had followed up the main cables, manhole by manhole, until they finally came to the corrugated cover on which the fat man in goggles had rested himself to get a view of the astronomical inaccuracies of the inside of his car.

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Suddenly the Resonant Air of the Ghoulish Depths Was Smitten With the Bang! Bang! of an Automobile Exhaust

GOVERNMENT BY MAGIC

It Will Not Cover the Valleys With Grain Fields by the Fiat of "Be It Enacted"

By Melville Davisson Post

IT IS a mistake to imagine that a thing must exist in order to exert a controlling influence in human affairs. Things that do not exist are sometimes the very greatest factors. As for example, men have always been governed by magic and magic does not exist. In early times the ruler who pretended to be the greatest magician was the most successful, and in later times the politician who pretends to be the greatest magician is the most successful. In spite of the advance in all human knowledge, the race continues to believe that its ends can be attained by some short cut through the supernatural. When the moon was threatened with extinction by an eclipse the savage always saved it by beating a tom-tom. And when a form of civilization is threatened in modern times politicians are accustomed to save it by formulating planks in a platform.

The belief of the people in the virtue of formulas extends into the remotest antiquity. The only history that we possess of any of the old tribes of men makes this fact abundantly clear. In the celebrated contest between the magicians of the Hebrews and those of the Egyptians, the winning side was the one that had at its command the most powerful formulas. And the latest elections in the United States have gone with that party which was able to present the most promising formulas.

No one has ever been able to explain why men persist in believing that they can be made rich, noble and happy in some manner other than by the exacting processes of Nature. The practical rulers of the Hebrew state were never able to make it a nation, for the simple reason that their subjects preferred always to trust themselves to the power of their magicians, rather than to the labor and discipline which the practical common sense of their political leaders suggested. And modern nations have failed to attain to a sound economic civilization, because they have preferred to believe that their ends could be attained by the magic of laws rather than by the labor and drudgery of a great sustained effort to adapt themselves to an immitigable physical environment.

It is a belief in fairy stories that afflicts the human family. It is a desire to cheat the game. It is the hope that by some kind of necromancy one may obtain the fruits of drudgery without the drudgery. It is the belief that by the magic of laws we may be in some manner made rich, noble and happy without the labor, the self-sacrifice and the enormous renunciations these things entail.

Things No Laws Can Accomplish

WE DO not believe that a magician can utter a formula and thereby cover the land with frogs, but we do believe that a politician can write a statute and thereby cover the land with wheat fields. We do not believe that Pharaoh's congress of magicians could rid us of our ills by the magic of incantations, but we do believe that a congress of politicians can do that by the magic of legislative enactments.

The hideous fact is that laws cannot help us to obtain what we want. All the benefits to be obtained by law in our tremendous struggle to advance are negative. The law cannot draw the wagon of human progress. We cannot unhitch ourselves and put the law in against the pole. There is no power in the law either to drag in the traces or to roll at the wheel. But there is power in the law to see that every man pulls according to his ability and that no man rides on the load. The whole province of the law is negative then. It cannot cure our ills. It can only see that we have fair play all round while we cure them ourselves.

The present political party in power will not be able to abolish the high cost of living by the magic of any legal enactment. It will not be able to cover the hills with flocks and herds and the valleys with grain fields by the fiat of "Be it enacted." But it will be able to help the country to that end by the removal of the artificial restrictions of a destructive tariff system.

The situation is very clear. The men who tilled the soil and bred the herds in this country have been so oppressed that their sons have had no heart to go on with the business of tilling the earth and breeding herds and have abandoned those industries and gone elsewhere about the world. And consequently the prices of food products have begun to approach those that prevailed in Samaria when Ben-hadad, King of Syria, besieged it.

It is difficult to grasp adequately how unfairly the men who produce the food supplies of this country have been treated. An unjust tariff system has laid them under tribute for almost half a century. What they had to sell—meats and breadstuffs—they had to sell in the markets of the world, in free-trade markets, for they produced them in excess of what was used in this country. No protective duty could help them. The prices they received were free-trade prices fixed in free-trade markets. But everything they bought, everything they enjoyed, everything they wore, everything they used they bought in a high-protective market. They bought at a price in excess of what they could have bought it in the market where they sold their excess meats and breadstuffs.

All that they purchased they purchased at a price so excessive that the accumulated excess has made the manufacturers rich beyond the power of the English language to express it; so rich that words like "multimillionaire" had to be coined in order to express it. The very utensils that these men used for the purpose of producing their breadstuffs they had to buy at a price in excess of what the manufacturers of them were willing to take in a foreign country after paying the costs of transportation.

It was a great, backbreaking, pitiless tribute that these men paid for almost fifty years. And in addition to this the law permitted transportation companies to charge them extortionate rates for carrying their products; and in addition to this the law permitted men who did not produce any of this meats and breadstuffs to corner it and hoard it and trade in it and force the producer to take the price they offered him.

And so exploited like that and oppressed like that, these men had no heart to go on increasing the production of meats and breadstuffs. Their sons were discouraged and went away from the land, and so the production of the things we live on does not keep pace with the increase of the population or the development of other industries. To appoint commissions, then, to inquire gravely into the causes of the high cost of living in the face of these facts is—as the comedians say it—to create laughter!

The political party in power can remove existing laws which have oppressed these men, and it can compel a just system of transportation and distribution, and it can remove the gamblers; that is to say, it can get the difficulties out of the way and then the problem will adjust itself.

Nor can any law by magic give to any man anywhere the affirmative realization of his hopes. It cannot make a coal miner a coal operator. It cannot make a farm laborer a farm owner. It cannot make a fireman on a railroad a director of a railroad. It cannot make the man who sets the type on an article the author of the article. It can only umpire the game fairly.

It can umpire the game! And it can do something more than that, it can put on handicaps. It cannot make one man run as fast as another, but it can compel the swifter runner to carry enough weight to make the race even.

All progress rests on just one thing and nothing else, and that is the incentive to individual effort. No economic system is worth the paper on which its tenets are written that does not recognize this great factor as the basis of all human progress. It is the one thing that we must preserve and encourage at any cost. The Authority that constructed the scheme of the universe did the thing with appalling ingenuity. We cannot cheat it. The things we would have we can get only by our own efforts. We can develop ourselves only by our own efforts. We can obtain wealth, honor and happiness only by our own efforts. Do not hasten to contradict this statement. We cannot cheat the order of Nature by which these benefits are obtained, but we can cheat each other out of them.

The Pioneers of the Future

WE CAN cheat each other. That is the whole idea in a sentence. And because we can cheat each other there is a necessity for the law to prevent us. And fundamentally that is all the law can ever do toward the realization of the great destiny of mankind.

Now every violation of this great basic principle is a benefit to a certain class of persons at the cost of the rest. We are willing to have this rule violated and to bear the cost of that violation for the benefit of persons under disabilities, for the benefit of the weak, the incapacitated, children and old men. We are willing that these may ride on the load, but we are not willing that strong men shall ride on it.

Is not the illustration strikingly apt? What are we after all but pioneers, but frontiersmen advancing into the unknown country of the future, and what is all the civilization that we carry with us but our baggage train? It is a perilous and laborious advance. There is no place in it for the skulker as there is no place in it for the gambler. By the skulker we mean all those who are idle and indolent, and in their idleness and indolence would force other men to divide their goods with them; and by the gambler we mean all those who by any sort of trickery, by the discrimination of laws, are able to obtain an unfair advantage, to ride on the load.

Here is the living truth then! No magic of laws will ever advance us. All philosophy that offers us affirmative relief is pure magic. All the pitiful, vain dreams of the intellectual Nihilists in Turgenieff's novels will not advance us. All the violent doctrines of Wilhelm Marr, demanding "the abolition of church, state, property and marriage, with the one positive tenet of 'a bloody and fearful revenge upon the rich and powerful,'" will not advance us. All the vast structure of German philosophy, hanging like enchanted palaces in the air, will not advance us. For the great law of Karl Marx that, "The value of

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ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

In the Haunt of the Native Son—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

A San Franciscan Shudders With Horror When Anybody Refers to His City as Frisco

A Native Will Concede That There Was a Fire, But Nothing Else

THERE are various ways of entering San Francisco, and the traveling general passenger agent of any one of half a dozen trunklines stands ready to prove to you—absolutely beyond the peradventure of a doubt—that his particular way is incomparably the best one; but to my mind a very satisfactory way is to go overland from Monterey.

The route we followed led us lengthwise through the wonderful Santa Clara country, straight up a wide box plait of valley tucked in between an ornamental double ruffle of mountains. I suppose if we passed one ranch we passed a thousand—cattle ranches, fruit ranches, hen ranches, chicken ranches, bee ranches—all the known varieties and subvarieties.

In California you mighty soon get out of the habit of speaking of farms; for there are no farms—only ranches. The particular ranch to which you have reference may be a ten-thousand-acre ranch, where they raise enough beef critters to feed a standing army, or it may be a half-acre ranch, where somebody is trying to make things homelike and happy for eight hens and a rooster; but a ranch it always is, and usually it is a model of its kind too. The birds in California do not build nests. They build ranches.

The City of Native Talent

MOST of the way along the Santa Clara Valley our tires glided upon an arrow-straight, unbelievably smooth stretch of magnificent automobile road, which—when it is completed—will extend without a break from the Oregon line to the Mexican line, and will be the finest, costliest, best thoroughfare to be found within the boundaries of any state of the Union, that being the scale upon which they work out their public-utility plans in the West.

Eventually the road changes into a paved and curbed avenue, lined with seemingly unending aisles of the tall gum trees. Soon you begin to skitter past the suburban villas of rich men, set back in ornamental landscape effects of green lawns and among tropical verdure. You emerge from this upon a gently rolling plateau, upon which flower gardens of incomparable richness are interspersed with the homely structures that inevitably mark the proximity of any great city. There, rising ahead of you, are the foothills that protect, upon its landward side, San Francisco, the city that has produced more artists, more poets, more writers, more actors, more sudden millionaires—cries of Question! Question! from the Pittsburgh delegation—more good fiction and more Native Sons than any community in the Western Hemisphere.

You aren't there yet however. Next you round a sloping shoulder of a hill and slide down into a shore road, with the beating, creaming surf on one side, and on the other a long succession of the sort of architectural triumphs that have made Coney Island famous. You negotiate another small ridge and there, suddenly spread out before you, is the Golden Gate, with the city itself cuddled in between the ocean and the friendly protecting mountains at its back. The Seal Rocks are there, and the Cliff House, and the Presidio, and all. New York has a wonderful harbor entrance; Nature did some of it and man did the rest. San Francisco has an even more wonderful one, and the hand of man did not need to touch it. When Nature got through with it, it was a complete and satisfactory job.

The first convincing impression the newcomer gets of San Francisco is that here is a permanent city—a city that has found itself, has achieved its own personality, and is satisfied with it. Perhaps, because they are growing so fast, certain of the other Coast cities strike the casual observer as having just been put up. I was told that a man who lives on a residential street of San Diego has to mark his house with chalk when he leaves of a morning in order to know it when he gets home at night. A real-estate agent told me so, and I do not think a Southern California real-estate agent would deceive anybody—more particularly a stranger from the East. So it must be true. And Los Angeles' main business district is like a transverse slice chopped out of the middle of Manhattan Island. It isn't Western. It is typically New Yorky—as alive as New York and as handsomely done. You can almost imagine you are at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street.

San Francisco, it seems to me, isn't like any city on earth except San Francisco. Once you get away from the larger hotels, which are accurate copies of the metropolitan article of the East, even to the afternoon tea-fighting mêlées of the women, you find yourself in a city that is absolutely individual and distinctive. It impresses its originality upon you; it presents itself with an air of having been right there from the beginning—and this, too, in spite of the fact that the ravages of the great fire are still visible in old cellar excavations and piles of débris. Practically every building in the main part of the town has been rebuilt within seven years and is still new. The scars are fresh, but the spirit is old and abides.

How to Know the San Franciscans

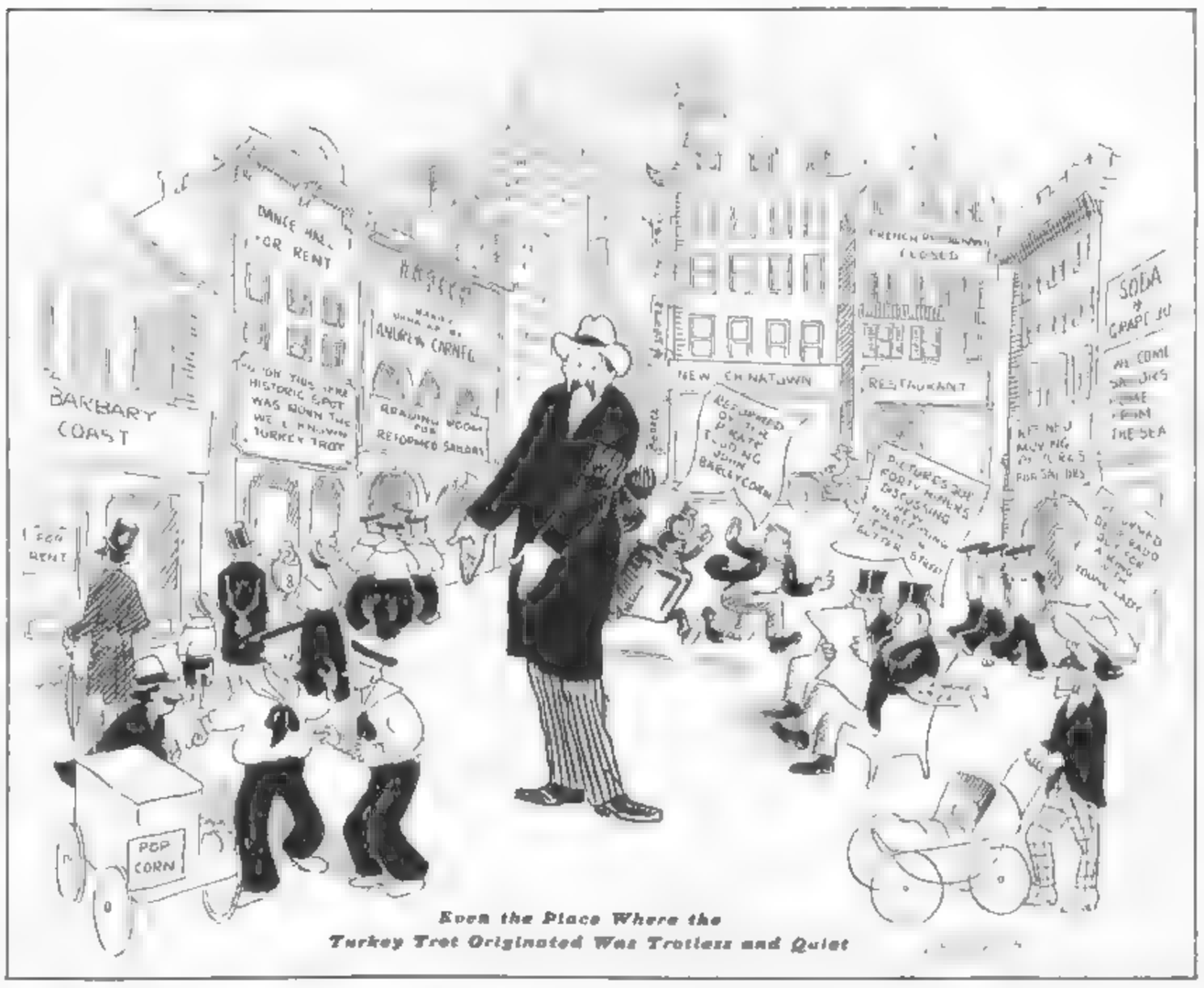
THIS same essence of individuality tinctures the lives, the manners and the conversation of the people. They do not strike you as being Westerners or as being transplanted Easterners; they are San Franciscans. Even when all other signs fail you may, nevertheless, instantly discern certain unfailing traits—to wit, as follows: 1—A San Franciscan shudders with ill-concealed horror when anybody refers to his beloved city as Frisco—which nobody ever does unless it be a raw alien from the other side of the continent; 2—He does not brag of the climate with that constancy which provides his neighbor of Los Angeles a never-failing topic of congenial conversation; and 3—He assures you with a regretful sighing note in his voice that the old-time romance disappeared with the destruction of

For its Size There are More Good Restaurants Than in Any Other Spot on the Globe

the old-time buildings, the old-time resorts and the old-time neighborhoods.

It has been my experience that romance is always in the past tense anyhow. Romance is a commodity that was extremely plentiful last week or last year or last century, but for the moment they are entirely out of it, and can't say with any degree of certainty when a fresh stock will be coming in. This is largely true of all the formerly romantic cities I know anything about, and it appears to be especially true of San Francisco. Romance invariably acquires added value after it has vanished; in this respect it is very much like a history-making epoch. An epoch rarely seems to create any great amount of excitement when it is in process of epoching, or at least the excitement is only temporary and soon abates. Afterward we look back upon it with a feeling of longing, but when it was actually coming to pass we took it—after the first shock of surprise—as a matter of course.

No doubt our children and our children's children will read in the textbooks that the first decade of the twentieth century was distinguished as the age when the automobile came into general use, and people learned to fly, and grown men wore bracelet watches and carried their handkerchiefs up their cuffs; and they will repine because they, too, did not live in those stirring times. But we of the present generation who recently passed through these experiences have already accepted them without undue excitement, just as our forefathers in their day accepted the submarine cable, the galvanic battery and the congress gaiter.



Even the Place Where the Turkey Trot Originated Was Trotless and Quiet

On the Trail of the Ancient Scarab

AGE and antiquity give an added value to everything except an egg. In my own case I know how it was with regard to the Egyptian scarab. For years I felt that I could never rest satisfied until I had gone to Egypt and had personally broken into the tomb of some sleeping Pharaoh or some crumbly old Rameses, and with my own hands had ravished from it a mummified specimen of that fabled beetle which the ancients worshiped and buried with them in their tombs. But not long ago I made the discovery that, in coloring, habits, customs and general walk and conversation, the scarab of the Egyptians was none other than the common tumblebug of the Southern dirt roads. Right there was where I lost interest in the scarab. He was no novelty to me—not any more he wasn't. As a boy I had known him intimately.

So, when I was repeatedly assured that the old-time romance had vanished from San Francisco, and with it the atmosphere that bred Bohemians and developed literature and art, and kept alive the spirit of the Forty-niner times, and all that, I made my own allowances. Those who mourned for the fire-blasted past may have been right, in a measure. Certainly the old-time Chinatown isn't there any more—or, at any rate, isn't there in its physical aspects. The rebuilt Chinatown of San Francisco, though infinitely larger, isn't so picturesque really or so Chinesey looking as New York's Chinatown.

I did not dare to give utterance to this treasonable statement until I was well away from San Francisco, but it is true all the same. I cruised the shores of the far-famed and much-written-about Barbary Coast; and it seemed to me that in its dun-colored tiresomeness and in its miserable transparent counterfeit of joy it was up to the general metropolitan average—that it was a sad and a sordid and a deadly dull place, just as the professionally wicked section of any city always is.

However, I was told that I had arrived just one week too late to see the Barbary Coast at its best—meaning by that its worst; for during the week before the police, growing virtuous, had put the crusher on the dance-halls and the hobble on the tango-twisters. Even the place where the turkey trot originated—a place that would naturally be a shrine to a New Yorker—was trotless and quiet—in mourning for its firstborn.

The so-called French restaurants, which for years gave an unwholesome savor to certain phases of San Francisco life, had likewise been sterilized and purified. I wished I might have got there before the housecleaning took place; but, even so, I should probably have been disappointed. What makes the vice of ancient Babylon seem by contrast more seductive to us than the vice of the Bowery is that Babylon is gone and the Bowery isn't.

Likewise the night life of San Francisco, of which in times past I had read so much, was disillusionizing, because it wasn't visible to the naked eye. On this proposition Los Angeles puts it all over San Francisco; for this, though, there is an easy explanation. Los Angeles boasts what is said to be the completest trolley system in the world: undoubtedly it is the noisiest in the world. The tracks seem to run through every street; there is a curve at every corner, I think, and a switch in the middle of every block. Every thirty seconds or so a car comes along, and it always comes at top speed and takes the curve without slackening up; and the motorman is always clanging his gong in a whole-souled manner that wouldentitle him to membership in the Swiss Bellringers.

Naturally the folks in Los Angeles stay up late—they can't figure on doing much sleeping anyhow; but either San Francisco has fewer trolley cars to the acre or else the motormen are not quite so musically inclined, and people may get to bed at a Christian hour. Most of them do it, too, if I am one to judge. At night in San Francisco I didn't see a single owl lunch wagon or meet a single beggar. Newsboys were remarkably scarce and taxicabs seemed to be few and far between. These things help to make any other city; without them San Francisco still manages to be a city—another proof of her individuality.

The old romance of the Old San Francisco may be dead and buried—the residents unite in saying that it is, and they ought to know; but, even so, New San Francisco may well brag today of a greater romance than any it ever knew—the romance of achievement.

Somebody said not long ago that the greatest of all monuments to American pluck was San Francisco rebuilt; but if there was pluck in it there was romance too. And there is romance, plenty of it, in the exposition these people have planned and are now carrying out to commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal.

The Panama Exposition

TO BEGIN with, citizens of San Francisco and of the state of California are paying the whole bill themselves—they did not ask the Federal Government to contribute a red cent of the millions being spent and that will be spent, and to date the Federal Government has not contributed a red cent either. Climatic conditions are in their favor. Other expositions have had to contend with hot weather—sometimes with beastly hot weather; those other expositions could not open up until well into the spring, and they closed perforce with the coming of cold weather in the fall. But San Francisco is never very hot and never really cold, and California becomes an out-of-door land as soon as the rains end; so this fair will be actively and continuously in operation for nine months instead of being limited to four or five months as the period of its greatest activities.

(Continued on Page 41)

PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
SAN FRANCISCO
"THE SAN FRANCISCO CLIMATE GIVES WOMEN THE MOST WONDERFUL COMPLEXIONS!"

That Detail, Properly Press-Agented, Ought to Fetch the Entire Female Population of the United States

MY NEXT IMITATION

ABE AND MORRIS ASSIST AT A DÉBUT

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"I GOT the asthma pretty bad last year, I admit," said Max Polek, proprietor of the Louvre Drygoods Store, Bridgetown; "but, *Gott sei Dank!* this year I'm quite well again." And in token of his complete recovery he emitted a cough that, mechanically duplicated, would have made the fortune of a dealer in automobile accessories.

"I'm glad to hear it," Abe Potash said, referring not to the cough but to Polek's avowal of his renewed health.

"I give my family here in New York quite a shock," Max continued, "on account they got it all fixed I was going to die; but I fooled 'em, Abe—all except my nephew Sidney, which when I told it him I ain't long for this world he says I should forget it and cut myself down to two small cigars a day, Abe. And he was right. I got every respect for that feller, even if he would be in the theayter business; and that's what I come here to talk to you about." He paused and drew a deep and whistling breath. "I want you to treat him right, Abe," he declared.

"What could we do for him?" Abe asked.

"I'm bringing him in here this afternoon," Max went on; "and he's got an idee he could buy from you the complete costumes for an act him and his partner Martin Fennessy is getting out by the name, The Ten Tailor-Made Girls."

"But we don't sell nothing at retail, Max," Abe said, and Morris indorsed this protest with an emphatic nod.

"Who says my nephew would buy at retail?" Max demanded. "I am telling you he needs it he should get for ten women three suits apiece, Mawruss—and since when is thirty suits retail, Mawruss?"

During the interval of silence that followed this rhetorical question the elevator door opened and two visitors alighted. One of them was a short though stockily built man of middle age, and the other—obviously his son—was as much a replica of his father as a youth of eighteen well could be.

Indeed, as his father proceeded down the hall with a measured, flatfooted tread, the youth, following him in Indian file, seemed unconsciously to assume the same flatfooted gait; but a careful observer would have noticed that a faint smile accompanied this successful imitation and betrayed it to be not so very unconscious after all.

"You're getting terrible particular all of a sudden, Abe!" Max continued; and then he broke into another and more explosive cough just as the little procession approached the open doorway of the showroom. The youth's eyebrows elevated themselves in pleasurable surprise; and after Max had concluded his asthmatic exhibition, with a shaded diminuendo of wheezings and rattlings, the elder visitor turned to view a broad, appreciative grin on his son's face.

"*Grober Junge!*" he cried and accompanied his words with a back-handed slap on the young man's cheek.

"Aw, what's that for?" the youth protested.

"Never mind what's that for!" his father shouted. "I'll learn you you should walk into a business house *mit* respect, you dirty lowlife you! Don't you know nothing at all?"

At this admonition delivered in tones commensurate with the speaker's indignation, Abe came running to the showroom door.

"*Na*, Zinkman," he asked, "what's the trouble?"

"No trouble at all, Mr. Potash," Koppel Zinkman replied. "Don't let us interrupt you. Go right on *mit* your business. I waited so long to get this loafer a job, I could wait a little longer yet." He scowled at his son as he spoke and brushed past Abe into the showroom. "Stay outside, Sam!" he bellowed. "I would take a seat till you get through, Mr. Potash."

Suiting the action to the word, he sank into a chair not three feet away from where Morris and Max Polek were seated, and drew a morning paper from his coat pocket.

"I ain't the one to butt into something which don't concern me, Mr. Potash," he announced; "so go right on talking to Mr. Polek. I wouldn't interrupt you."

At the mention of his name Max turned to Zinkman and recognized him with a surly nod.

"*Wie geht's*, Zinkman?" he said.

"*Ziemlich*, Mr. Polek," Koppel Zinkman replied without looking up from his paper. "Collections is a little slow, Mr. Polek, otherwise everything's all right."

At this point Koppel appeared to forget his son and began instead to scowl over the top of his paper at Max, who stirred uneasily in his chair and at last rose to his feet.

"Well, I'll tell you, boys," he said, "I got a little business to attend to, understand me, and I would come back round eleven o'clock and talk this thing over *mit* you again."

"Don't let me scare you away, Mr. Polek," Koppel Zinkman urged. "I got lots of time."

"You ain't scaring me away, Zinkman," Max said. "You ain't even entered into my thoughts at all about going away."

With this defiance, he bestowed on Koppel so venomous a look that Abe and Morris exchanged glances of genuine alarm.

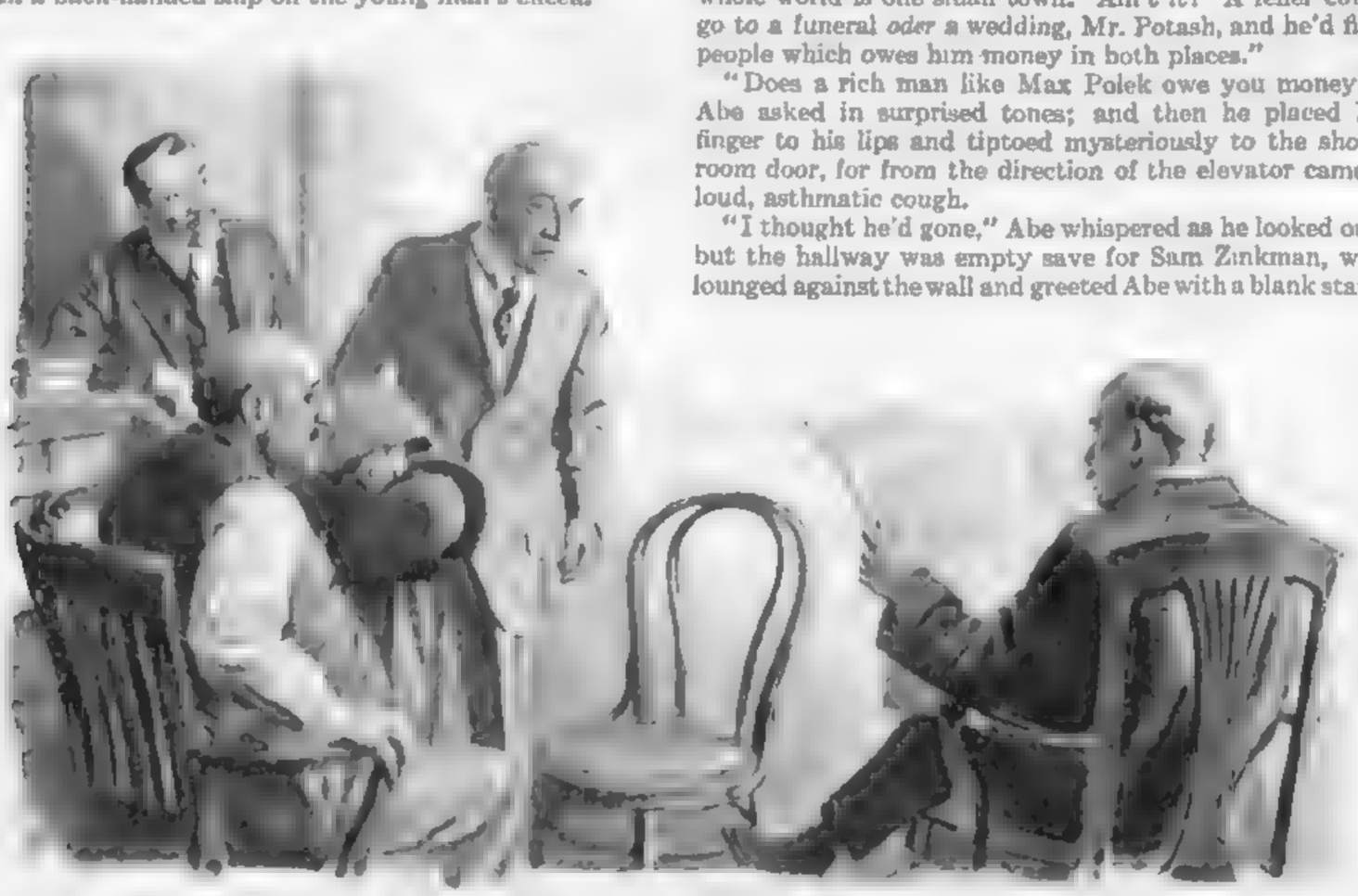
"And so far as I'm concerned, Zinkman," Polek continued, "you don't exist at all, and wouldn't, not if you would wrote me a hundred rotten letters from lawyers every day—and don't you forget it!"

Koppel never shifted his position and merely grunted in reply, while, under Abe's and Morris' wonder gaze, Max walked rapidly toward the elevator, where he delivered himself of a farewell cough that made his other efforts seem like the preliminary throat-clearings of an after-dinner speaker.

"It's funny I should happen in here right now," Koppel remarked, putting down his paper—"which, after all, the whole world is one small town. Ain't it? A feller could go to a funeral *oder* a wedding, Mr. Potash, and he'd find people which owes him money in both places."

"Does a rich man like Max Polek owe you money?" Abe asked in surprised tones; and then he placed his finger to his lips and tiptoed mysteriously to the showroom door, for from the direction of the elevator came a loud, asthmatic cough.

"I thought he'd gone," Abe whispered as he looked out, but the hallway was empty save for Sam Zinkman, who lounged against the wall and greeted Abe with a blank stare.



"You Don't Exist at All, and Wouldn't, Not if You Would Wrote Me a Hundred Rotten Letters From Lawyers Every Day"

The Hallway Was Empty Save for Sam Zinkman

"Max!" Abe shouted; but there was no response, and Abe closed the door and resumed his chair.

"I guess it must of come up the elevator shaft," he said. "He's got a cough something terrible, Zinkman!"

"I know it," Zinkman replied callously. "A feller *mit* a cough like that ain't got no license to show up in a respectable business house at all. He comes into my place last October, Mr. Potash, and a lady which is going to buy a baby-lamb coat gets so nervous on account Max acts like he must got to choke to death every minute, y'understand, that she says she would be back in a quarter of an hour—and that's the last I seen of her!"

"Max couldn't help it that he's got such a misfortune," Morris said.

"That's all right!" Zinkman retorted. "If he's got such a bad cough like all that, let him go to the mountains or somewheres, Mr. Perlmutter, where he wouldn't do no favors to nobody by bringing in his nephew, Sidney Paul, into the store, understand me; and then, mind you, they go to work and claim the act was a failure on account the furs wasn't right."

"What act?" Abe asked.

"The Six Little Polar Bears," Zinkman replied. "Which I still got coming to me two hundred and fifty dollars a balance, and my lawyer says I shouldn't sue Paul & Fennessy for it, y'understand; because, *mit* a concern like that, understand me, one of the partners attends to the show business, y'understand, while the other one puts in all his time getting examined in supplementary proceedings."

"You don't say!" Morris exclaimed, and began to wag his head sympathetically.

"So we tried we should hold Max Polek on a sort of guaranty, and my lawyer wrote him a rotten letter to that effect," Zinkman continued.

"Did he give you a guaranty?" Abe asked.

"*Oser a Stück!*" Zinkman said. "If a rich man like Max Polek comes into your place and introduces his nephew you should sell the nephew goods, Mr. Potash, would you got the nerve to ask him he should give for the nephew a guaranty? So my lawyer says we should try to hold Polek on what my lawyer calls an original promise, Mr. Potash. And do you think Max Polek would stand for it? That's what for a *Rosher* that feller Polek is! You couldn't bluff him for a minute!"

Here Abe joined his partner's headwagging, but the quality of sympathy was lacking.

"Well, Zinkman," he said at last, "I'm sure we're much obliged to you you should of come in here and give us this tip about Polek."

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Potash," Zinkman declared. "I didn't come in here for no such thing. I got

worse troubles as Polek—believe me!" He rose to his feet and went to the door. "Sam," he shouted, "come in here once!"

In response Sam Zinkman walked into the showroom and stared defiantly at his father.

"This is my boy, Mr. Potash," Koppel said, and then he paused and fixed his child with a terrible glare.

"*Nu-u-u-u!*" he roared. "Take from the head the hat, *Kerl!* What did I told you a hundred times?"

Sam pulled off his hat and blinked hard at Morris, who drew forward a chair.

"Sit down, Sam," he said in kindly tones. "We don't take it so particular here if people keeps on their hats, Sam, so long as they don't holler too loud."

"I got a right to holler," Koppel retorted. "I'm sick and tired running round *mit* that loafer trying to get him a job. Everywhere I go they turn me down, Mr. Perlmutter—over a hundred places I bet yer!"

"Might you don't go about it the right way maybe," Morris suggested. "If you try to find a job for somebody you got to act like you was selling goods, Zinkman. Talk about the good points first, Zinkman, and let the other feller find out the bad points afterward."

"Good points I don't know what I could tell you at all," Zinkman confessed. "I sent the boy to public school till he was fifteen, Mr. Perlmutter; and two years he goes on a business college already; and some greenhorns not six months in the country, understand me, could write better with the left foot as he could *mit* the right hand, Mr. Perlmutter."

Sam hung his head with so disconsolate an air that Abe came immediately to his defense.

"What has handwriting got to do *mit* it?" he commented. "Lots of salesmen writes back only weather reports in an elegant bookkeeper's hand, understand me, while fellers which could hardly sign their own names is turning in every day a couple thousand dollars real orders, which you must got to send for one of them experts by will cases before you could make 'em out at all."

"You don't want your boy he should be all his life a clerk, Zinkman," Morris added. "Never mind if he writes like a Chinaman, if he would learn to sell goods, Zinkman—that's all you want."

"*Yow*, you could learn him to sell goods!" Zinkman exclaimed, his lip curling contemptuously. "I took that boy into my place, Mr. Perlmutter, and I did everything I could for him. I clubbed him and I clubbed him, Mr. Perlmutter; and do you think that after six months that feller could tell the difference between a mink and a muskrat? *Oser!*"

"Might if the boy wasn't clubbed, Zinkman, he would learn better maybe," Abe suggested.

"I give you license to do whatever you want with him, Mr. Potash," Zinkman said; "and I bet yer you wouldn't do no better as I did *mit* him."

"Couldn't I?" Abe cried. "Why, the boy looks like a born salesman, Zinkman!"

"That's your idee!" Zinkman said.

"I'll leave it to Mawruss," Abe retorted hotly, "if that boy ain't got the right kind of a face for jollying a customer." Morris gazed critically at Sam's irregular features, and he could not help smiling.

"He's got a regular funny face, Abe, if that's what you mean," he admitted.

"He's got a regular impident face," Zinkman corrected. "He's fresh like anything when I ain't round, Mr. Potash; and if you would keep him for one week in your store, understand me, it'd be a miracle. He couldn't get along *mit* nobody!"

Abe rose and placed his hand on Sam Zinkman's shoulder.

"I think you're a little hard on the boy, Zinkman," he said; "and just to prove it I'll give him a week's trial at five dollars, Zinkman; if he's worth it and works hard, understand me, might I would give him more maybe."

Koppel jammed his hat down on his head and made ready to depart.

"I wouldn't try to argue with you one way or the other," he said; "but you could take it from me, Mr. Potash, you'll be kicking yourself that you give him five even." He shook hands limply with Abe and Morris. "And if you hear him making any *Mefses*, like mocking people which they couldn't speak the English language to suit him exactly," he concluded, "give him a good *Potch* on the side of the head. He's terrible fresh that way."

II

"I TURNED him over to Goldman, the cutter he should keep him busy for the rest of the day," Abe said a few minutes before eleven o'clock, "and afterward we would consider what we would do with him."

"Which I must say, Abe, I thought at the time you are making a mistake when you hired the feller at all," Morris commented.

"Then why ain't you said so before it was too late, Mawruss?" Abe demanded.

"Because for five dollars a week any boy of eighteen should ought to be a bargain, Abe," Morris replied; "but the feller don't seem to open his mouth at all. After his father left I must of talked to him for over a quarter of an hour. I give him a lot of good advice, too, Abe—and all the boy does is to look at me in the face until I was really ashamed for the feller; so I quit."

"He does got an awful funny way of looking at you," Abe admitted; "and when you was telling me about that blue serge we didn't got from the sponger yet, Mawruss, he stands there *mit* his mouth open, watching us like we would be a couple actors in a theayter already."

"He's got a right to look that way," Morris said grimly, "because the way you carried on when I says a little thing to you like we should ought to change spongers, understand me, you would think I am accusing you that you *ganver* a couple thousand dollars on me."

Abe's eyes blazed at this allusion to what had been the recent topic of a brief but spirited discussion.

"Is that so!" he began hoarsely. "Maybe I ain't got no right to open my mouth in my own place at all!"

Morris shrugged his shoulders preparatory to launching a satirical rejoinder, when the elevator door creaked a warning and the next moment Max Polek alighted. He signalized his arrival in the showroom with a paroxysm that left him gasping for breath, and it was some moments before he could enunciate.

"That's one of my old ones already," he panted. "They don't come much worse as that."

Hardly had he made this statement, however, than there issued from the cutting room a noise of coughing that might have been the echo of Max Polek's attack, save that if anything it was a trifle more severe and concluded with about twice as many wheezings.

"Now there's a feller," Max said oracularly, "which don't take no care of himself at all. I bet yer that feller's just got through smoking a big cigar, Abe."

Abe looked at Morris in blank astonishment.

"Well, what do you think of that!" he exclaimed. "Our whole insurings could be canceled on us!" He fairly ran to the cutting room and burst open the door. "Goldman," he shouted to the head cutter, "didn't I expressively told it you you shouldn't let nobody smoke here?"

"What d'ye mean smoke here, Mr. Potash?" Goldman expostulated. "Nobody is smoking here since six months ago already."

"Well, then, what is it that makes all the coughing?" Abe demanded.

"Could the boy help it he has got such a cough?" Goldman asked; and Abe looked hard at Sam Zinkman, who blushed guiltily.

"Do you mean to say you got such a terrible cough like all that?" Abe continued; and, by way of admitting it, Sam went off into a strident repetition of his former effort.

"Did I lie to you, Mr. Potash?" Goldman said triumphantly as Sam Zinkman finished.

"I know as well as you do, Mr. Potash," he went on, "that it's a law from the fire department already nobody should smoke round here, which if somebody should got a bad cough like this here boy got it, Mr. Potash, never mind you should give me laws from sixty fire departments already, what could I do to prevent it?"

Abe banged the cutting-room door behind him and returned to the showroom, where he found that Polek had forgotten the incident in a violent tirade against Koppel Zinkman's methods of salesmanship and collection.

"Not even rabbit skins they was! *Oser!*" he declared. "Cats and dogs them furs come from, Mawruss; and the second week the girls wore them, understand me, they looked like you would picked 'em out of a garbage can already. Sidney had to throw them away and re-dress the act, which he changed the name from the Six Little Polar Bears to the Mermaid Sextet on account of the sea and iceberg backdrop they carried; and after three weeks all their bookings is canceled on 'em."

He emitted a dozen indignant wheezes before proceeding.

"Then he wants to claim I give a guaranty yet," he went on; "which if the feller would of asked me for a guaranty in the first place, Abe, I would been only too glad to give it to him."

Abe nodded earnestly.

"Of course we wouldn't ask you for no guaranty, Max," he hastened to say; "but the fact is, we belong to a—now—manufacturers' association."

For further explanation he looked at Morris, who came resourcefully to his partner's aid, though he had never before heard of the association.

"That's right, Max," he said glibly; "and one of the rules is, we ain't allowed to deal directly with consumers, understand me, which is what we meant when we told you we ain't selling no goods at retail, y'understand; and that applies just so much to ladies which buys one dress as to theayter people which buys thirty dresses *oder* orphan asylums which buys five hundred, Max."

"Unless, of course, it's a cash transaction, Max," Abe said with sudden inspiration. "If we sell goods for cash, y'understand, no name appears on our ledger, Max, and the association couldn't do us nothing."

"Or even we would say a note which we could discount right away at a bank, Max," Morris added. "Supposing, for instance, your nephew buys for four hundred and fifty dollars goods and gives us a note for sixty days *mit* your indorsement, Max; why, then we discount it at a bank and it don't go into our merchandise ledger at all." There ensued a silence of some moments' duration.

"Make it ninety days," Max said, and Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"Sixty *oder* ninety days—what is the difference, Max, *mit* a good name like yours on the back of it?" he said airily.

"So you should come out to lunch *mit* Morris *oder* me; and afterward, Max, we'll telephone for your nephew."

Max shook his head positively.

"I never touch nothing in the middle of the day, Abe," he said, "because if I would eat one tongue sandwich even it lays on my bronkal toobs all the afternoon. I got to be terrible particular that way."

"Well, then, we'll see you later, Max," Morris said.

"At one o'clock," Max concluded, putting on his hat and coat, "me and my nephew will be here."

Half an hour afterward Abe entered the showroom from the office, where, during a conversation with the delinquent cloth sponger, he had nearly fractured his left thumb in making too emphatic a gesture for the size of the telephone booth.

(Continued on Page 45)

"I'm Giving an Imitation of a Feller Which Was Going to Indorse a Note for Four Hundred and Fifty Dollars, and Which Changed His Mind, Potash"

A MATTER OF ECONOMICS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"Horton Isn't to be Bluffed; He's to be Spanked. We'll Introduce the Bill!"

IT WAS satirical Mrs. Wylie Miles who started the applause. "Who is the silver-voiced wonder from out of the West?" inquired the lady who was languidly flapping herself with a big feather fan. "I've never heard of her."

"You will, my dear," returned Mrs. Wylie Miles, who knew everybody, and everybody's grandmother.

"Cordelia Blossom," read the languid lady, consulting her banquet card, which was embossed with the blue sphinx sacred to the National Federation of Isis Clubs. "She's a pretty little thing."

The grim old social dictator, whose favor, like a king's, meant security, smiled with a queer little twinkle in her shrewd eyes.

"It protects her cleverness," she replied. "Cordelia was a Baltimore Whichett before she married Governor Watterson Blossom."

"How interesting," murmured she of the fan. She glanced superciliously down the row of thoughtfully gowned ladies on the opposite side of the table, until her gray gaze came once more to rest upon the round-eyed Cordelia, still flushed from the triumph of her response to the toast Our Club: Its Past and Its Future. "Her tea-rose gown is made quite effective by that delicate blue costume at her side."

Again Mrs. Wylie Miles smiled, and her eyes twinkled.

"That delicate blue costume is part of the tea-rose gown."

"They must be very dear friends," indifferently commented the feathered connoisseur, studying the attractive black-haired woman who sat beside Cordelia, and again she consulted her banquet card. "Georgia Fleecer. What a queer name!"

"The wife of James," and Mrs. Wylie Miles' smile this time was full of enjoyment. "James Fleecer, as you would know if you remained an occasional month in America, is the most notorious political boss in the middle West; but Georgia is still a Washington Randall; also clever."

"Oh," and the bored banqueter suppressed a yawn. She had gained social superiority by seeming that way. She glanced once more over the assembled delegates. "Tiresome affair, isn't it?"

Mrs. Wylie Miles, who had led the active life and still loved it, was a woman particularly brilliant in the things she did not say; and she gave the critic one of her veiled glances which meant so much. When the ladies had arisen for a social intermission Mrs. Wylie Miles moved over to Cordelia.

"Congratulations, my dear," she graciously observed. "Shall you take up a residence in Washington or New York?"

Cordelia felt her heart thump. Her hour of triumph was at hand. Her round eyes, however, were perfectly void of anything but the most infantile guilelessness.

"Neither, I'm afraid," she laughed. "If I have many more homes I shan't have any."

"Nonsense. We must have you with us in the East. You're to be our next National President!"

Cordelia became suddenly aware that the banquet hall was a kaleidoscopic maze of gaily tinted costumes: blue, green, yellow, red. The lights were dazzling, and she caught the flash of a thousand jewels! She had been three patient years reaching this point, and now the dimples sprang into her prettily flushed cheeks.

"Do you think so?" she returned in a tone which might mean anything from polite denial to eagerness.

Mrs. Wylie Miles, far too keen of penetration to be deceived by that elaborate carelessness, merely laughed and passed on.

Georgia Fleecer's eyes were dancing.

"You'd love Washington, Cordelia," she whispered.

"I've always thought so," agreed Cordelia with the light of constructive speculation already in her round eyes. Colonel Blossom was planning, with much hunger, to return to their home city immediately on the expiration of his term as governor. "However, I'd never be selfish enough to want to come unless Watt's political ambitions should bring him here."

"Oh, certainly not," returned Georgia instantly, but the slightest flicker of distress crossed her brow.

II

THE president of the People's Electric Company was a large, rude sort of person who, when fully dressed, wore a white waistcoat and a black cigar; and he received Jim Fleecer with the brusqueness of a "no-help-wanted" sign.

"Hello, Fleecer," he observed, leaning back in his swivel chair with a thump and letting his thick feet dangle. "What can I do for you?" he added in the tone of one who distinctly does not intend to do anything.

"A little more than the usual, I think, Horton," replied Fleecer callously. He straddled his long legs astride a chair and drew himself up to the desk. "It's going to be a strangle-hold campaign."

"We don't care what kind of a campaign it's to be," announced Mr. Horton with suspicious complacency, and he most delicately shoved the ashes off his cigar with a fancy paper-knife; this by way of emphasizing his thorough ease. "In fact, the People's Electric don't care a hoot if there is a campaign."

Jim Fleecer, who was reputed to be the finest whip-cracker in the political circus, possessed an entirely noticeable under jaw, and now that member began automatically to push itself forward.

"A toss-down, eh?" he commented, wasting no time on such emotions as surprise, or even curiosity. "Somebody's been putting yeast in your brains."

"The People's Electric is through with graft," firmly announced President Horton, with great joy in the statement. "It has been bled, and milked, and sluiced to a fare-ye-well, and here's where it steps out of politics."

Mr. Fleecer gazed on his one-time comrade and co-worker more in pity than in anger.

"Why, you poor pod!" he observed. "Who made you?"

"Politics," calmly replied Mr. Horton. "I'm giving you the correct answer so you won't have a chance to spring it yourself. However, we've paid for our making, and the receipts are in the yellow-leather law books."

"Oh, that's why you welsh?" and Mr. Fleecer now knew the case to be more serious than he had at first supposed. "You were a jolly little pal to all the boys until they stuffed the state, county and municipal statutes with laws and ordinances enough to protect you for the next million years."

"Something like that," grinned Ed Horton.

Mr. Fleecer rose to his full angular height and looked down on the president of the People's with the attitude of a stern parent about to deliver a chastisement.

"How much time do you need to change your mind?" he inquired.

"Not a second," stated Horton pleasantly. "Go right ahead and shoot off your pop-gun. The old style of politics has gone out. The initiative and the referendum, to say nothing of the recall, are on the way, and they're going to get you. Have a cigar, Jim?"

"Don't care if I do," accepted Fleecer, and lit the perfecto. "It's too bad we have to soak you, Ed; but I give you fair warning to wear a high collar and protect your neck."

Filled with this new business worry, Jim Fleecer looked at his watch, jumped into his limousine, gave a direction to his chauffeur, and settled back in the corner to hatch. Horton was the first important rebel in a secession which threatened to become general. Horton was the president, manager and sole lobbyist of a company which controlled electric light, heat and power in a dozen populous cities. Horton was an ingrate, a welsher and a traitor; also a fathead! Just how could Horton be handed his? Jim was still thinking when, at the station, he took a certain attractive black-haired and black-eyed lady from the three-forty train and tucked her into the limousine and gave her a mighty hug and a hearty kiss.

"Well, Tumpelly, how's Washington?" he happily inquired as they sped up the avenue.

"Glorious," she reported; "though it really doesn't seem like home any more," and she snuggled contentedly against his shoulder. She hesitated. "Cordelia says she wouldn't object to living in Washington if the Colonel's political ambitions were to lead him there." Then she waited.

"The Colonel's what!" snorted Jim; then the shade of business care returned. "You'd better tell Cordelia that the Colonel hasn't any political ambitions," he gravely advised. "Politics this year is no place for innocent bystanders; it's to be conducted from behind the bushes, with a gun in each hand."

"Cordelia is certain to be the next National President of the Isis Club," murmured Georgia with but faint hope. Jim did not even know it was an argument. He seemed busy.

III

GOVERNOR WATTERSON BLOSSOM, stiff and erect in his black Prince Albert, bent low over the hand of the charming Cordelia and assisted her into the carriage behind the superbly matched grays.

"I cannot express the happiness it gives me to welcome you home, my dear," he said gallantly.

"I've missed you so much, Watt," she returned with a graciousness which amounted to warmth. "I did have a glorious time though. Washington always seems such a homelike town."

"It is indeed a beautiful city," the Governor conscientiously admitted.

"Isn't it!" and Cordelia's tone was most enthusiastic. "If your political ambitions should ever necessitate a home there I fancy we should be quite content."

"It is extremely unlikely," smiled the Colonel, amused at the absurdity of the suggestion. "My only political ambition is to retire from politics. At the expiration of my term I shall be very happy to return to our home city, to our friends, our books and the quiet life of gentlefolk."

Cordelia did not even blink. She realized that she had committed an error of speech, but it was easy of repair.

"Of course, Watt dear, I didn't mean that you had political ambitions," she carefully corrected herself; "but the people have them for you; and I know your high sense

of duty well enough to be sure that if you were called to the United States Senate you could not, as a patriotic citizen, refuse."

Distress came down upon the Colonel like a gray shadow.

"The Senate has seemed to me, in these days of the decay of statesmanship, to be the least desirable of all careers," he declared, hurt and regretful.

"That is quite true," Cordelia hastily assured him. "But, Watt, that is because gentlemen who have the qualities of statesmanship, including integrity, honor and a high sense of duty, no longer care to sacrifice their private interests for the country's needs."

If Mrs. Wylie Miles could have heard the sweet earnestness with which Cordelia conveyed this most delicate of all compliments to her upright husband Mrs. Wylie Miles would have felt quite justified in her determination to make Cordelia the supreme head of the Isis Clubs.

It seemed to the Colonel that he had used those very words at some time or other, and he sighed as he appreciated the severity of their personal significance.

"I have myself affirmed such to be the case," he confessed.

"You are so noble, Watt!" She turned her round, clear eyes upon him. "You would be a tremendous influence for good in the Senate."

The Colonel's struggle was but brief.

"If duty should compel me to become a member of the United States Senate I should endeavor to exert such an influence," he modestly asserted.

That very afternoon Cordelia wrote a hasty note to her friend, Georgia Fleecer:

My dearest Georgia: On my arrival I found an invitation for Mrs. Pikyune's usual spring affair, and of course I shall see my dressmaker immediately. I have in mind a mauve crêpe meteor relieved with lavender. I did so want one of those new pastel shades brightened with crimson, but I decided that I am not dark enough for it. Black hair and black eyes carry the combination so much better!

I found Watt waiting for me with the grays. Of course the dear Colonel was as happy to see me as I was to see him. I was surprised to discover that his political ambitions seem centered on the Senate. Wouldn't it be queer if we should have a place in Washington! Do write me what you will wear at Mrs. Pikyune's reception! I'm fairly quivering with curiosity about it. By-the-way, I've been thinking that since you won't go in for a state presidency you might like a chairmanship on one of the important committees of the national club. Write me. Yours hastily.

CORDELIA.

By return mail Cordelia received this letter from Georgia:

My dearest Cordelia: What a strange coincidence! When your letter came I had just about decided on fawn and ermine for Mrs. Pikyune's reception. What a tantalizing thought that was about the national chairmanship! It would take me to Washington so often! But Jim says he doesn't see how he could let me go.

Cordelia paused and looked concentratedly out of the window, while she linked somber logic to somber logic. Georgia knew that her own sole chance for one of the socially coveted chairmanships on the national committee of the Isis Clubs lay in Cordelia's election to the national presidency, which seemed fairly certain. She knew, however, that Cordelia would not accept the national presidency unless she could live in the East, where the national headquarters were maintained. She knew that Cordelia would not care for a residence in Washington unless the Colonel's political ambitions led him there. The Colonel's political ambitions had so far been fostered by Cordelia and gratified by Jim on account of Georgia; but just now Jim did not see how he could let Georgia go! Cordelia took a contemplative sip of her coffee and returned to the letter:

I'm so glad that Mrs. Pikyune's affair is to be early this year, as that will let me see you so much sooner in your pretty new mauve and lavender.

So there was no dependence to be placed on Jim Fleecer in this particular case! Cordelia sighed, and glanced up to find the adoring eyes of her husband fixed upon her across the breakfast table.

"Watt, dear," she remarked, "how are United States senators appointed?"

IV

"YOU'D think this was a funeral," growled Jim Fleecer, gruffly surveying his four most intimate legislators with a trace of impatience. "Why don't somebody say something?"

"For the same reason Jerry Conklin didn't explain the powder-mill explosion," replied Representative Bingham, whose yellow whiskers had whitened in the adroit service of his constituents. "Jerry was dead."

"I'm not willing to concede that we're all dead ones," put in State Senator Curt, a small, dry man who, by long practice, could whisper effectively the length of a corridor. "But you handed us a terrific jolt, Jim. Ed Horton has been the parent stem of the campaign fund for many a year. We've merely added more or less branches to him as the times varied."

"That's history," retorted the hard-jawed Fleecer. "I didn't take a three-hour train ride to mourn. What I want is some way to spank Horton, and lead him back, sobbing, into the party fold. Haven't you anything up your sleeve, Jones?"

Plain Joe Jones, a shapelessly heavy person who wore low, turn-down collars and ready-tied plaid cravats, shook his head and moved into the corner of the little café sitting room. He seemed singularly restless and ill at ease.

"Trouble is, we've sewed ourselves up," speculated Howell Daniels, a state senator who ran to exclusive haberdashery and spotless linen. He must have had some unassailable qualities, because he had been continuously elected in spite of his parted goatee. "We've been so maudlin with gratitude to Horton, we've nothing left that he wants."

"We might repeal a few gifts," proposed Bingham, fingering hopefully in his beard for a more definite suggestion.

"It's a bad play," objected Fleecer; "besides, Horton sat up nights with the statute books for about two months before he decided to hand up the bone. Jones, can't you think of something?"

Plain Joe Jones, kept in office because he was One of the Common People, shook his head moodily and moved over to the end of the table. He had not come for a drink, because he shoved back his scarcely touched glass of beer to make room for his elbows. Fleecer looked at him in perplexity for a few minutes and then he grinned.

"Let's all go up to Joe's rooms," he said and led the way to the door.

"Take off your coat, Joe," Fleecer crisply ordered when they had reached the Jones apartments, and Jones, already starting to do that very thing, hung his coat on a wardrobe doorknob.

Thus metamorphosed, Plain Joe Jones began walking up and down the room. Before, he had looked creased and uncouth, but now in his clean white shirtsleeves, with red plaid garters round his thick arms, he was solid and capable and businesslike instead of heavily shapeless. He was one of those brilliant unfortunates who cannot think with their coats on.

"He's Always Doing Something Nice"

"Waterways commission," he suddenly announced. "The reservoirs for the new canal system hold over a hundred thousand horse-power more than we need."

The little dry Curt, who was the quickest thinker among them all, gave a prolonged low whistle; whereon Jim Fleecer, who had been sitting on the foot of the bed, rose suddenly and leaned against the mantelpiece, grinning as he turned something over in his mind.

"What about it?" asked Daniels, who was not so slow of mind as he was cautious.

"Turn it into electricity," replied Jones, still walking up and down with his hands behind him. "We can supply all the current used in the state at about one-half its present cost to consumers."

There was a long silence, in which the five experienced statesmen then present considered joyously what this would do to the People's Electric and its allied companies. Little dry Curt was the first to break the appreciative pause.

"That's a corker!" he declared in tones of awe. "It's good enough to go to Horton with just as it stands."

"Not on your life!" growled Fleecer, his heavy jaw protruding. "Horton isn't to be bluffed; he's to be spanked. We'll introduce the bill!"

"It might not be such a bad one to pass," figured Howell Daniels, parting his goatee thoughtfully. "It would involve the handling of several millions and the disposal of a raft of good jobs."

"It's dynamite," Fleecer promptly told them. "A big thing like that is hard to handle when it gets into politics. It's too big a target, and the control shifts every election. I'd rather have it scattered into small individual ownerships which need protection. We'll bring this bill to a reading, scare Horton pie-eyed, bring him in tame, and kill the bill in committee. Bingham, how soon can you frame up Horton's stroke of apoplexy?"

V

THE Reservoir Electric Bill was the greatest invention of the age! Even its sponsors were surprised—and shocked—at the mad enthusiasm with which the populace acclaimed it. In the reservoirs of the new canal system lay an idle giant, ready, on the passage of this bill, to light every home and turn every wheel in the state at an insignificant cost! Why allow all this power to go to waste? Why not turn it to public use? Great was the thought, and great was the mind of the man who conceived it! From the very first day of the big headlines which announced the gigantic plan, letters from all over the oppressed state began pouring in on every senator and representative. The master-framer of bills, who had for so many years evolved sentences readable in six ways, could pride himself upon having completely caught the public fancy. Such a success would have pleased a song writer forever, but it did not please Representative Bingham

"You are Without Doubt the Most Wonderful Woman of Our Times!"

for a minute. Neither did it please Representative Plain Joe Jones, nor State Senators Daniels and Curt, nor Jim Fleecer. Least of all did it please President Horton of the People's Electric Company!

Horton's eye had no more than caught the headlines than, with his mouth full of muffin, he rushed to the telephone and chokingly called for Jim Fleecer's number.

"For the love of Mike, call off the dog!" he yelled.

"Nice Towser, isn't he?" returned Jim, who had his napkin in his hand and had been enjoying a very hearty breakfast indeed. "I'm some busy today, but if you'd like to see me I might call round next week."

"Stop on your way down town!" urged Horton, who was warm and moist. "I'm anxious about the campaign."

With coy reluctance the grinning Fleecer at last consented to call, and did so, and brought away with him a large and negotiable installment of Horton's assurance of party fealty. Fleecer thereupon duly reported this interesting circumstance to certain actively concerned parties in the state capital and, three days later, he went up to see them.

"You're whooping it up too strong about this electric bill," he remonstrated, surprised to find his confrères more or less chalk-faced.

"Whooping it up!" objected Daniels, who was the publicity man. "Good Lord, Jim, we can't stop it! The public's crazy about it! We've had to put on extra carriers for the state house mail."

"It's the infernal newspapers," dry little Curt pointed out. "They've yelled graft about every private and public electric corporation until the people believe it."

"Aside from that there isn't a manufacturer or private consumer in the state who doesn't want his electrical bills cut in half," added Bingham; but Plain Joe Jones, walking violently up and down the room in his shirtsleeves, said nothing.

"Overplayed it, eh?" mused Fleecer, straddling a chair and lighting a cigar. "Well, we'll have to choke it some way or other. Horton has come across fatter than ever, and all the other weak sisters are now strong in the faith. The thing to do is to smother that bill as soon as possible and stick it away, ready to haul out again the first time Horton acts peevish."

"No chance," promptly advised Curt. "The public will follow the bill into every committee and out again, into every pigeon-hole, desk drawer and deposit vault, and they'll never stop hollering till it's passed."

"Suppose you don't?" growled Fleecer, whose primal instinct in every case was to grab the bull by the horns.

"Then you'll have an entire new legislature; all dubs whom it will take four terms to round up and put in decent working shape," announced Curt.

Fleecer stood up by his chair, so that he could bend over them. It was quite true that the good old lucrative profession of politics had fallen on parlous days, with freak new ideas of government sweeping the country; but this was no time for whimpering.

"You're the rankest bunch of quitters I ever saw outside of a professional boxing tournament," he scornfully observed. "There has to be a way out of this and we have to find it quick. Jones, how about you?"

The much-worried Jones turned with deep creases on his brow and held both broad hands aloft. Even with his coat off, this muddle was past him.

"Then it's up to me," decided Fleecer soberly, and walked out.

VI

"WELL, Frills, you owe me a walloping," confessed Fleecer on his return from the capital.

"You forgot to send Cordelia those roses!" charged Georgia, much provoked; then with quick sympathy, for she knew that he was fond of Cordelia, "You must have had a hard day."

"I did until I started home," he replied with some complacency as he slipped his arm round her and walked into the library. "I was lucky enough to find the drawing room unoccupied, and had three good hours in the train to mull things over by myself. I say, Dixie, how would you like to go to the capital with me, and deliver those roses yourself?"

"Why don't you ask me if I like candy, or new bonnets, or you?" she gayly chided him. "Of course I'll go."

His eyes twinkled as he sought words to hint his simple information. "I know you'll be anxious to tell Cordelia that any selfishness I may have felt, about your accepting that chairmanship of your national club committee, is now removed."

Georgia blushed as she realized that he was laughing at her, but she was too highly pleased with the news that Cordelia could go to Washington to make even a pretense at being offended. She jumped up and kissed him by way of thanks.

"Cordelia will be so delighted," she demurely declared, and once more she searched his face. "And the rest of the message?"

"Nothing at all, Tumpelly," chuckled Jim. "Give Cordelia my best, and tell her to pass some along to the Colonel." He paused to chuckle again as he saw that Georgia was still waiting. "I rather sympathize with the Colonel just now. He has a hard stunt ahead of him."

"Officially?" correctly guessed Georgia.

"Yes," replied Jim. "There's a bill coming up which should be vetoed, in the face of popular approval; and once the Colonel sees it in the right light, I know he'll do it."

"Oh! What bill is it?"

"The Reservoir Electric Bill."

"Why should it be vetoed?"

Jim beamed on her with admiration as he framed the reason into concise parliamentary language.

"It is an entering wedge into government control which, if forced far enough, would throw all our industries into the hands of politics, already too powerful; it would destroy the individual enterprise by which we have become a great commercial nation, and would reduce our most ambitious citizens to the ranks of mere employees."

"Say that again," requested Georgia with a little crease on her brow; "or maybe you'd better write it."

VII

GEORGIA handed her wraps to Cordelia's maid with the friendliness of a frequent visitor. "I'm just dying to tell you the news. Jim says that when you go to Washington he's going to buy me a mileage book of my own."

The slight contraction of Cordelia's round eyes looked like pain, but it was not.

"He's always doing something nice," she dimpled. "He'll be out to dinner, I hope?"

"I'm afraid not," regretted Georgia. "He's very busy just now. It seems that there's some sort of bill up here which he believes would be very bad for the people, and it's almost certain to pass."

"Oh!" said Cordelia, studying Georgia thoughtfully. "What bill is it?"

"The Reservoir Electric Bill. Jim says that if it is passed it will probably be vetoed."

"Why?" and Cordelia bent upon Georgia the attention of one who means to remember accurately.

Georgia fixed her eyes concentratedly on the chandelier.

"It is an entering wedge into government control which, if forced far enough, would throw all our industries into the hands of politics, already too powerful; it would destroy the individual enterprise by which we have become a great commercial nation, and would reduce our most ambitious citizens to the ranks of mere employees."

"Oh, I must tell the Colonel!" decided Cordelia immediately. She picked up one of the roses Georgia had brought and looked at it thoughtfully. "If he hasn't already seen what a bad thing this bill will be he'll be glad to find it out; for he is so very conscientious. But I'm afraid I might forget some of those splendid things you said about it just now. Say it again, Georgia, and I'll jot it down." Quite eagerly she went over to her desk.

VIII

GOVERNOR WATTERSON BLOSSOM sat in his big, dim library, entirely surrounded by books and papers; and he was bolt upright, inscribing stiff words most laboriously with a stiff pen, when Cordelia entered, in the most ravishing of all her little home evening gowns.

"I hope I am not interrupting some official work, Watt," she apologized in her most limpid of voices.

The Colonel had straightened instantly to his feet, on his first knowledge that she was entering the room, and now he bowed profoundly as he took her hand and assisted her to a seat.

"If I were at work upon the most momentous document possible in my career," he earnestly assured her, "I should be charmed by such an agreeable interruption."

"You dear old Watt!" smiled Cordelia with genuine admiration. "I never knew any one so instantaneous and infallible with pretty speeches."

"It is because my heart is on my tongue when I speak to you," he went on. "However, to return to the matter of interruption. The paper upon which I am engaged is merely a thesis on variations of vertebræ, for the next meeting of the Darwin Club."

"I shouldn't call that unimportant," Cordelia immediately answered him. "In fact, it seems to me that all your work is full of purpose. I've been taking quite an interest in it, in my poorly informed way; the bills before the legislature, and such things. I've been tremendously fascinated by the one called the Reservoir Electric Bill."

The Colonel, settling back in his chair, removed his eye-glasses and dangled them reflectively from his thumb and forefinger.

"That is a stupendous undertaking, and one calculated to attract the attention of any intelligent person," he stated, somewhat pleased with the fact that a project so monumental should be broached in his administration.

"It is big," she conceded. "But is it a good bill, Watt?"

"I have not yet digested it thoroughly," confessed the Colonel who, pained to find that he had so little influence on legislation, seldom bothered about understanding bills until it came time for him to sign them.

"I'm so sorry you haven't examined into the merits of this one," continued Cordelia, puckering her lips into an adorable roundness as she paused for a moment of thought; "because I was anxious to learn your opinion of its economic desirability. To my mind it is very dangerous."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Colonel, shocked into a sense of his responsibility. "In what way?"

Cordelia's round eyes gazed concentratedly at the chandelier.

"It is an entering wedge into government control which, if forced far enough, would throw all our industries into the hands of politics, already too powerful; it would destroy the individual enterprise by which we have become a great commercial nation, and would reduce our most ambitious citizens to the ranks of mere employees."

"Cordelia, you amaze me!" and the Colonel was now sitting exactly perpendicular. "You are without doubt the most wonderful woman of our times! I had no idea that you were even interested in these great problems of political and social economy, yet never have I heard so unanswerable an argument against government control so tersely put. I shall look into this bill"; and he went over to his files for a copy of it.

"There should be some power to prevent such injurious legislation," stated Cordelia earnestly as the Colonel bent over his files.

He turned to her with his gray goatee straight out.

"There is," he said; "the veto!"

IX

OH, JOY! At thirteen and one-half minutes past eleven every political reporter in the state capital

(Continued on Page 26.)

"I Give You Fair Warning to Wear a High Collar and Protect Your Neck"

THE PRICE OF PLACE

XI

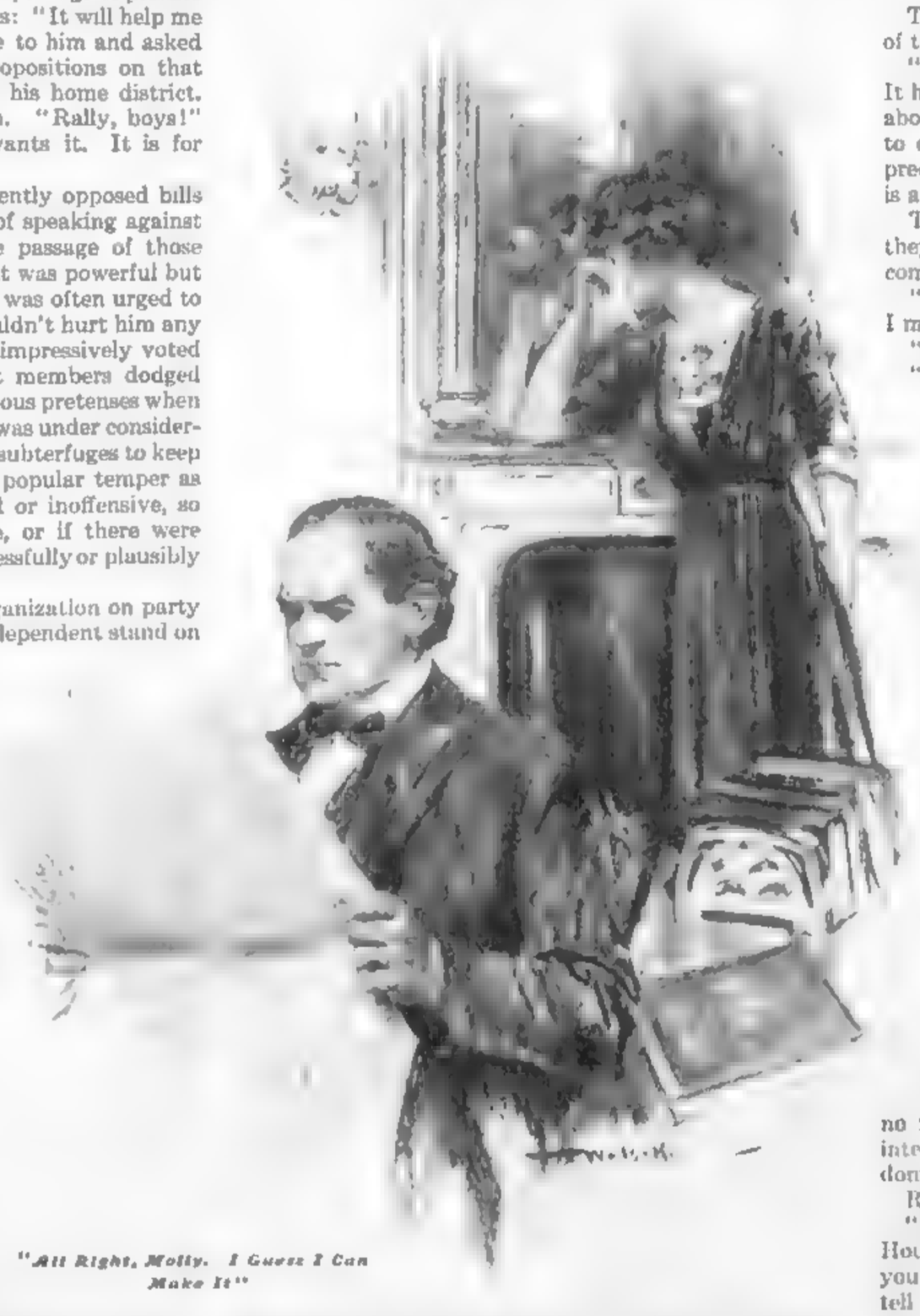
By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MARSH thought a good deal about what Senator Paxton had said, and his own views coincided with the observations of that experienced person. He had already discovered that with the other members of Congress the most potent argument for legislation, for appropriations, for the passage of private claims and for voting on general bills was: "It will help me in my district." Man after man came to him and asked him to vote for or against various propositions on that ground—personal aid for the asker in his home district. Back of that was the party obligation. "Rally, boys!" the leader said. "The organization wants it. It is for the party."

Moreover he found that men frequently opposed bills publicly, and even went to the length of speaking against them, when they privately urged the passage of those measures because of some influence that was powerful but not popular back home or at large. He was often urged to vote for a bill on the ground that it wouldn't hurt him any to support it, by men who loudly and impressively voted against it. He had noticed also that members dodged votes, staying out of committees on various pretenses when a matter that was dangerous politically was under consideration, and resorting to all sorts of petty subterfuges to keep their records clear and in accord with popular temper as they understood it, or at least neutral or inoffensive, so there might not be criticism at home, or if there were criticism that it might be answered successfully or plausibly and with no loss of prestige.

He had voted uniformly with the organization on party measures, but he resolved to take an independent stand on some bill, trusting in his rather inflated estimate of his own power as an orator to pull him through. He decided to prove to the country that he was no hypocrite but a true friend of the people, and to rush to heights of respect and confidence by that process. His opportunity came sooner than he expected. A bill that gave him a chance was dropped in the basket by a Western member and referred to the Lands Committee. It was a bill that involved the legality of a land grab in the West.



"All Right, Molly. I Guess I Can Make It"

A certain corporation composed of powerful men had fenced in a large tract of public domain and taken it for their own, using it for grazing purposes. The corporation had been unmolested for years and had come to look on the land as its property. A zealous young man in the Interior Department had exposed the swindle and had made a report on it. This was published, and there was a demand that the land be returned to the Government. The officials were not particularly eager to stir up the men who had seized the land, but they had to proceed. The result was that, after a long delay and a lot of backing and filling, a bill was introduced that practically gave the land to the corporation and removed the illegality of their seizure. The bill was cunningly worded and seemed to have much precedent behind it. There were many committeemen who favored it, including Rambo, who was ardently for it.

Marsh had had experience in land cases and he studied the bill carefully. He talked about it with other members of his committee, and discovered that the general feeling was that it would be advisable to rush the bill through before there was much chance for critical publicity, and get it over to the Senate, where the fencers had strong support, or to smother the matter, pigeonhole the bill and trust to time and the leaders to bring the Interior Department round to a reasonable frame of mind. Byron, the member from Nebraska who had insurgent tendencies, was on the Lands Committee also, and he had been looking into this bill. Marsh talked with him.

"It's a steal," said Byron, "a rank steal. These men have no right to that land, never did have any right to it, and now they are trying to establish a claim that is a swindle on the face of it. I'm against it."

"How far will you go?" asked Marsh.

"To the limit," Byron replied emphatically. "I intend to oppose the bill. Unfortunately my attitude toward the oligarchy that rules this House is so well known that my opposition will probably bring an early and favorable report on the bill. They're hazing me, you know."

"Hazing you?"

"Sure! They can't get me with any of the old stuff, and they are trying to break my back and my spirit by opposing everything I am interested in, and otherwise making it uncomfortable for me. And let me tell you, Marsh, they are past-masters at that art."

"Will you join with me in trying to beat the bill?" asked Marsh.

"I'll not only join you, but I'll follow you," replied Byron. "If we can get another member or two we can make a showing and perhaps stop it by making such a yell the newspapers will take it up."

"We'll talk about it again tomorrow," said Marsh. "I think we should fight it."

Next day Marsh and Byron had another conversation. They found that Rochester, also a Western member of the committee, had grave misgivings and they secured his tentative assent to help them. Byron and Marsh talked a good deal about the matter. It was decided that Marsh should take the initiative against the bill in the committee, and that Byron and Rochester would back him up.

One morning, in a committee meeting, the chairman of the committee said casually: "Gentlemen of the committee, here is a little bill that we might as well dispose of. It has reference to some fencing operations out West by some men who, as I understand it, thought they were fully within their rights. There has been a fuss about it and this bill is designed to set these men straight in the matter. It is of little moment. Shall we report it favorably and recommend its passage?"

"I move that this committee present a favorable report on this bill and recommend it for passage," said Rambo.

"I second that," put in another.

"All in favor of the motion signify it by saying aye; contrary-minded no," rattled the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman!"

Marsh rose from his seat at the end of the table.

"Mr. Chairman!"

The chairman looked at Marsh with an expression of pained surprise. He recognized Marsh in a manner that indicated the chairman was firmly of the opinion this new member was projecting himself in an unwarranted manner into the proceedings of the committee.

"Mr. Chairman, I ask that that bill go over."

There was a chorus of protests from the older members of the committee.

"I insist," continued Marsh, "that this bill shall go over. It has had no consideration in this committee that I know about, and I am well within my rights when I say I desire to examine into it and request that action shall not be precipitate. This is an important bill. In my opinion it is a wicked bill."

The older members of the committee made what shift they could at looking virtuous. The chairman of the committee was still shocked and pained.

"I insist, Mr. Chairman, that the bill shall go over, and I move that as an amendment to the original motion."

"I second it," said Byron.

"Vote!" shouted one or two members.

"Of course," declaimed the chairman in his most impressive manner, "there is no desire on the part of this committee or any of its members to rush through a bill without giving every member ample opportunity to state his objections. Will twenty-four hours be sufficient time for study for the gentleman?"

"Ample," said Marsh.

"Very well; the bill will go over for a day, but tomorrow I shall demand a vote on it."

Most of the older members looked curiously at Marsh and wondered what he had in mind. After the committee meeting adjourned Rambo came to him.

"What's up, Marsh?" he asked.

"That's a rotten bill, that's what's up; and I'm not going to stand for rushing it through this committee and out on the floor of the House. I've got some things to say about it and I'm going to say them."

"But," said Rambo, "the boys want it. It doesn't hurt you any and it helps some of our very good friends. Better forget it. What difference does it make to you?"

"It makes this difference, Rambo," Marsh retorted hotly: "I know that bill condones an offense against our laws. It practically gives that land to the men who stole it years ago. They have no right to it now, never have had a right to it, and I intend to fight for the restoration of the land to the public domain where it belongs."

Rambo whistled.

"Marsh," he said, "you've had a good start in this House. Don't run out on a little thing like this and gum yourself all up before you get into the game. Forget this, I tell you, and I'm telling you for your own good. If you don't like the bill stay away from the meeting when it is considered, or come in, make your spiel, and take your medicine without exposing yourself to the whole outside world as a kicker. I tell you the powers are for this bill. Do you get that? The organization wants it. Keep off now and play the game. It doesn't hurt you—not a bit. You can't prevent its report with a favorable recommendation, and you can't stop it from going through the House. All you'll do will be to excite suspicion about your dependableness in the minds of the men who at present think well of you. Don't ruin yourself this way. I'm talking to you now for your own good. Forget it."

"I've decided to fight it," said Marsh.

"Oh, well," said Rambo, walking away, "that part of it is up to you. You will only hurt yourself and not harm the bill, you know. It will be reported and passed. That's all arranged, and you will get a devil of a licking, and a humiliating one, and hurt yourself for years to come."

"I'll take my chances with the people," said Marsh.

Rambo laughed. "The people won't have much to say about it," he called back over his shoulder.

The chairman called up the bill promptly next day, after the committee met, and looked inquiringly at Marsh. Marsh saw there was a full committee present. Every member was on hand. He wondered about that, for most committee meetings were slimly attended. He did not know that the chairman and Rambo had notified everybody to be on hand that morning to help squelch this bumptious young person who had the temerity to protest against a committee action that was favored by nearly all the members.

Marsh rose. The question was on the favorable report of the bill and the recommendation for passage.

He spoke for half an hour, carefully going into the history of the land operations referred to in the bill, showing how

the land had been fenced illegally, and how after many years the matter had been made public officially. He deprecated any connivance on the part of the committee with this larceny of public domain, referred feelingly to the rights of the people in the matter and was logical and forceful. It was a good speech. Byron backed him up in a fifteen-minute talk.

The members of the committee sat smoking, looking rather bored, and when Marsh had finished with the threat that he would present a minority report on the bill, disclose its iniquity to the country and make a fight on the floor of the House, they grinned. After Byron had finished the chairman asked if any other member of the committee had anything to say. He was rather contemptuous about it. No other member said anything, except Rambo, who cried: "Vote!"

The vote was taken and a favorable report on the bill was ordered, with every member in the affirmative except Marsh, Byron, and Rochester, who wavered a bit, but finally joined Marsh and Byron. The remaining business was quickly transacted and the committee adjourned.

"Take your medicine, Marsh," admonished Rambo as they walked out.

That afternoon Senator Paxton strolled over to the House, went in and sat down beside Marsh, who was listening to a debate on an appropriation bill. Marsh saw him coming and braced himself for the encounter.

Paxton was genial and affable. He apparently didn't have a care in the world. He teetered back and forth in the chair he had taken and nodded to Marsh.

"I just happened by and thought I'd revisit the scenes of my former triumphs," he said. "Haven't seen much of you lately. How are you?"

"Fine," Marsh replied; "but pretty busy."

Paxton smiled again. "It seems," he said pleasantly, "that I didn't do such a stroke of business after all when I got you a place on the Lands Committee."

"What do you mean?" Marsh asked, his face hardening.

"Oh," the senator replied, as if it were a matter of slight consequence, "I imagined you were regular and would play the game. They tell me you're kicking against a bill that is calculated to help some very good friends of ours out of a hole."

"It's a dishonest bill."

"Tush, tush, Marsh!" said Paxton gently. "Remember what I told you about branding things dishonest simply because you don't agree with them. That's too cheap for you. Now, as I understand it, the Government hasn't had this land for years and these fellows intend to straighten it all out. They are friends of ours, you know, and it is up to us to help them. What do you intend to do?"

"I shall make a minority report on the bill and carry my fight to the floor of the House."

"Marsh," said the senator, "did you ever by any chance watch one of those big steamrollers at work fixing the asphalt in this town? Well, my son, you'll look and feel as if one of those rollers—the biggest one—had run over you and squashed you into the tar by the time they get through with you."

"That makes no difference to me," protested Marsh. "I feel it my duty to oppose this bill."

"Far be it from me to interfere with your sense of duty in this trifling matter further than to suggest that there is a higher duty concerned than you seem to have discovered. I refer to your duty to yourself, to your career, to your stay in public life. This bill is an unimportant matter and the organization is for it——"

"I fail to see why it is so unimportant when all the machinery of this Congress seems to be moving to get it through," said Marsh.

"Oh, well," smiled Paxton, "it's all in the viewpoint, of course. If you think you cannot possibly exist without getting a little notoriety out of your opposition to this bill I don't know that anything I can say will prevent you from taking the jump. I merely wanted to warn you that it will be held up against you. The organization doesn't forget."

"I'll take my chances," said Marsh.

"Well and good; only why not leave the reservation on something that's worth while? Why piddle around on this little bill instead of grabbing a big issue?"

"This is big enough. It has the machine back of it."

"Good luck to you," said Paxton cheerily as he rose to go. "I'll come over to hear your speech. I suppose you are going to make a speech?"

"I surely am," replied Marsh, and Paxton walked jauntily away.

Byron and Rochester joined Marsh in a vigorous minority report on the bill, a report that condemned it unsparingly. The majority report was brief. It recommended the passage of the bill, but gave no special reason except that the committee thought the measure just and equitable. The bill went on the calendar, and one afternoon was called up by the chairman of the committee. Marsh had been preparing himself. He had worked hard over a speech and he was ready. He moved the substitution of the minority for the majority report, and the question came on the substitution. Three hours were allotted for debate, an hour and a half to each side, and Marsh rose.

"I Merely Wanted to Warn You That the Organization Doesn't Forget"

He was in fine form. He had determined to make a great effort. Word had gone out that the majority was squabbling over a bill, and there was a good attendance of members, while the press gallery held a large number of correspondents who had come in to see if there was an interesting paragraph in this fight of a young member against the organization. He spoke for his full hour and a half. He explained the bill, showed its crookedness, went into the history of landgrabbing in the West, scored the landgrabbers, was cautious in his references to the committee, but made it plain enough that the organization was for the bill for political reasons, because the landgrabbers were strong politically, and his peroration was the best thing he had ever done. It was eloquent, but not flowery. It was delivered with much dramatic force and with all the elocutionary graces at his command.

Marsh's references to the dangers he was braving, dangers of opposition from the organization of his own party, were loudly cheered, especially when he exclaimed fervently that he knew he was right, and that he was content to leave his case in the hands of the highest court—the people.

The chairman of the committee used only fifteen minutes of his time, explaining the bill and laying stress on the fact that all but three members of the committee were for it, as the report showed. Then he asked for the question.

There was a demand for a division and tellers were appointed. Although a good many of the Democrats voted with Marsh on the broad general theory that it is always good politics to help along discord in the opposition, Marsh rallied only a dozen members of his own party and was overwhelmingly defeated. The majority report was adopted and the House went into consideration of the bill. Debate was perfunctory and the bill was passed without a division. Marsh left soon after his defeat. Rambo caught up with him in the corridor.

"Well," said Rambo, "you see what happened. That little episode sets you back into the nine hole all right."

"I don't give a damn!" exclaimed Marsh.

"But you will in a week or so," insisted Rambo—"after you wake up."

Marsh was well pleased with himself next morning. The Washington correspondents of the big papers in his state had been to see him and had sent out stories praising him for his fight, and the Washington papers each gave a column to it. Marsh's particular newspaper friend told him the correspondents had handled the story quite generously, and when the New York papers came Marsh saw they each had dispatches on it, ranging in length from a quarter of a column in the papers that supported the Administration to a full column in the opposition papers.

However many of his friends in the organization told him he had ruined himself by his protest, and as the newspaper mention of his fight ceased in the news columns on the second day, he was rather downcast and wondered if he had made a mistake. A few days later the press-clipping bureaus began to send him clippings of the editorial comment throughout the country on the fight, and he took heart again. He was almost universally supported and commended for his stand.

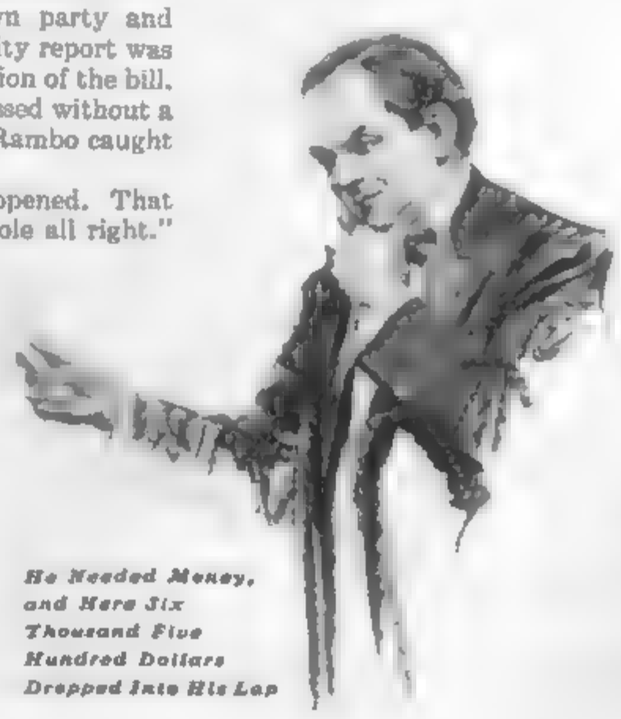
XII

MRS. MARSH had been in the members' gallery in the House on the day her husband made his speech, and was much elated over his success as an orator, although downcast because of the trifling results he obtained. She regained her confidence when she read the newspaper clippings, and quoted to her friends several of the editorial paragraphs that referred to Marsh as a "sturdy and independent young member who will make his mark" as if she had inspired the whole proceeding. The fact was she had advised against it on the one occasion when Marsh took her into his confidence. Mrs. Marsh was already experienced enough in Washington affairs to know the value of regularity, and she was slavish in her observance of the social conventions.

The Marshes had found the new hotel to be stiffer and more formal than the Bruxton, which simply denoted, to the mind of Mrs. Marsh, that it was advanced socially over the Bruxton, and she cultivated assiduously the women who lived in the hotel. There were several wives of senators there, and the wives of representatives she met in the hotel were distinctly more fashionable than those at the other place. They had given a reception or two, and Mrs. Marsh was planning one for herself. She had assisted at another of Mrs. Paxton's affairs, this time not a state function, and she felt she was gradually coming into her own.

She was firm in her conviction that the future of Marsh lay largely in her hands, and she was determined to push him forward by pushing herself forward. She had heard stories of extremely clever wives who had advanced the positions of their husbands by their genius at entertaining, their knowledge of politics and their skill at getting influential persons at work, and she resolved to emulate these shining examples. People told her of the wife of one of the army officers, who had not only kept her husband stationed in Washington on departmental duty for ten years, but had secured several promotions for him, because she was smart enough to seek the wives of his superiors socially and to pay constant court to those who could help her in her campaign and could recommend her husband for promotion and detached duty. They related instances of social influence that had reached the White House even, and told tales of dinners where great men gathered at charming boards and discussed affairs of state, while the hostess advanced her husband because of what she came to know and the advice she could give him of forthcoming events.

All this was sweet music to the ears of Mrs. Marsh, who felt she was capable of as much as any woman who lived in Washington. She had faith in her husband. She was thoroughly selfish about it, however, for she had no idea of remaining in the background. She resolved to triumph with him. She would be the great Mrs. Marsh, the wife of the great Mr. Marsh. She was talking in this strain one afternoon to Mrs. Lyster, a sweet and motherly woman, the wife of a senator, who had lived in Washington for twenty years, and who preferred books to society, and the companionship of a few other women of her own age to the general rout, although she was punctilious in her observance of those social duties that devolved upon her.



He Needed Money, and Here Six Thousand Five Hundred Dollars Dropped Into His Lap

"Yes," said Mrs. Lyster, "I have heard those stories ever since I have been in Washington, and I have no doubt some of them are true. But I have found it to be the general rule that a wife, in this atmosphere, can

best help her husband by taking good care of him rather than by trying to advance him. If a woman keeps her husband in a cheerful frame of mind, looks after his comfort, sees that he is well fed and mothers him, she will do more toward advancing him than she will by intriguing through social efforts or otherwise."

Mrs. Marsh looked shocked.

"I am quite well aware," continued Mrs. Lyster comfortably, "that this isn't the present-day view or the Washington view, but it has been my experience that in most cases these strivings on the part of wives to advance their husbands are not so much for the sake of the husband as for the sake of the wife. I mean that the wife is ambitious to shine socially, and that her opportunity for shining increases in direct ratio to the luminous qualities of her husband. I guess, when you figure it out, that the woman who is advancing her husband thinks twice about her own consequent advancement to once of what she is doing for her husband. She works for herself through him"

"Why, Mrs. Lyster!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh; "I don't think that is true. I know, for example, I am thoroughly unselfish in the case of James. I shall be content to remain in the background if he can succeed, and I shall do all I can to help him. That is my sole idea."

Mrs. Lyster smiled knowingly.

"Of course, my dear," she said, "you are the exception. But what I want to say is this: A woman can't help a man do anything that is a man's to do. She can keep him comfortable, air his bed, see to his linen and his meals, preserve his cheerfulness, but his work is his own work and she can't help him. She may push him forward a little, but unless he has it in him to keep ahead she cannot hold him there for any length of time.

"No, a woman can't help a man do anything he has to do as a man; but there is one thing she can do—she can make him feel his dependence on her. It makes no difference how much a man may be praised, how many may flatter him for some accomplishment or some speech or some action, if the one woman says: 'Oh, piffle!' when he comes to her, all the rest of the adulation counts for nothing. Conversely, if everybody condemns and the one woman tells him it is well, that he has succeeded, despite the almost universal verdict he walks down the street with his chest thrown out and his head high in the air, for nothing else matters. That, I assume," she concluded, "is heresy in the present day, and especially in the present Washington day, but it is my opinion. Shall we have some tea?"

Mrs. Marsh did not tell her husband of the old-fashioned views of Mrs. Lyster, although she did remark that she considered Mrs. Lyster archaic in her ideas. "Why?" asked Marsh. "I thought Mrs. Lyster was an extremely cultured woman."

"Oh," said Mrs. Marsh, dismissing the subject, "she has a curious, out-of-date viewpoint."

Marsh was living from hand to mouth. He had just about enough money to pay his current expenses, which included some rather heavy dress bills of Mrs. Marsh's. He thought once or twice of taking a flyer in the stock market, but he was deterred by his lack of knowledge of inside conditions. Rambo was polite, but made no advances. Marsh felt he had alienated Rambo as well as Senator Paxton by his action on the land bill, and was greatly surprised one morning to find in his mail a card from the leader of the Senate asking Marsh to dine with him. Marsh couldn't understand that. He went over to the Senate and asked Senator Paxton what it meant.

"It means he wants you to have dinner with him, I should gather from the invitation," said Paxton.

"But why?"

"Lordy! Lordy!" laughed Paxton; "have you got into that condition of mind where you suspect an ulterior motive in everything that happens in Washington? Surely your well-known independent principles"—there was a gentle sarcasm about this that made Marsh wince—"do not preclude your breaking bread with the leader of the Senate, who is not only a fine fellow but a wonderful host?"

"Of course not," stammered Marsh; "only "

"Oh, my son," broke in the senator, "do not take yourself so seriously. If he didn't want to meet you and have you there he wouldn't ask you. He isn't trying to put anything over on you. You are one of a company. Do you know," he continued, after a pause wherein he laughed frankly at Marsh, "I have never been able to understand why it is, when a man in public life begins to think he is out crusading to get or restore some rights for the people, when he thinks he has a brief for the great toiling masses, he immediately loses all sense of perspective, all sense of humor, and becomes as serious as the multiplication table is to a small boy, and that is the most serious thing we know.

"What is there about this uplift propaganda that sets the eyes of the uplifters, changes them from reasonable human beings to fanatics who continually cry out against everybody who does not agree with them, and urges them to arrogate all the honesty and all the pureness of motive to themselves? Why does the man who takes up the cause of the people become so intense an egoist that he cannot see any good in anybody but himself? What's the matter with them that life so suddenly assumes so somber a hue, that all the blue goes out of the sky, the color out of the flowers, the warmth out of the sun, and all is lost save for them, by them and in them? Is it a disease or is it a pose that goes with that particular game?"

"I hadn't thought of it that way," said Marsh stiffly.

"Of course not, for you are beginning to think you are an uplifter yourself. For Heaven's sake get down on earth! It may be that we organization fellows are villains—it may be, I say—certainly the uplifters claim we are; but I'll let you in on one thing, and that is that we're cheerful, human, interesting villains and a darned sight better lot of fellows than the crowd you are preparing to train with, and that goes for every human attribute, too, even if some of us can't see that the country is going to wreck and ruin because we are in power. It isn't necessary to be a grouch or a recluse just because you think you are a fine young inspired crusader, although most of you are both. And it isn't necessary to associate exclusively with your own kind, which seems to be the rule, although I must confess that it is only among your own kind you'll find persons who will take you as seriously as you take yourselves, which may be the reason. Of course you'll accept the invitation. You'll find a lot of good fellows there, men worth knowing, whether you agree with them or not. I'm going myself."

Marsh accepted. When he told Mrs. Marsh she was much cast down because it was to be a men's dinner and she couldn't go, but, she asserted, she was quite certain the reason Marsh was invited was because she had called twice on the host's wife, and had received cards from her, via her footman, on a reception day at their hotel.

Mrs. Marsh was feeling her responsibilities. She had early learned the value of publicity, and kept in constant communication with the society editors of the various papers in Washington, sending them minute accounts of her various activities, which they generally printed along with columns of other details sent in by other equally ambitious women. Once, through the friendly intervention of a woman who knew the society editor of a Sunday paper, she had had her picture printed, with the pictures of several other ladies, on Sunday morning in the society page as "one of the charming hostesses at the Dewilton Hotel." She bought fifty copies of the paper and sent them to people in Morganville, which might have had something to do with the printing of the picture, although she never thought of that.

The dinner was rather important. There were about thirty guests—senators, House leaders, a Cabinet member or two and half a dozen big business men from New York, mostly connected with financial interests, who seemed to know everybody there but Marsh and one or two others of as recent date as he was. The host lived in a great house on a fashionable street, the service was perfect, the food all that could be desired and the wines beyond criticism. To the great astonishment of Marsh no politics was talked at the dinner. There was only a general conversation. Two or three of the guests were clever story-tellers, and were eagerly besought to retail their stock of anecdotes. The laughter became a little heartier along toward the close of the dinner, but that was the only evidence of the effect of the wine. Marsh sought a chance, and during a lull told a funny story himself. He was instantly hailed as an advantageous adjunct to the party, urged to tell more stories, which he did, having a stock of them and knowing how to bring out the points, and when the dinner was over and they had gone to the library to smoke their second cigars before leaving, the host brought round the New York business men and introduced them to Marsh, mentioning him as a "brilliant young Republican from the West." He also met several senators he had not met before.

There was an air of good fellowship over it all. One of the New York business men had a voice and sang lively songs. A senator, of whom Marsh had been reading for years as one of the party leaders and a great power, recited a long humorous poem with great declamatory effect, and Marsh saw to his astonishment that these men joked and joshed one another on affairs and projects and policies he considered of the gravest import, and larked about as if there were no such place as the Capitol. The man who could get the stiffest joke on another man was the momentary hero, and there was no regard for feelings, no deference to dignity.

Marsh had expected there would be speeches and had prepared himself for a five minutes' talk, thinking he might be called upon—rather expecting it, in fact, in view of his recent big speech; and he was disappointed when the senator who afterward recited the humorous poem, as soon as they were seated at dinner called to the host: "Look here, Charley, how about it? No speeches, I take it?"

"Not a speech," the host replied.

The senator who asked the question rose at his place and said: "Gentlemen, you have heard the decision. No speeches. A vote of thanks is in order."

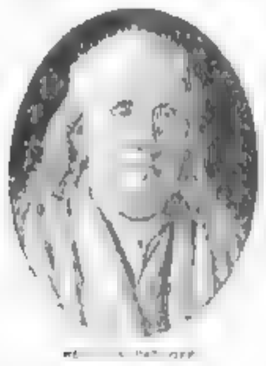
"Let's drink to his health, and may he never break this rule at his dinners," said another.

So they drank to that proposition with cheers, but Marsh felt that he had been deprived of an opportunity.

He Was Logical and Forceful. It Was a Good Speech

(Continued on Page 34)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 2, 1913

The Lesson of Our Exports

THE Dingley Tariff Act was passed sixteen years ago this summer and the Payne-Aldrich Act changed it very little. Since that time our exports have risen from one billion dollars to two and a half billions; but exports of foodstuffs—whether crude or wholly or partly prepared for use—have actually decreased. Of manufactures—excluding wholly or partly manufactured foodstuffs—we exported three hundred and ten million dollars' worth sixteen years ago; but in the fiscal year just closed we exported decidedly more than a billion dollars' worth.

In the first year of the Dingley Law foodstuffs amounted almost to one-half our total exports. Last year they amounted to less than one-fifth. In 1897 manufactures were but little over one-quarter of total exports; they are now almost one-half. In exports of manufactures since 1900 the United States has gained one hundred and ten per cent, Germany eighty-seven per cent, France seventy-one per cent, Great Britain sixty-nine per cent. All the other countries pay much lower wages than we do, yet in relative gains we decidedly beat any of them. Our exports of manufactures to Europe have almost doubled in eight years. We are selling the countries of North and South America practically three times as much manufactures as we did eight years ago.

These immense gains in exports of manufactures have been made under wide-open competition with every other country. We pay higher wages, meet all comers on an even footing and pay the freight besides. In view of which the cry that a reduction of duties from the present forty per cent level to about thirty per cent will ruin manufacturing in this country seems excessively absurd.

Theoretical Competition

THE Union Pacific holds stock of the Southern Pacific, a "parallel and competing" line. The Pennsylvania holds stock of the parallel and competing Baltimore & Ohio. This situation is intolerable to the law because it tends powerfully to prevent competition. Attorney-General and Federal Court have agreed to an exchange so that Union Pacific shall hold stock of the far-off Baltimore & Ohio, and Pennsylvania shall hold stock of the far-off Southern Pacific. This is entirely satisfactory to the law; but the actual position of the four railroads with respect to competition remains just what it was before.

A prime interest of the Union Pacific is to maintain stable railroad rates. That is a prime interest of the Pennsylvania also. That either railroad would vote its stock in another railroad for the purpose of bringing on a rate war, no matter how remote from its own immediate territory, is unbelievable. As a stockholder in the Baltimore & Ohio, the Union Pacific will be just as anxious that that road maintain rates as the Pennsylvania was. And the same is true in the case of the Pennsylvania and the Southern Pacific.

The Government's attack upon Union Pacific's stock interest in Southern Pacific has occupied the courts and the Department of Justice for more than five years. At the end the situation with respect to competition is practically what it was at the beginning. The courts may shift stock certificates from one hand to another; but they cannot alter the fundamental condition that the owners of the stocks—whoever they may be—find it more profitable to cooperate than to compete.

Modern Sanctuary

IT WAS not until the reign of James the First that right of sanctuary was abolished in England for all crimes. In the good Plantagenet days the most abominable felon had only to reach a church. Officers of the law could come to the door and parley with him, but not seize him. If he confessed his crime and took an oath to go into life-long exile he was dressed in a penitent's garb, a cross was put in his hand, and he was turned loose upon the highway headed toward the nearest seaport. The officers dared not touch him, although there was no security that he would not throw off his penitent's dress and return to throat-cutting the moment he was out of their sight. If he refused to confess and abjure the realm the constables might lay siege to the church and starve him out; but they could not go in and arrest him. He might steal through their guard at night; but usually when the pinch of hunger came he confessed, abjured and walked forth free. Naturally sanctuary was sometimes violated by enraged pursuers. More often the penitent was seized when he had got a little way from the church and summarily lynched.

Thus punishment of crime largely resolved itself into a simple footrace. The prime question was whether the criminal could beat the constables to a given goal. The secondary question was whether, when he had won according to the rules, he would go free or be lynched. As many escaped, those who were caught were punished with terrible severity—the idea being to offset a given bulk of crime by a given bulk of punishment.

We have vastly refined that crude system; but we still retain the basic element of a game which the criminal is privileged to win if he can on technical points, and we still seek to offset a given amount of crime by a given amount of punishment, instead of dealing with each caught criminal as an individual human being.

The Passing Choo-Choo Train

PROBABLY to the children of many people now living a steam locomotive will be as much of a curiosity as a spinning wheel is to us. In this country and Europe engineers are busier each day studying electrical operation of railroads, not as a theoretical possibility but as a practical problem of the moment. On both continents plans for electrification of long stretches of road—usually mountain divisions—are definitely under way or have already been put into effect.

The reason is simple: Electricity of late years has proved the more fertile soil for invention. A given quantity of brain power applied to electricity gets a better harvest than when applied to steam. Cost of electrical operation has been falling much more rapidly than cost of steam operation, because there have been more inventions and discoveries in the one field than in the other. In fact, the big improvements in development of tractive power of late have occurred with the electric motor and the internal-combustion engine rather than with steam. And as long as it continues more profitable to think about something else, steam will be on the declining hand. Already wherever current can be delivered at less than a cent a kilowatt hour the question of abandoning steam for electricity is a practical one, and that condition tends to become more general.

Comparatively speaking, the steam locomotive has become a standpatter. Measured by the advance of ideas in other tractive fields, it is a moss-backed conservative. It looks backward more than forward, and unless something revolutionizes it it must go to the scrapheap.

A Landlord's Luck

A VERY notable British subject died recently, and the London newspapers, especially those of Conservative tendencies, recounted his merits and achievements at much length. Twice, it appears, he displayed intellectual gifts of a surpassing order—in 1886 by voting against Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and some eight or nine years ago by predicting that internal combustion engines would be used in ships. For the rest he was a well-behaved, industrious gentleman, who sat in the House of Commons several years as a matter of course and took a keen interest in yachting. A good man undoubtedly, and a very great one, because he happened to be born the son of a duke and by inheritance was the largest landowner in England. It is calculated that at his demise he held one million five hundred thousand acres of the earth's arable surface, which duly descend to the new duke and his heirs and assigns forever.

A true abstract of title to that million and a half acres would be one of the most interesting documents imaginable. It would show how in dim pre-Conquest times such and such thanes began to assert a qualified private right to it; to what muscular captains William parceled it out; what monarchs gave a wood here and a meadow there to male and female favorites; how Sir This and Baron That bequeathed parts of it to the church, for charity and the repose of their souls; how the Tudors took it away from the church and bestowed it upon their friends; how for a full thousand years whim, chance and custom have handed it over to everybody—except the laborious persons who actually tilled it.

The Glass-Owen Bill

LEAVING mutual savings banks out of account, about three-fifths of the commercial banking power of the United States lies outside of the national banking system. There are over sixteen thousand state banking institutions, with over a billion dollars' capital and surplus and seven and a half billions of individual deposits.

It is exceedingly doubtful that many of these state institutions will join in the Federal system proposed by the Glass-Owen Banking Bill. The principal objections are: First, the enormous power vested in seven political appointees constituting the reserve board; second, that a bank joining in the scheme must invest one-fifth of its capital in stock that can never pay more than five per cent.

The scheme proposed by the Glass-Owen Bill can be worked without the coöperation of state banks. It would still effect a dependable rediscount market for commercial paper. With only the national banks joining, there could be no such breakdown of the country's banking system as occurred six years ago. But any scheme of bank coördination which is so little attractive to the banks themselves that a majority of them hold aloof from it falls decidedly short of the ideal. A more liberal and confiding temper toward the banks would improve the bill.

Taxing Cotton Futures

THE Democratic caucus of the Senate proposed, as an amendment to the tariff bill, to tax cotton futures one-tenth of a cent a pound. Numberless bills aimed at futures and short-selling have been before Congress; but this seems to be the most serious threat to repress speculation by law that has yet emanated from Washington.

At present prices for cotton the tax would amount nearly to one per cent—being many times heavier than the tax New York State imposes on stock transfers and nearly twice as heavy as the London stock transfer tax. Neither the New York nor the London tax has ever materially discouraged speculation; but the cotton tax might. Cotton futures are quoted in hundredths of a cent; so on a complete transaction—buying and selling—this tax would impose a twenty-point handicap on the gamester. Whenever a big motive for speculation appeared the handicap would be negligible, but the ordinary scalper would find it rather formidable.

Cotton, on the whole, has been subjected to more scandalous speculation than any other big American commodity. Governor Hughes' very conservative commission estimated that transactions on the New York Cotton Exchange ran about fifty million bales a year, or over five times the average crop at that time, while in various orgies like the Sully deal prices have been forced far out of a normal line. At fifty million bales a year the tax would yield the Government, roughly, twenty-five millions of revenue at New York alone.

Studies That "Cash In"

VOCATIONAL training is criticized as tending to classify society. Well-to-do pupils are given a "liberal" education; but those who must earn something as early as possible are shunted off into the manual and technical departments and educated to be carpenters, machinists, plumbers. There is some ground for this criticism now, but there will be none when public education is properly made over. The remedy will finally be found, not by stopping the so-called vocational education but by stopping the other sort. Public education ought to be founded squarely on modern industrial life. The schools should not make an exception of certain pupils on the theory that they will be obliged to earn a living. They should deal with every pupil on the theory that he will be obliged to earn a living. The education which, on the whole, is most suitable and most valuable for machinists, plumbers, farmers, salesmen, printers, lawyers, doctors and policemen is the only sort the public ought to furnish.

This does not mean that education should be less "liberal." There is as good a road to Shakspere through a book on gardening as through one filled with silly rules for conjugating verbs. There is far more real education in teaching a child of twelve how shoes come to be on his feet than in bewildering him by tricky problems in fractions. There is infinitely more American history in a toy steam-engine than in the dates of battles. Public education should be designed, frankly and expressly, to "cash in." It is not so designed now—and it doesn't.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Can Tell a Sheep from a Goat at a Glance

Garner's Goat

THE Fifteenth of Texas is John N. Garner's Congressional District and it is as big as as big as—as big as all outdoors! It runs for miles and miles along what is the Rio Grande River—when there is any water in it—and it has twenty-eight counties in it, beginning alphabetically with Atascosa and ending with Zavalla, and having in between Guadalupe, Hidalgo, San Patricio, Uvalde, Frio and Bandera—to say nothing of the counties of Jim Wells, Maverick, Kinney and McMullen, which shows there were some others than Mexicans down that way when they were naming them, anyhow.

It is a whale of a district territorially and John has represented it for ten or twelve years calmly and efficiently, not beating any drums about it or doing any grandstanding, or trying to shove other Texans out of the limelight who might be mentioned. Some of those Texans, you know, are the finest little exponents of the hot-air theory of statesmanship we have at Washington—headquarters for that sort of thing and world's congress of the same. Well, John does not do much at it. He goes along quietly and attends to his business; and when there comes a vacancy on the Ways and Means Committee he steps into it, which shows that it is not always necessary in the House of Representatives to beat the loud tomtom and raise the eternal ballyhoo to accomplish results. The fact is, John Garner is a pretty hefty citizen—and his colleagues know it, as do his constituents scattered through those twenty-eight counties, beginning with Atascosa and ending with Zavalla.

There is one subject, however, whereon John always rises and proclaims. That subject is goats. You may not know it, but goats are a mighty important item of commerce in these United States. Ordinarily we think of goats as articles of embellishment of various shanty towns, occupying their time in eating whatever happens along, from tin cans to angel food; but in various sections of this country goats produce wealth—scads of it; and there is where John Garner comes in.

It was John who not long ago made an impassioned protest against the Goat Trust and proved his case; and he sees to it that the goatsharp over in the Department of Agriculture, who writes those learned treatises on goats he has met, is adequately provided for in the appropriation bills.

Goats, please understand, are important in places where they have importance. It would be wrong to think of goats as the chief concern of Garner, for he is active and able in many other lines; but he has an eye out for the goats just the same, and he takes care of them—whether for considerations that affect his district concretely or affect the state is immaterial. John looks out for the goats. Now that may be the reason, combined with John's presence on the Ways and Means Committee which made this recent tariff, so far as the Senate shall allow—that may be the reason why there was a modicum of discussion over the so-called protection goats and the hairy product thereof received at the hands of Mr. Underwood and his able assistants when considered. That may, I say, be the reason.

Well, to make a long story short, there came a day in the House of Representatives, when the tariff bill was under discussion last May, that was fertile with poetry and goats. It may seem to some that the afflatus would balk—if an afflatus can balk—when required to affiate on the subject of goats; but such is not the case. It was Representative Barnhart, of Indiana, who started it—or, rather, it was General Sherwood, of Ohio, who was responsible; but it was Barnhart who took the active part.

The Goat in Congressional Song

YOU see, Barnhart and Sherwood are editors, and naturally there is a community of interest between them. General Sherwood found a poem in the paper. He gave it to Barnhart and Barnhart read the poem. It concerned a goat owned by a man named Cable. This goat ate Mr. Cable's red flannel undershirt and Cable was incensed over the goat's breach of confidence. He took the goat and tied it on a railroad track; when the train came along and the whistle blew—

The goat well knew his time was due;
But, with a mighty shriek of pain,
Coughed up the shirt and flagged the train!

After Barnhart had made his application of the verses the veracious House reporter says there was "prolonged laughter and applause." Now it is well known that, every time there is prolonged laughter and applause in the House, Hampie Moore, of Philadelphia, gets restless. He wants some of it for himself. So, after the somber Peters, of Massachusetts—somber is right—had moved that debate close in five minutes, Hampie sprang to his feet and added to the goat literature of the nation—the goat poesy of the nation, to be exact—by reading a little thing entitled: Garner's Goat, of Texas!

It was a poem and Hampie read it with true poetic fervor—as well he might, for he was the author of it. It began:

Of all the creatures in the land,
Of pedigree supremely grand,
There's none that does respect command
Like Garner's goat, of Texas.

Hampie proceeded, in several stanzas, to show why Garner's goat has it all over the sheep and the steers and other similar animals, and concluded:

So, while you kick the wool off sheep
And beef and mutton make so cheap,
Protective tariff now will keep
The Garner goat, of Texas.

Oh, wondrous breed of Lone Star State!
Premier in wool and hair, thy rate
Of ten per cent is truly great—
Thou Garner goat, of Texas!

Again the veracious House reporter alleges there was laughter and applause, and Hampie sat down with a happy smile on his face.

Great events breed great eventualities. Always there is a man for every situation such as this. John Garner may or may not have been present when Hampie was apostrophizing his goat; but he gave no sign. Instead, he retired to his office and thought deeply. Obviously there must be a reply to Hampie's ode and obviously the reply must be in kind. No Texan would allow a mere Pennsylvanian to get away with him in that fashion, and no Texan would reply to poetry with prose. It was up to John Garner to write some poetry—that was certain.

Two or three days later John took ten minutes of time on the floor of the House and answered succinctly and illuminatingly. He did not reply exclusively in poetry, for that was not required; but after he had shown that Hampie had, from John's viewpoint, a rudimentary conception of the facts—to say nothing of a mighty poor poetical style—he dropped into his own fund of poetry and produced an epic, a poem that shall rank for all time with the eternal verses about John Wesley Gaines and John Allen's tribute to the lamb that went to Pittsburgh.

The excellence of poetry does not depend on its length. The late Charles A. Dana, who knew poetry when he saw it, always held that one of the greatest poems in the English language was the one the man wrote and stuck up in front of his store on the day of the great blizzard in New York some twenty-odd years ago. That poem, as all remember, is as follows:

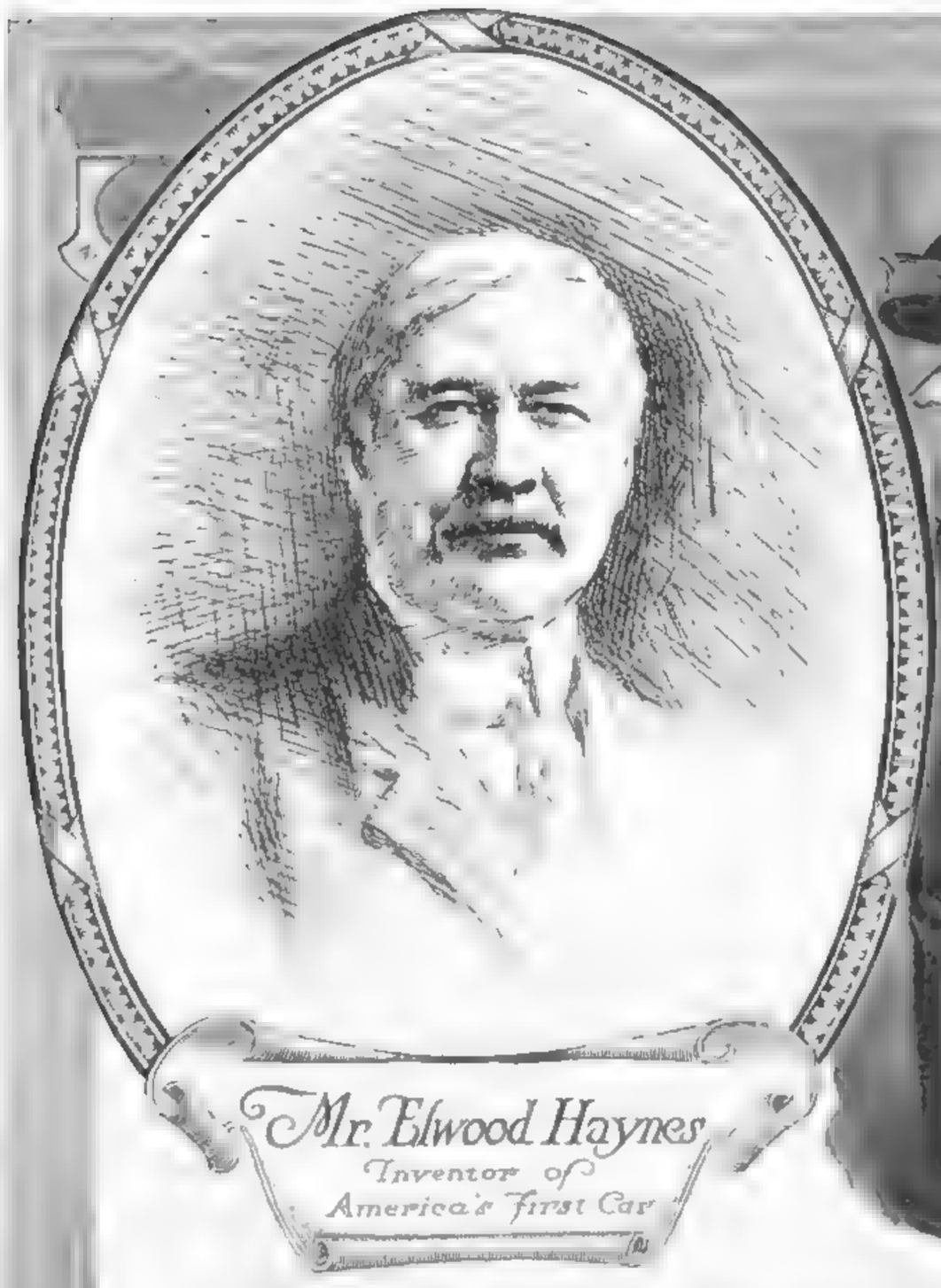
This bliz
Knocks biz!

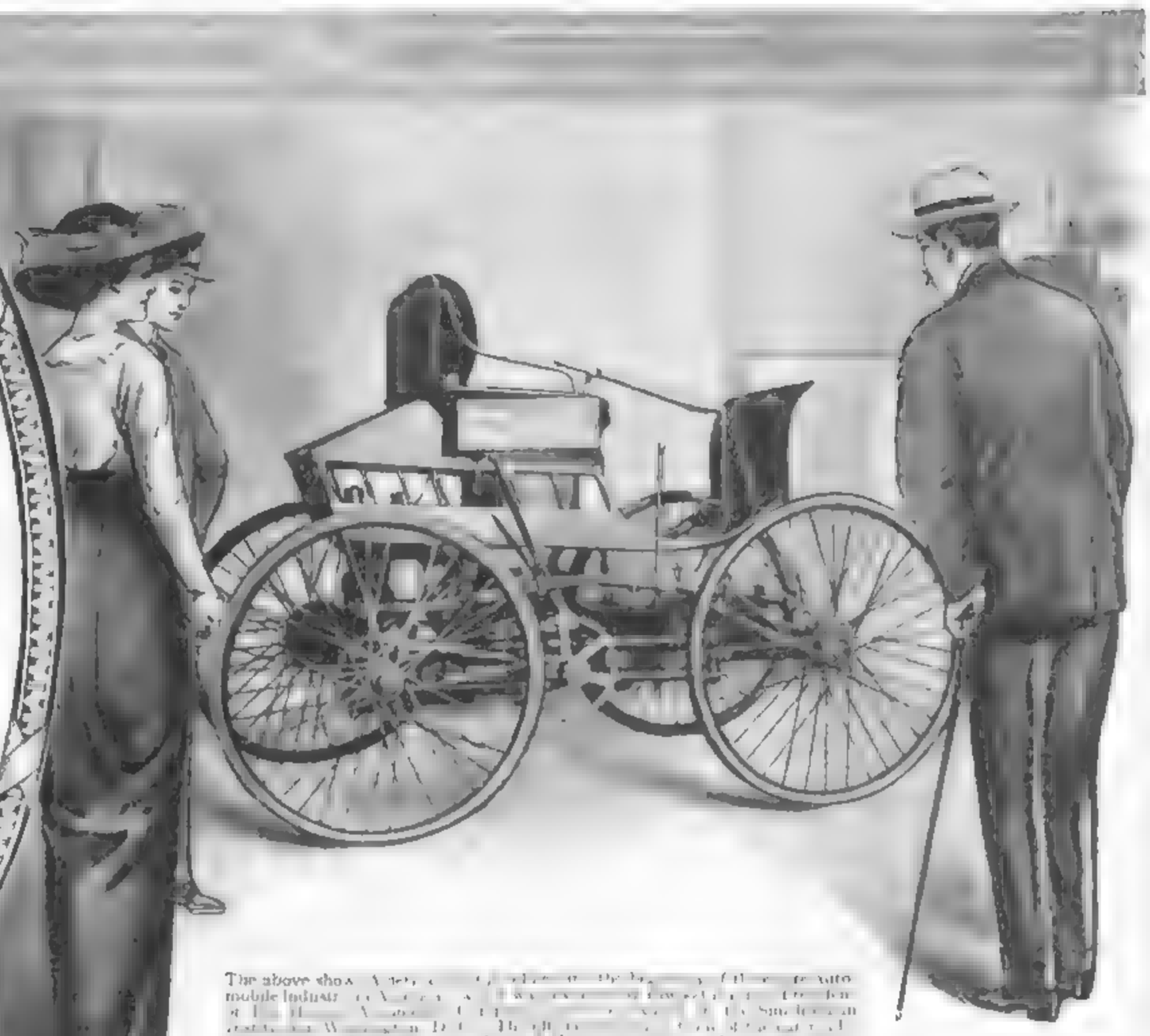
John Garner's poem was short also—short, but a poem of fire and passion none the less. Turning to the place where Hampie sat, John read his poem:

Hampie Moore is a heluva po-et!
He don't know a sheep from a go-et!

It was a great day for Garner and the goats, and the poets—and the gentle and inspired art thereof; but there was no surprise. John Garner is an efficient person—and that applies to all his legislative acts, including the writing of deathless verse.

"Cross My Heart, I Don't Know Whose They are—And Besides I Never Used 'Em—Much!"





The above shows A [illegible] mobile Industr [illegible] Successful trial trip made at a speed of six [illegible] an hour, July 4, 1894 Gift of Elwood Haynes, 1910. No. 202,135.

The Newest Development of America's First Car

by Elwood Haynes

Twenty years ago I rode in the first automobile made in America. I thought it out and planned it. It was built under my direction and paid for with my money. I had worked on it for over a year. Skeptics had said that it would never run. Other skeptics had said that even if it did run it could never amount to anything.

The other day I rode in the new Haynes Six.

It is hard for me to say which ride I enjoyed the most.

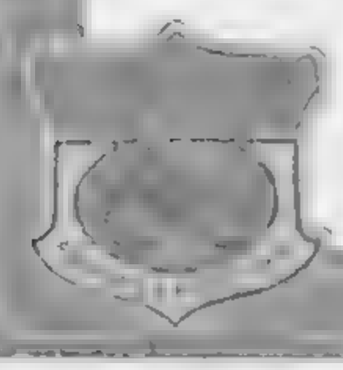
When we set to work to develop the latest Haynes we applied the same principles which have governed the manufacture of every Haynes car. We kept in mind the man who would buy it and use it.

We wanted to be able to say ten or fifteen years from now, as we can say today, that the man who bought a Haynes car could keep on running it.

We have always developed year by year in making the Haynes. Every detail has been worked out to mechanical perfection before we have put a car on the market. We have combined the mechanical perfection of the car with beauty of trimmings and finish, for we believe that people want comfort and luxury as well as service. We aim to give them 100% value and efficiency in everything.

If I were to go into one of our salesrooms and talk to a possible customer concerning the new Haynes, I could not pick out one point or one part on which I could discourse more enthusiastically or more emphatically than any other. I would probably lay considerable stress on the advantages of the new electric gear shift—and yet this feature is only one of many.

The Haynes is a *whole car*. That's the way I made the first one, and that has always been the policy of our organization. It is a harmonious car through and through, and I am glad that my name is on it and the experience and knowledge of our organization in it. Because we know absolutely the material that is used in every part of the car—we know what it will do. That is one reason why we give a full year's guarantee on it. Strength — simplicity — symmetry — sureness — satisfaction — service — these are, to my mind, the great features of our car



America's First Car

Not only is the Haynes America's First Car, but its part in the development of the automobile is shown by the way it has been first in the fundamental development of the motor car.

The Haynes was the first gasoline-driven car made in America and commercially successful.

It was the first two-cylinder-opposed car built in the world.

It was the first to use aluminum in crank cases. This use of aluminum is universal to-day.

It was the first to use nickel steel in axles.

It was the first side-door car.

It was the first to have the throttling carburetor.

It was the first to use the make-and-break spark and the first to use the jump spark.

It was the first to use electric ignition.

It was the first to use a magneto of any type; its magneto was the first American-made magneto.

It was the first to use the double independent system of ignition through two sets of spark plugs.

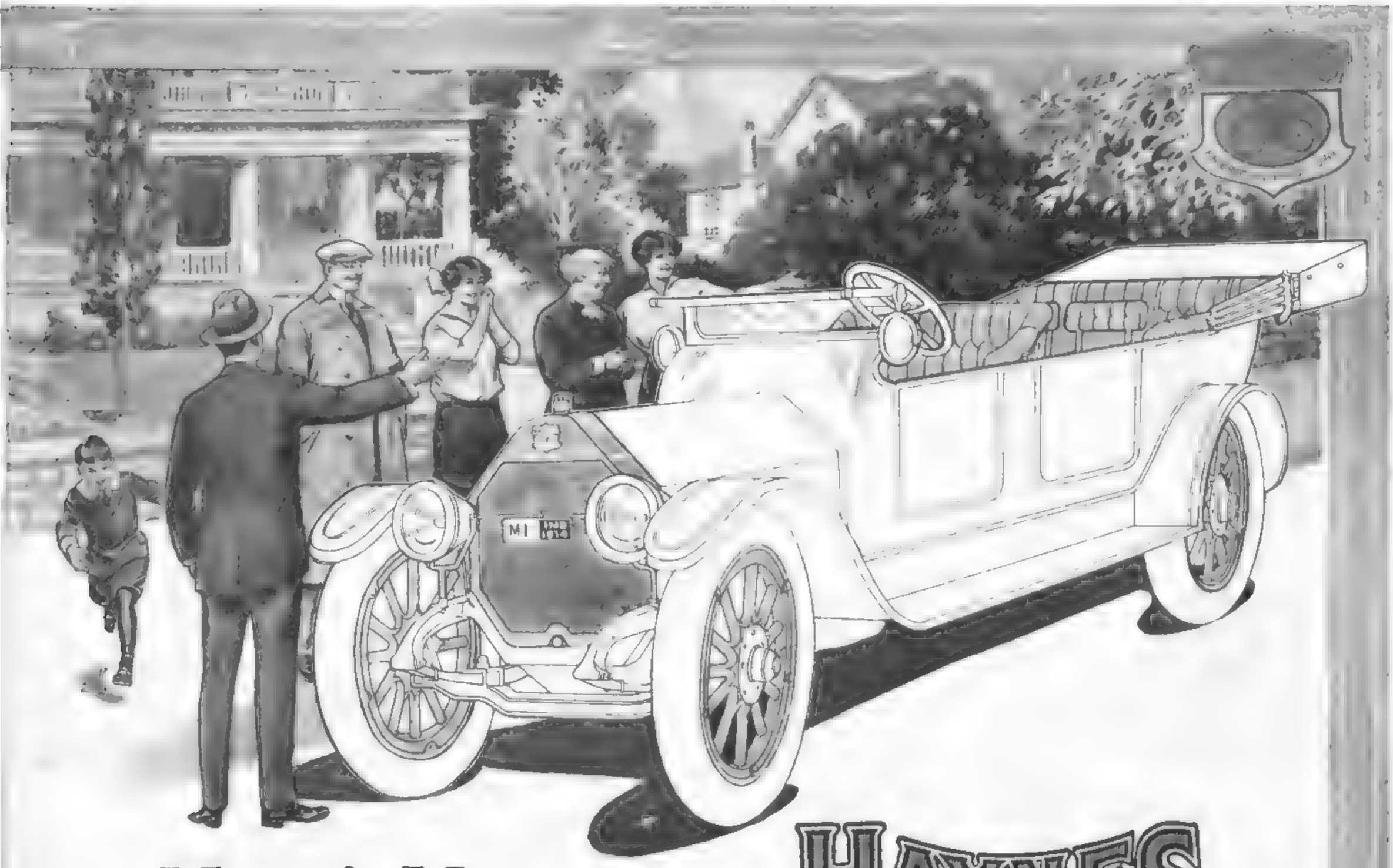
In other words, the genealogical tree of the American-made automobile has its root in Kokomo, in the Haynes factory.

The Haynes—America's First Car—was the pioneer. It not only led the way, but it made the way.

When you buy a Haynes you are buying more than the sentiment which is naturally attached to America's First Car.

You are buying an automobile which embodies every advanced development—and which has introduced practically every fundamental betterment of the automobile. You get every tested, proven advantage—and more. You get the benefit of the creative knowledge and scientific accuracy which inspired Elwood Haynes to make America's First Car.

The Haynes policy is to put nothing on or in the car for the sake of novelty or to meet a passing whim—but to put everything on and in which the Haynes experts know will make for efficiency in operation and economy and sureness in service.



Here's Your New HAYNES

Completely Controlled by Electricity—Equipped With Vulcan Electric Gear Shift

Electric Starter *Electric Lighting*

Haynes Specifications

Motor—4½-inch bore, 5½-inch stroke, L-head Haynes design cylinders cast in pairs, Bosch Model [illegible]

Cooling—Centrifugal, [illegible] pressed steel fan.

Wheel Base—Model 26, 140 ins. Model 27, 136, Model 28, 128.

Ignition—Atwater Kent Spinner magneto with patent pole shoe, producing hot spark at low speed. Perfect synchronism, greater horse power and more [illegible] of fuel.

Lubrication—Splash [illegible] supplemented to main bearings and idle gear [illegible] worm gear.

Control—Left-hand lever Vulcan electric gear shift, [illegible] with hand lever [illegible] lever to shift gears electrically.

Transmission—Selective type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Timken roller bearings.

Steering Column—Worm and worm gear. Timken bearings.

Clutch—Haynes cone [illegible] Adjustable with single set screw. Applies power gradually.

Rear Axle—Timken full floating on Models 26 and 27. McCue design on Model 28 with Gourney bearings.

Front Axle—I beam, single piece, O. H. steel heat treated. 1⅛-inch [illegible] inches wide.

Wheels—Artillery type with Funk demountable rims.

Tires—Models 26 and 27, 36 x 4½ ins., Model 28, 34 x 4 ins.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic, 39 ins. long, 2 ins. wide; rear, 48 ins. long, 2 ins. wide.

Brakes—Internal, 15 ins. external and 15 internal on Models 26 and 27, 12 and 15 ins. Model 28, [illegible] normal.

Finish—Body Indian dark blue or Eagle Tom gray (optional) with black gear and wheels.

Gasoline Feed—Pressure feed. Storage tank holds 20 gallons of gasoline. Auxiliary tank with [illegible] gal.

Upholstery—Models 26 and 27, hand buffed leather, Model 28 machine buffed. Cushions.

Starting and Lighting—Lewis Neville electrical system. A separate unit system embracing a generator for charging battery and motor for cranking engine. 100% efficient under all conditions.

Cowl-board Equipment—Electric lights, sight oil feed, automatic cut-out for lights, dash light, auxiliary air pressure pump. Models 26 and 27 have rim wind clock.

Other Standard Equipment—Top, [illegible] cover of silk mohair, mechanical tire pump, rain vision ventilating wind shield, two large electric headlights, electric side lights, electric tail light, full cowl board equipment, electric starter, generator, 80 ampere hour storage battery, [illegible] tire carrier on rear, tool rails, tire irons, full tool equipment, and one extra [illegible] rim.

Any member of the family can drive the new Haynes. The complete control is centered on the steering wheel. Simply press a button and the self-starting motor begins to purr. It is 100% efficient. Pressing the button controlling the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift instantly gives you any desired speed. You quickly learn the location of the buttons, and run your car with greater confidence and ease than can ever be possible with levers. Every other convenience and comfort is found in the Haynes. Read the specifications. They are convincing and up-to-date.

Beautiful, Comfortable

The cumulative refinements of two decades are clearly reflected in the Haynes. It has a *perfected* look. Long, graceful, sweeping lines, superb finish and masterful workmanship, make the Haynes a car you'll be proud to own.

Powerful, Economical, Durable

Under the handsome body of the Haynes lies a frame, an engine, a transmission, a complete motive mechanism—the result of twenty years perfecting. The motor built in the Haynes shops is L Head type, famous for its economy and efficiency.

Long Service Insured

The new Haynes is entirely built in our own plant or under our supervision. It is Haynes quality and Haynes tested in every detail—plus beauty, up-to-dateness and economy of up-keep, meriting the consideration of everyone in the market for a car.

Write Today for Our Book, "The Complete Motorist"

Written by Elwood Haynes, Creator of the American Automobile. A valuable education on the subject of selecting and running an automobile. Points out the pitfalls to avoid. Puts you on familiar terms with magnetos, transmissions and cooling systems. Gives full information concerning the latest Models of the Haynes, with a complete description of the wonderful *Vulcan Electric Gear Shift*. Write for your copy today.

Model 26, 6-cylinder, 2 passenger roadster, 4 passenger straight line or 5-passenger touring car, **$2700.** Coupé, **$3200.**

Model 27, 6-cylinder, 6-passenger straight line or 7-passenger touring car, **$2785.** Limousine, **$3850.**

Model 28, 4 cylinder, 2 passenger roadster, 4 passenger straight line or 5-passenger touring car, **$1985.** Coupé, **$2700.**

The Haynes Automobile Company 40 Main Street **Kokomo, Ind.**

The PEN that Fills Itself

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Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

won't clog or balk—the filling operation automatically cleans it. It won't leak—the screw cap is guaranteed to prevent it. Self-Filling, Self-Cleaning, Non-Leakable—there you are!

Over one hundred styles and sizes—$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up, at Stationers', Druggists', and Jewelers' on 30 days' trial. Write today for catalog and two breezy little books—a couple of sparkling stories that will make you laugh—all free.

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A MATTER OF ECONOMICS

Continued from Page 18)

grabbed a fluent leadpencil and began to write furiously! At thirteen and three-quarters minutes past eleven every news operator threw open his telegraph key and began ticking feverishly! Governor Watterson Blossom, after having made no asinine breaks for more than a week, had suddenly fired into both houses a special message denouncing the Reservoir Electric Bill in terms seasoned with the red pepper of his native state!

The bill, according to the untamed Governor, was a more iniquitous piece of legislation than the now famous decree issued by one Herod, and if the legislators had the impudence to pass it, after this heated warning, the Governor meant to veto it, by thunder!

Oh, juicy scandal! Why had Governor Watterson Blossom taken this surprising and outrageous stand? There could be but one answer. Graft! Was Governor Watterson Blossom an infant? He was not an infant. He knew perfectly well that the defeat of this bill would save the malodorous electrical companies, notably the misnamed people's monopoly, from righteous destruction. At last, after years of submission to the extortion of the electrical companies, an honest legislature was about to give the people their own; when, behold, there had arisen a new champion and protector of graft in the person of Governor Watterson Blossom!

Graft! That popular word, now always connected with the Colonel's name, raged state-long and state-wide!. It was on everybody's lips, and in two-thirds of the newspapers, from agate Roman to eighteen-point Gothic.

Every reporter who gained access to the executive office went away with the emphatic assurance that the Governor had meant exactly what he said. If the bill were passed he would veto it the very first second in which such action would become possible; whereupon the anxious legislators, who had been waiting for just this security, went ahead and passed the bill, thereby proving to their constituents that they were willing to crush an unpopular monopoly. Their pockets were empty and their hearts were pure!

There was the gage of defiance! There was the action of a free and unfettered legislative body, working single-heartedly against the corrupt octopi, and in the interest of the common people; and the loudest man among them all was Plain Joe Jones! Well, what was the Governor going to do about it? There was the bill. Let him veto it if he dared!

It was at this juncture that Cordelia came to the Colonel, with no roses in her cheeks and no sparkle in her eyes.

"Watt dear, I'm so miserable!" she told him, sick with penitence.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" he asked in much concern, rising from his litter of books and papers. He was quite calm, except for his distress on her account, and he took her in his arms and put her head on his shoulder.

"It's all my fault, these dreadful things they're saying about you!" she confessed. "You're so good, and so clean, and so honorable, and I can't stand it!"

"I don't quite gather what you mean," puzzled the Colonel. "I know that you refer to these unfounded charges of dishonesty, but I cannot see where you are at fault."

"If I only hadn't meddled! If I only hadn't called your attention to this bill!"

"Why, my dear," and the Colonel smoothed her shining hair. "You acted on a noble determination. You came to me with an honest and sincere opinion."

She had a wild impulse to stop him, for this praise was like a thorn in her conscience. She had an impulse to reveal her whole selfish motive, but Eve leaned down from Heaven and whispered this great truth in her ear: Let no woman ever confess deception to a man, lest he applaud her honesty and forgive her indiscretion—and hold it against her in his books to the Judgment Day. She snuggled closer, and slid her rounded arm up to his shoulder.

"However, my dear," the Colonel gently went on, feeling that it was his fatherly duty to chide her; "once you have decided between right and wrong, nothing should worry you."

That was so simple a reproof that its full effectiveness did not dawn on Cordelia until she had curled up in a tight knot among the cushions of her boudoir, to have things out with herself. Also she was trying to keep out of her mind the conviction that, with Watt's new unanimous unpopularity in the legislature, the Colonel had forever closed his door to the National Senate. She must not think of these selfish considerations; she must think only of the undeserved disgrace she had brought on Watt!

Jim Fleecer himself was probably powerless to secure the Colonel's appointment now. She suddenly sat up. Had Jim Fleecer known that this action would tarnish the Colonel's reputation? Had Jim known that this would shut the Colonel out of the Senate? She pondered deeply over Jim Fleecer for about five minutes. Well, Jim had promised that she should go to Washington, and he had never broken a promise. She grew more serene. She would never forgive herself for the things they were saying about the Colonel! She was so miserable, and she hauled out her drawer of pretty scarves!

In the meantime the Colonel, once more interrupted in his thesis on the variations of vertebræ, was battling with Tom Graham, the thick-bodied editor of the News-Crier, which was the only paper still remaining staunch in the support of the administration.

"Of course I shall veto it!" the Governor declaimed, sitting stiffly in his chair and pointing his gray goatee defiantly at Tom Graham's cravat pin.

"But your argument on government control is not enough to save your reputation in a thing like this," insisted Graham, who was a profound personal admirer of the Colonel.

"By George, sir, you have no idea of the first principles of honor!" exploded the Colonel. "You've been in the newspaper business so long that you value a reputation for honor more than honor itself!"

"You win," laughed Graham, and then he turned serious again. "But I can't let it go this way. It's possible for you to follow the dictates of your conscience and still be set right in the opinion of the people."

"It is not necessary," retorted the Colonel proudly, ringing the bell for old Wash and the customary toddies.

"I care everything for the welfare of my people, but not a tinker's dam for their opinions!"

Tom Graham looked startled, and then he sat up and grinned.

"I think that will do the business," he said.

x

AH, THE people! The sovereign people! Never any doubt or wavering in their minds! They certainly knew a man when they saw one; and the man, at this hysterical moment, was GOVERNOR WATTERSON BLOSSOM!

I suppose you heard that he was mixed up in some graft in connection with that Reservoir Electric Bill. That's right, there was some talk of that, wasn't there? But, anyhow, who cares? Didn't he say, "I care everything for the welfare of my people, but not a tinker's dam for their opinions!" There's a *man* for you! He damned us; and haven't we made presidents or millionaires out of every man big enough to say "damn the people"? We love it!

On the crest of this foam Jim Fleecer walked, chuckling, into the apartments of Plain Joe Jones, where neat Daniels, and little Curt, and Bingham, and shirt-sleeved Jones, were waiting by appointment.

"Well, what do you think of your popular Governor now?" the boss cheerily hailed them.

"Don't be disagreeable, Jim," protested Bingham, plucking at his whitening yellow whiskers.

"I've been a lifetime in the business," complained dry little Curt; "and right now I can't tell twenty-four hours ahead what the crazy voters are going to think on any given subject."

"What's the difference?" returned Jim, straddling a chair. "As I remarked when I came in, boys, we have some Governor, and he's too decorative a man to drop out of public life."

"He says he won't run this next time," observed Daniels thankfully. "There's one thing I'll hand the old boy. He means what he says."

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"I thought you came up to talk about the appropriation measure," crisply interrupted Plain Joe Jones, who had some well-formulated ideas on the subject.

"No, I came up specifically to talk about the Governor," replied Fleecer, smiling with the fore-knowledge of one who expects to create a sensation. "We're going to reward him for his unconscious work in our behalf with a seat in the United States Senate."

Some primeval instinct impelled these four patriotic law-makers to form a ring and stand on their hind legs and howl; but the centuries of civilization had robbed them of the full expression of their emotions.

"That's a ghastly joke!" protested Bingham, recovering his breath. Bingham was the man supposed to be slated to succeed to the National Senate. The other three had hopes for the future.

"Sober fact," stated Fleecer. "The Colonel, without knowing it, saved us from a stampede; and this accidental popularity saves us from four-flushing a reason for not passing the bill over the Governor's veto. Aside from these ornamental reasons, I have one of my own, and the Colonel goes to the Senate."

"Don't you believe it!" yelled Bingham, his face flushing suddenly crimson. "I have a majority of votes in the legislature pledged, and I'm going to have the place!"

"I never promised it to you," Fleecer reminded him.

"It's been understood that he was to get it," put in Daniels defiantly.

"Not with me," returned Fleecer. "I have always said that Bingham and all the rest of you were more useful right where you are, and here you stick."

"Don't you think we have something to say about that?" objected dry little Curt.

"No," declared Fleecer, standing up and thrusting forward his jaw. The time had come to crack the whip. "The whole trouble with handling any party organization is the ambition of every member. You never, any of you, are satisfied, and somebody has to tell you when you have enough. You'll stay where you're put."

Plain Joe Jones pulled off his coat.

"But, Jim, why do you send this old firecracker to the Senate?" he argued. "It's a smart enough play to have a man of the other party in Washington, but you want one you can handle."

"I'm sending him because he's so popular with the people," chuckled Jim, who had his own ideas about handling the Colonel. "We haven't much time, and I want you fellows to pass the word in a hurry that the Colonel heads the slate."

Bingham stood up. He was a tall man with a large voice, and when he made his famous speeches he could be seen and heard from every point in the hall of Representatives.

"Here's where I quit!" he bellowed, shaking a heavy forefinger at Fleecer. "I'll go in independently, and we'll see if you can swing everything, from an appointment to the division of a stray quarter."

"You curl up or I'll jab you one," Fleecer warned him with an ugly glint in his eyes. "I've labeled you for a dead one for the past year, and if you can't be satisfied with the fat pickings I've been handing you you'll step down and out; and that goes for all of you."

"Not for me!" roared Bingham, still defiant. "I am returned at every election because of my own hold on my constituents."

"I can loose it for you in twenty-four hours," Fleecer advised him. "I know your complete record, from the time you stole a hog, when you were sixteen years old, to the double-cross you handed John Foster last week."

"You wouldn't dig into that sort of stuff," protested Jones, incredulous about it.

"I'd dig into anything," announced Fleecer in a voice that crackled. "If I can't use you I don't want you. I'd hand out Daniels' connection with the police scandal in his own town, and Curt's accidental misappropriation in the Truman Estate; and I'd tell Plain Joe Jones' constituents that he wears silk socks!"

He was smiling pleasantly as he completed this threat, but something seemed to tell them that he was too calm to be harmless

"Suppose we talk about the appropriation measure," suggested Plain Joe Jones in a matter-of-fact way.

"It's too late just now," refused Fleecer kindly, looking at his watch. "I've an engagement for luncheon, but I'll meet you this afternoon."

He was a few minutes tardy when he arrived at the Governor's mansion, and they went in immediately to the table.

"I just know Jim has some good news!" bubbled Georgia, reading his twinkling eyes.

"Best in the world," assented Jim, with an overly innocent glance at Cordelia. "The boys have been telling me they are going to send the Colonel to the Senate."

"What a delicious surprise!" exclaimed Cordelia, her round eyes beaming on her husband. She was so happy that that honorable man had been set right in the minds of the people! "Watt had resigned himself to retirement, I know, but he once told me that he could not refuse a call to the Senate."

Distress came down on the Colonel like a gray shadow.

"So I did, my dear," he acknowledged.

"Why, Watt dear, that will necessitate a residence in Washington!" suddenly discovered Cordelia. "And, oh yes, I haven't had an opportunity to tell you! I've just been elected President of the National Federation of Isis Clubs!"

"And I'm to be chairman of the most important committee!" happily chimed in Georgia. Washington was her home city!

The Colonel drove away the gray shadow as he shared in the innocent pleasure of the ladies; but Jim Fleecer's eyes were twinkling with a far different expression.

"It would almost look as if it had been arranged," he chuckled.

LOBBYISTS I HAVE MET

(Continued from Page 7)

"I have met the preachers in the lobby, the doctors and the lawyers; and, though some of them thought I was wicked because I would not accept their wishes as my judgment, I did not feel the need of a law to protect me from the lobbyist. I have seen the sentimental and the practical lobbyist; the faker and the man who would have the law made for himself alone, or in harmony with the prayer:

"'Me and my wife; my son John and his wife—we four and no more!' I could, however, count on the fingers of one hand the number of lobbyists who have approached me with an improper suggestion in the way of bribes or threats.

"When I was elected speaker a labor organizer came to request that I appoint a Democratic member of the House as chairman of the Committee on Labor. I pointed out to him that the House had a Republican majority; that the Republicans would be held responsible for legislation, and that it had always been the rule to appoint members of the majority party as chairmen of committees. He would not accept this explanation and finally said if I would appoint the man he recommended he would see that I had the support of organized labor in my district; but if I did not he would see that every union labor vote in my district was cast against me, and my defeat assured.

"I told the messenger to show that man the door, but to take a good look at him first, so that he would never again admit him to the speaker's room. He did not represent organized labor, but sought to trade on the name and make capital for himself.

"The publishers have one of the largest and most profitable industries in the United States. Through magazines and newspapers they constitute the most powerful lobby in existence, for they reach the entire citizenship of the country periodically. Their product is distributed to the people at a loss to the Government, which is justified as a means of information to and education of the people.

"The publisher is a most powerful factor in preserving civilization. Yet all publishers at all times do not honestly and patriotically perform their proper function, and all of them do not at all times properly advocate desirable legislation by proper methods.

"To illustrate: In February, 1910, when the post-office appropriation bill was under consideration in the House, an effort was made by some publishers to have adopted an amendment providing for the discontinuance of the practice of printing business addresses on envelopes by the Government, and I received a letter from the

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president of a state editorial association in the West, which read as follows:

"'If you will exercise that great power with which you have been credited to save the measure from defeat on a point of order, I have no doubt the editors will greatly appreciate the favor, and will not view this act as critically as though it were done in some cause in which they were not interested.'

"This editor reflected upon his associates and his profession quite as much as he did upon the Speaker of the House; so I never answered the letter.

"This recalls another letter, written just after the elections in 1910. A certain editor and publisher paid this compliment to the Democratic party by sending it to every Democratic member of the House:

"'*My dear Sir:* The independent press of the country and a large part of the Republican press supported Democratic candidates this year because Republican senators and representatives did not keep their word in regard to removing the tariff on paper. In my opinion the way to insure the continued support of those publishers through the campaign of 1912 is to put print-paper, pulp and all materials entering into the manufacture of paper on the free list at the earliest possible moment; and to announce now that that will be the policy of the Democrats in Congress.'

"Here was another editor who was something of a lobbyist and did not hesitate to offer as a bribe to the Democratic party an influence of which he was but an infinitesimal part. It is unfortunate that the great American press has such men in its profession; still, the press is no more responsible for them than is the great army of labor for the labor lobbyist.

"There are other lobby campaigns, which are conducted at long range. In the contest as to whether the four territories in the Southwest should be admitted as two states or as four states, the lobby was both direct and indirect. I think the indirect lobby was the more effective. It used business methods and appealed to the self-interest of business men. The wholesale merchants and manufacturers of the East were notified that they must assist in legislation for four states if they desired to hold their trade with the merchants of these territories; so, with a loss of business confronting them, the wholesale merchants and manufacturers became a part of the lobby appealing to their representatives to vote for four states.

"This campaign went so far that a number of wholesale merchants in Chicago were threatened with the boycott if they did not bring the speaker to a realizing sense of the importance of four states; and these wholesale merchants wrote frantic letters to the speaker, urging him to save their business in the Southwest regardless of his views as to legislation and parliamentary procedure.

"So there are all kinds of lobbyists—some of them honest and legitimate; some of them fakers; and some of them with their eyes so closely glued to their own gimlet holes that they cannot see beyond their own selfish horizon. Some of them come modestly asking for a favor; some come with confidence in themselves and their cause so exaggerated that they cannot measure their own attitude toward other men as they measure the attitude of men who oppose them. Many of them are simply innocent victims of the clever lobbyist, who uses printer's ink.

"I have never been violently prejudiced against the lobby in general. I have learned much from lobbyists, both in conversation and by reading their petitions sent by mail. A member of Congress can find a useful field in the lobby listening to the suggestions of others—even those who are most selfish. I have learned much in this way, and I have often been influenced by the stories and suggestions of the lobbyists who came to see me.

"I should never have dreamed that Mother Shipton's prophecy of flying would come true if I had not patiently listened to Professor Langley until I became so impressed with his crazy notion of a flying machine that I wrote into appropriation bills small appropriations to aid him in his experiments, thereby subjecting myself to ridicule and criticism as a reckless legislator wasting the Government's funds; but now Congress is appropriating large sums of money to build and maintain an air fleet in connection with the army and navy.

"So, let the lobby alone; but inspire courage and common sense in the men elected to Congress, in order that they may meet the people who have business with the Government without fear of corruption. We cannot legislate in a cloister."

WHAT NEXT?

The Open Door

A SOUTHERN merchant has discovered a scheme to leave open the front door of his store in fly time and yet to keep all the flies from coming into his place. As in many store fronts, his front door is set back a few feet from the street to give a view of the show windows from the entrance as well as from the street, and thus a sort of entrance hallway is formed to his store. On the ceiling of this entrance hallway, just outside of the front door, he has placed an electric fan. So long as the fan revolves fast and sends down a blast of air in front of the door the flies keep out of his place. Many will fly toward the open doorway, but as soon as they encounter the air blast they are discouraged and turn back.

The Vanishing Lamplighter

THE lamplighter who hurries about the streets at dusk lighting the gas lamps must find a new job, for cities are giving his work to a pressure wave. Under the new system, when the minute comes for turning up the street lights a slight additional amount of pressure is put on the gas mains from the gas plant. Immediately every street gas-lamp flames up, for attached to it is a little device that will turn on the gas at that lamp when the pressure wave comes. Of course all the house gas-lamps connected to the mains and burning at the time will catch the same pressure wave, but the flicker they give does not amount to much. When it is desired to turn out the street lights another pressure wave does the work. Of course every one of the street lights must burn a tiny pilot light during the hours when the main light is turned off in order to give fire for lighting, but the amount of gas used by the pilot light is very small. The total amount of gas burned by the pilot lights is about balanced by the extra gas burned under the old system of lamplighters, for the lamplighters had to start out long before dark in order to complete their rounds in time.

Camping by Electricity

AN ENGLISH seashore town has put in practice this summer a plan that makes tenting on the seashore more of a joy than ever. Electric wires have been run to the best locations for camping to provide for electric cooking and electric lights. A flat charge of ten shillings is made for all summer service at each tent, and for this charge a limited number of lamps may be used as much as is desired and all the cooking may be done on electric stoves.

Giving Satisfaction

AN ARKANSAS editor had a disagreement with the town fire department and criticized the department severely. He was called on to retract; so he wrote the following apology:

"Inasmuch as it is necessary, I will say the fire department is a bunch of gentlemen of good looks and ability; and they would not be guilty of doing as they were said to have done—though they did!"

Ice Coats

ICE jackets have been found to be the best protection for frozen salmon on their long journeys from the Pacific Coast to all parts of the world. Thousands of tons of salmon are now frozen in the great factories of the Coast for export, because the combination of the ice jackets and the frozen meat has been found to keep the fish from becoming tainted. After the salmon are bled they are kept at a temperature of zero, or near there, for forty-eight hours, and so are frozen hard. If they were shipped this way, however, the air would get to the fish to some extent and tainting would result, so they are dipped in tanks of water and given another freezing. This puts a thin jacket of ice all over each fish, or glazes him, as it is called. After two coats of glazing the salmon are wrapped in paper, packed in paper-lined boxes and started to the export markets.

Frosting Metals

THE sandblast, working on the same principle as the big outfits used to clean the stone fronts of begrimed city buildings, is now being applied to jewelry. By means of it delicate frosted appearances can be given to gold and silver, "satin finish" for silver being one of the results. Powdered pumice is used in place of sand and the blast pressure is very small.

Cutting Out Wires

WIRELESS telegraphy is interfering with the happiness of natives of Central Africa, for it has deprived them of an unfailing supply of wire to be worked up into ornaments and weapons. Some big mines operated by European capital in Central Africa have recently abandoned their wire-telegraph lines from railroad lines to the mines and established communication by wireless.

Maintenance of the wire lines has been difficult because of the demand for the wire by native belles, and also because of the occasional wanton destruction of pole lines.

Birds to the Rescue

CANARY birds have been found by the Bureau of Mines to be the most efficient watchers against deadly carbon monoxide gas in mines, so the mine rescue cars carry a number of canaries to be used in the event of mine disasters when the rescuers begin work. In a recent test it was found that a canary bird showed signs of distress in three minutes after being exposed to air that contained one-sixth of one per cent of the gas, and fell off its perch after eight minutes, while a mouse did not show any effects for an hour. Guinea-pigs are also susceptible more than men to the gas, but the canaries are the best and in addition are a pleasant addition to the equipment. Many miners are now using canaries to watch out for the gas while they are at work.

Ventilating by Puffs

PUFFS of fresh air first from one direction and then from another is the latest idea for ventilation of theaters, schools, and even homes—puffs strong enough so that a person would feel them. The new theory of ventilation, which has had fairly widespread support in the last few months, is that still air is just as uncomfortable as bad air, and that ventilation that brings into a room air in sufficient quantities is not satisfactory unless some motion is given to the air.

Experiments have shown that persons in an airtight chamber are as distressed by still air as they are by bad air, and that stirring up bad air with fans gives much relief. As drafts sometimes cause colds, it has been the practice in most ventilating systems to bring fresh air into a room so as to cause as little motion of the air as possible and thus avoid drafts.

Doctor Hill, of the Chicago Bureau of Sanitation, now advances the puff scheme as a method of avoiding drafts, still retaining all the advantages of moving air. He points out that in the fresh open air a person does not catch cold from frequent puffs of air, but really enjoys them; and that in a house it is not puffs of air but a constant flow—perhaps a hardly perceptible flow—which causes colds. So he has planned for theaters a puff system to bring in the fresh air.

He would have airducts in various places on the ceiling and walls, and would rush air through these at high velocity. For fifteen seconds he would have air puffed out at the people in the seats from one duct, and then have that duct closed for forty-five seconds while other ducts were puffing. The ducts would operate consecutively, so that in no one place would there be a draft.

THE NIGHT OF THE THOUSAND THIEVES

(Continued from Page 10)

The manhole was a roomy affair—it had to be to accommodate men working at the cables, which are tested regularly with the finest instruments known to science.

The expert who had cut the cables had evidently spent some time awaiting the mystic hour. A dozen cigarette butts scattered about the cement well showed that he had awaited the appointed second without impatience; and having accomplished his task he had left his set of bloom-shears behind as a clue—whatever that might be worth—and had gone to the trouble of putting the manhole cover back in its seat with some care. He had probably escaped by Broadway—that meant running a hundred yards before the first section of the police cordon could be summoned. The blades of the shears were covered with a coating of lead and copper, like a film of grease. There was a calm, cool insolence about the whole thing that got on Byrnes' nerves.

A bureau of identification was established at eight o'clock for the clamoring bankers and jewelers. Every mother's son of them had to be identified before he could enter the lines; and then he entered under guard and opened his safes under guard. One by one the treasure vaults were checked off as their contents were found to be intact. As the vaults were surrendered to their owners the guard would move on to the next, and the next. It was not until noon that the inventory had been made throughout the district.

Of all the district, only the strongroom—the fabled strongroom—of Ludwig Telfen had been tapped. The genius of the night, then, had jammed the entire machinery of the Street and the Lane, roused it from its bed with shrieking clamors for the police, simply for the opportunity of attacking this one prize. The white-faced Telfen, inscrutable even in this hour, deciphered the stories of the empty envelopes one by one. It was at ten o'clock when he crumpled up and was carried away. The Bentori crucifix was gone, with its one matchless sapphire; the Dolgoda pearl; the great canary diamond—the diamond of the Saffarans family—with its creepy history; a Hindustani ruby called "The Well"; a pale blue hyacinth, on whose broad table had been carved a symbol that had baffled the greatest archeologists; and a baker's dozen of unset diamonds, carefully matched as to size and color. Not a thief merely—an artist had picked here!

The strongroom of Ludwig Telfen, as we have said, stood in the middle of the room like a tomb in a crypt, with its sheathing of concrete. It was like a monolith the size of a dozen elephants. A workman with the coldest-drawn chisel would laugh at an order to drill through the adamant in an eight-hour day. Yet a hole the size of a man's thigh penetrated the mass, leading straight and true to the very heart of the ingenious mechanism hidden within—a mechanism in itself believed to be indestructible. It was not indestructible. The same brain that had known the spot to tap the monolith, and then had devised the means of tapping it, had played with the safe as though it had been a toy instead of a thing hundreds of men of talent had made their lifework. A pellet of some explosive at the right spot had destroyed the spark of life; and, once destroyed, the mechanism of the doors, as beautiful as the inside of a watch, became merely a jumble of senseless cogs.

"Can you figure it?" asked Byrnes, inspecting the huge hole in the monolith. "It's beyond me, I must admit."

"I don't know," said Dunstan; "but I am going to find out." He connected the set of carbon rods to the electric switch panel in the corridor through the transformer. "If I figure it right," he said, "there are a thousand amperes of electricity flowing through these rods when the current is turned on. One-tenth of an ampere will kill a man under certain conditions. Look at this!"

He kicked the switch with his foot; and instantly a blue-white flame, an arc of blinding intensity, shot across the gap between the ends of the carbon rods, hissing ominously. He handled the rods with his bare hands.

"Harmless as a kitten!" he said as Byrnes cried out in dismay.

He held the hissing arc against the side of the vault. The cement seemed to shrink before it and melt. It dissolved into a fine dust that hung in the air.

"They tell us that concrete will withstand any fire. It did in San Francisco. Look at that! Concrete will stand two thousand degrees of heat; but it won't stand this heat. Byrnes," he cried, sobered, as he kicked over the switch and dropped the electric torch, "when they come this good we can't beat them! We just haven't got the brains—that's all there is to it!"

III

CAP'N HA'PENNY, that blue-eyed son of Yorkshire who patrolled the waters of Raritan Bay at night to locate the universities of fish for his customers in daytime, waited long and finally impatiently at the musty Huguenot Wharf that memorable morning for Policeman Double-O-Four. Finally he gave it up and went out to his lobster pots.

As for Officer Double-O-Four, he dozed away the morning on his peg-post in Fulton Street, dimly conscious that a cataclysm had occurred in his immediate neighborhood, of such proportions as to rouse that hard-sleeping locality for once in its life. On the whole it pleased him to consider that there were rabbits in this graveyard after all. Such a scurrying he had never seen before in his short period as a patrolman of the first grade. Shortly after noon the order came to break ranks, and the mystic cordon, the wonder of a gaping crowd, dissolved into thin air and was gone. Our officer purchased a copy of the Press and verified his fears that high tide was due off the Hook at eleven-thirty-three A. M.—which meant that the only promise his disrupted day off now held out for him was to take all his clothes off, go to bed and luxuriate in sleep. So he wended his way slowly to the Old Slip Station. The surroundings were beginning to take on their usual air. The rattle of trucks and the odor of fish from the Fulton Market filled the senses.

A shock awaited him! As he ascended the steps and clumped across the floor to report himself out at the desk, the fragrance of cigar smoke smote his nostrils. His captain, bleary-eyed with his unusual exertions, was leaning back in his big chair, his feet cocked on the corner of the desk; and he was pulling at a cigar, painting the atmosphere with spirals of smoke—as if he had at last found the solace he read about in books.

It was not the undignified sight of his captain, with feet higher than his head, that roused the dull mind of Policeman Double-O-Four. It was the band of the cigar! The band was a brilliant red and blue; the policeman scratched his head and churned his memory.

He was painfully extracting a swollen foot from a shoe when light broke on him. It was as clear as day now. That was his cigar! He distinctly remembered the band. A kind though not oversociable gentleman in a stalled automobile had presented him with that cigar earlier in the morning; in fact had presented him with two of them—one for his brother. And this lowlife captain had cribbed them out of his helmet while ——

Officer Double-O-Four stared vacantly at a spider constructing an engineering work on a windowpane with a skill beyond human.

He slowly pushed his suffering foot back into his shoe; and—his head traveling like a Coney Island merry-go-round—he bent over and absent-mindedly began fastening the laces. He shook himself as though in a cold draft; he bit off part of a fingernail.

"Mulligan," he said, addressing a man packing a kit on the opposite side of the room, "did I hear ye was sent down already?"

"The divil take them!" said Mulligan between his teeth. "And all because somebody tampered with a manhole on me post when I was at the other end of the beat! What's the force coming to these days, I ask. It'll cost me tin days' pay, at least, mind ye!"

Officer Double-O-Four, somewhat dazed, passed out. At the corner of Nassau and

$5,000.00 in Cash Prizes

Guaranteed in Writing for 5,000 Miles

While Others Are Claiming Quality—We Are Guaranteeing It.

Why Ajax Mileage Contest For Chauffeurs Reduces Tire Expense of Car Owners

Every motorist who has read the simple conditions of the Ajax Mileage Contest realizes that the entry of his chauffeur will be a *direct* means of cutting down tire expense.

Like any *real* contest this will be won by the careful driver, the man who uses his head, who gives the same attention to the life of his tires that he does to the life of his car.

The Ajax-Grieb Rubber Co. offers to Licensed Chauffeurs 208 Cash Prizes for the Greatest Mileage Beyond 5,000 Miles Obtained Between April 1, 1913, and March 31, 1914, on

AJAX TIRES

1 Prize . .	$500.00	10 Prizes of	$50.00
1 Prize . .	300.00	40 Prizes of	25.00
1 Prize . .	200.00	50 Prizes of	20.00
5 Prizes of	100.00	100 Prizes of	10.00

208 PRIZES, $5,000.00

In case of ties prizes will be divided equally among tying contestants

It costs nothing to enter the Ajax Mileage Contest. The only requirements are that your car be equipped with one or more Ajax Tires (guaranteed for 5,000 miles) and that you will fill out a separate regulation entry blank, signed by your employer, obtainable from any Ajax Branch or Dealer, for each individual Ajax Tire. *Enter now and take advantage of the remaining time allotted to the Contest.*

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER CO.

Contest Department Broadway and 58th, New York

AJAX BRANCHES

Brooklyn — 1182 Bedford Ave. Boston — 1084 Boylston St. Philadelphia — 316 No. Broad St. Atlanta — 48 Auburn Ave. Dallas — 1513 [illegible] Seattle — 917 East Pike St. [illegible] — Golden Gate and Van Ness Ave. Portland, Ore. — 329 Ankeny St.

Dealers in Principal Cities

CUT OUT AND MAIL AT ONCE

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER CO.
Broadway and 58th Street, New York

I wish to enter the Ajax Mileage Contest. Please send me name of nearest branch or dealer so that my entry may be properly made.

Name

Address

If Holes Appear NEW Hosiery Is Yours

THAT'S the brief DARNLESS story. If you still darn hosiery, you are unjust to yourself. Because this brand won't show holes—if it does, you get *fine new hosiery free, postpaid.* We have made

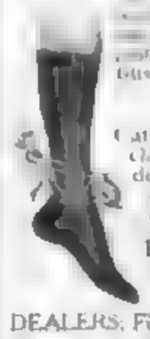
Buster Brown's DARNLESS Guaranteed Hosiery For Men, Women & Children

25¢ a Pair 4 Pairs Guaranteed 4 months

beautiful as well as durable. Soft, light, in plain and ribbed styles, gauze and medium weights. Made of most expensive Egyptian cotton yarn with reinforcement of 2-, 3- and 4-ply light linen thread at each wearing point. Full spliced heel, French "tear proof" garter top, long extension toe and double sole. Fall weights now in stock by dealers.

Look Up Your Buster Brown Dealer

Buster Brown's DARNLESS Guaranteed



[illegible] with name of your nearest Buster Brown dealer

Darnless Catalogue Free

Catalogue describing Buster Brown merchandise and the guarantee, with descriptions sent upon request. Send card and name of your dealer.

Buster Brown's Hosiery Mills
201 Sherman Ave.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

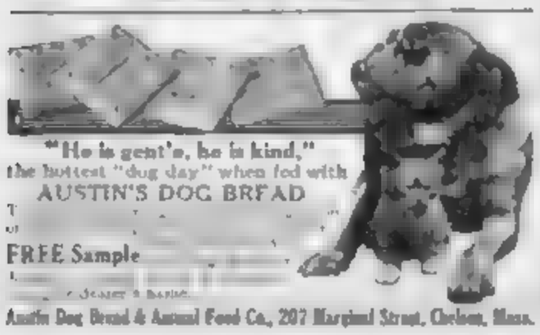
DEALERS: Fine Hosiery proposition. Write for it.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

If you'd like a trial tube (this exact size) send us 4 cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton Street
New York

COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH



"He is gent'e, he is kind," the hottest "dog day" when fed with AUSTIN'S DOG BREAD

FREE Sample

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co., 207 Marginal Street, Chelsea, Mass.

Maiden Lane he found a crowd collected about the very manhole his friend of the night before had selected with so much care as the spot on which to lie down. A pot of wiping solder, looking blue and cool, was thoughtfully bubbling over a gasoline torch; and the manhole, now open, was filled with men in jeans—plumbers, thought our officer—like bees in a beetrap. Officer Double-O-Four, mouth open like a sucker drinking in air at the top of a weedy pool of water, listened to the man on post explain the lay of the land. Then he put his hands in his trousers pockets—in defiance of the rules and regulations—and started east. At Dutch Street he picked out the Manufacturing Jewelers' Building; and on the second floor, after considerable embarrassment, he found Deputy Byrnes. Officer Double-O-Four was not exactly a word artist—more especially he was not a word artist when on the carpet under the eye of this particular superior, who had a distressing way of looking at him.

"Herkimer—1907 model!" repeated the deputy. "Very good. Report to Farley at headquarters. I'll see you there."

Now there are a hundred thousand automobiles in the city and vicinity of New York. The horsepower, make and ownership of each is a matter of record. All that is required is infinite patience—or a superfluity of clerks among whom to divide impatience. The Herkimer of the vintage of 1907 was a limited edition that was called in shortly after being put out. A few still crept wearily about the city, as though tired of life and its attending ills.

At three o'clock that afternoon an automobile drew up to the entrance of headquarters—then in Mulberry Street. It was a Herkimer, model 1907. Two detectives—undoubtedly detectives, from their closely shaved and shiny appearance—helped out a man of middle age, somewhat gray, pasty and frightened. He was chewing on a cigar that sported a red-and-blue band.

As he got down a messenger boy on a bicycle rushed up, dropping his wheel with a clatter; and seizing the prisoner—there was no doubt he was such—by the sleeve he thrust an envelope into his hand.

"Mr. Merwin!" gasped the boy. "I have been chasing you all the way down."

Had he not been so badly upset Mr. Merwin might have been astonished. As it was he stared stupidly from the envelope to the messenger boy, and thence to the cloud of reporters the detectives were beating back. He was hurried to the office of the deputy commissioner. Byrnes wheeled in his chair.

"Merwin! Ai-yi!" ejaculated the usually collected deputy. "What the deuce are you doing in this mess?"

From the expression on Merwin's face, he himself was still struggling for an explanation why two detectives had gently but firmly insisted on his driving them to headquarters just because he happened to own a Herkimer—reconstructed—1907. Byrnes turned to the others with a nod of dismissal. Then he turned on Merwin. He could not bring himself to believe that this notorious crank, this nuisance who had made himself the bane of police administrations for the last ten years, could have a guilty knowledge of the catastrophe of the morning. Yet he shut his teeth down hard, glared at the trembling yet defiant figure before him, and cried out fiercely:

"Well! Out with it! Quick!"

There was something in the attack of Byrnes that turned the average man inside out. The effect on Merwin, the crank, was peculiar. Merwin suddenly straightened up. He crushed the envelope he held and waved his hands on high. His eyes blazed.

"I have proved it!" he cried triumphantly. "The whole town is laughing at you. Burglar protection! Bah! One—two—three! I sliced your cables—yes! A child could have done it! I have exploded your system. Ha-ha!"

Byrnes sprang at him with the roar of an animal. He seized the man in his grasp and hurled him against a wall.

"You and your damned patents that have made you a pest for ten years!" he cried. "Don't start that on me! Come down to earth! Who told you to do it? Who walked through Ludwig Telfen's strongroom and took his pick of what he found there while you were chopping the cables with your infernal shears? Spit it out! Who was it? Quick!"

The infuriated deputy dropped the man and backed away from him.

"Telfen? Strongroom? Took his pick? Why, man, it was to be a joke—a jest! I—I am—I am a genius! I needed only this to prove that my system —— Telfen, did you say? He—He ——"

"He! He! Yes—he! Who was he?"

The inventor, who for years had striven by every means known to insane persistence to foist his worthless electrical protective system on the city, gradually collected his senses.

Byrnes got the story of the dupe piecemeal. It seemed that Merwin had encountered an engaging young dandy on a recent week-end visit to Atlantic City. This person had seemed particularly interested in, though politely skeptical of, Merwin's pet theories as to the weakness of the protective system in vogue in the large cities. So skeptical indeed was he that their somewhat heated argument had ended in a wager—a stake of one thousand dollars—that Merwin, by the simple means he had described, could not at a given hour on a given night render the treasure vaults of the city of New York hors de combat. They had settled the hour then and there. The electrician was smiling like a child when he ended.

"I have showed them up! I have showed them up!" he cried, his insane pride getting the better of him again. "With one stroke I have proved to this great city that its fancied security is as thin as ——"

"No more of that! We've something more serious on just now than rival systems. You cut the cables, you admit!"

"I did—I certainly did! That's my set of bloom-shears on your desk now. This young man was a genius. There was no other way to show you. My brother took me down to Nassau Street and we waited until the cops changed posts. Lord, I know the plan of their mains like I know the humps in my own bed! Simple! Why, as a showing-up of the egregious, asinine ——" In his excitement he tore apart the envelope he was crushing in his hands. Two halves of a thousand-dollar bill dropped out. "The wager! The wager! He saw it! He's paid it!" cried Merwin.

"The thief!" cried Byrnes.

On a slip of paper with the bill was the line, typewritten:

"My compliments! You have convinced me!"

Seeking the engaging young man who had made the estimable though fanatical electrician his easy dupe in the matter of looting the Ludwig Telfen strongroom, Byrnes paid a visit to the address indicated in the inclosure. Needless to say, however, neither the name nor the description the electrician furnished was recognized by the respectable landlady who answered the bell.

So ended the incident of the Night of the Thousand Thieves, the feat taking its place among the many unsolved mysteries. There were clues, it is true, but they were too insolently obvious on the face to lead anywhere. The misguided inventor passed the remainder of his days in confinement, childishly happy at having achieved his life's ambition.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that of the rare gems so carefully selected from the Telfen strongroom that morning only one was ever traced; the story has never been verified—it is a myth. At the head of navigation on the Saguenay River rests a little chapel, built by fishermen. On the cliffs above stands the figure of a Virgin, the thank-offering of those saved from the sea. The lost Bentori crucifix is said to hang in the chapel. It is mentioned, merely as a coincidence, that the exquisite Godahl, a famous cosmopolite—the Infallible Godahl—whose true character was never known until the publication of the memoirs of this Master Rogue, was once rescued from drowning at this spot.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

When Juries Mete

UP IN Alaska there used to be a district attorney who was long on native oratory, but short on education. Once, while prosecuting a big case, he came to the finish of his argument; and, according to Wilson Mizner, who was up there at the time, he leaned across the rail and made this plea:

"All I asts of you, gentlemen of the jury, is that you now retire and mete out jestice as she deserves to be met!"

An Experienced Legislator

A STREET-CAR conductor, who operated a street-car that runs through Flushing, Long Island, was nominated for the New York State Senate and was elected.

One time, while on the rear end of his car, a pickpocket stole his watch. The first thing this new senator did when he got to Albany was to introduce a bill making it a felony for any person to steal another person's watch on a street-car in Flushing.

Near-Fame

A YOUNG man, constant in his attendance in a café where the art students congregate in Paris, sat in his usual corner and surveyed the scene.

"Who is that chap?" asked a visitor. "Is he a painter or a sculptor, or what?"

"Oh, no; none of those," said a habitué. "He has a most engaging and important calling—he is the brother of a poet!"

Pampering the Old Woman

A TYPICAL "mover" of the ultra-shiftless type was spending a few days at a cowcamp in Arizona, preparatory to going into the desert on a prospecting trip. His wife, a tired-out, faded-out creature, complained to some of the cowhands of the hardness of her lot; and the foreman took it upon himself to remonstrate with the husband for his shiftlessness and his indifference to his wife's welfare.

"The old woman ain't got no kick comin'!" said the husband when he had heard the foreman's remarks. "She ain't got no kick at all. Why, stranger, when we wuz fixin' to camp of a night many a time I've driv' the team half a mile out of the way so's wood and water would be handy fur the old woman to fetch!"

A Lucky Smoker

CHARLES P. NORCROSS went into a cigar store in a Pennsylvania town and asked for some good cigars. A brand that retailed three for a quarter was the best the cigar man could offer.

Norcross took three and lighted one. He stood puffing at it for a moment and the dealer asked:

"How do you like that cigar?"

"It's rotten!" said Norcross.

"Well," said the dealer, "I can't see that you've got any particular kick coming. You've only got three of them and I've got a thousand!"

On for Good

MASTER WALTER BROCKWAY, of Yonkers, New York, is now eleven years old and of course knows better; but when he was about four, his father, hearing wails of feline distress one day, investigated and found Walter dragging the family cat round by the tail.

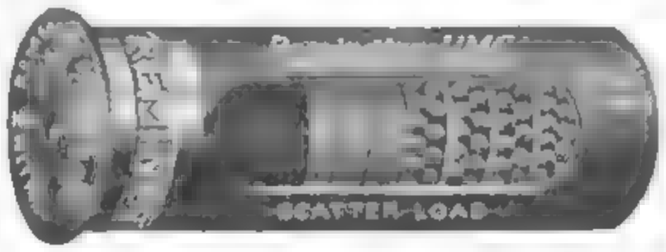
"My son," he said, "you mustn't pick up kitty by the tail."

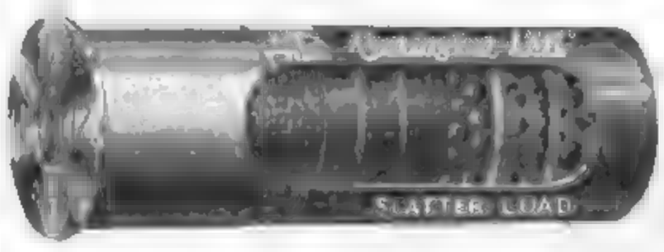
"Why not?" asked Walter. "It won't come off."

An Exposed Hand

IN A CERTAIN state of the Middle West not so very long ago a man who had been prominent in politics died. The deceased had also been a poker player of parts in his day, and there had been rumors to the effect that once in a while he ran in a cold deck. Nevertheless the legislature, which was then in session, named a committee of its members to draw up appropriate resolutions of respect.

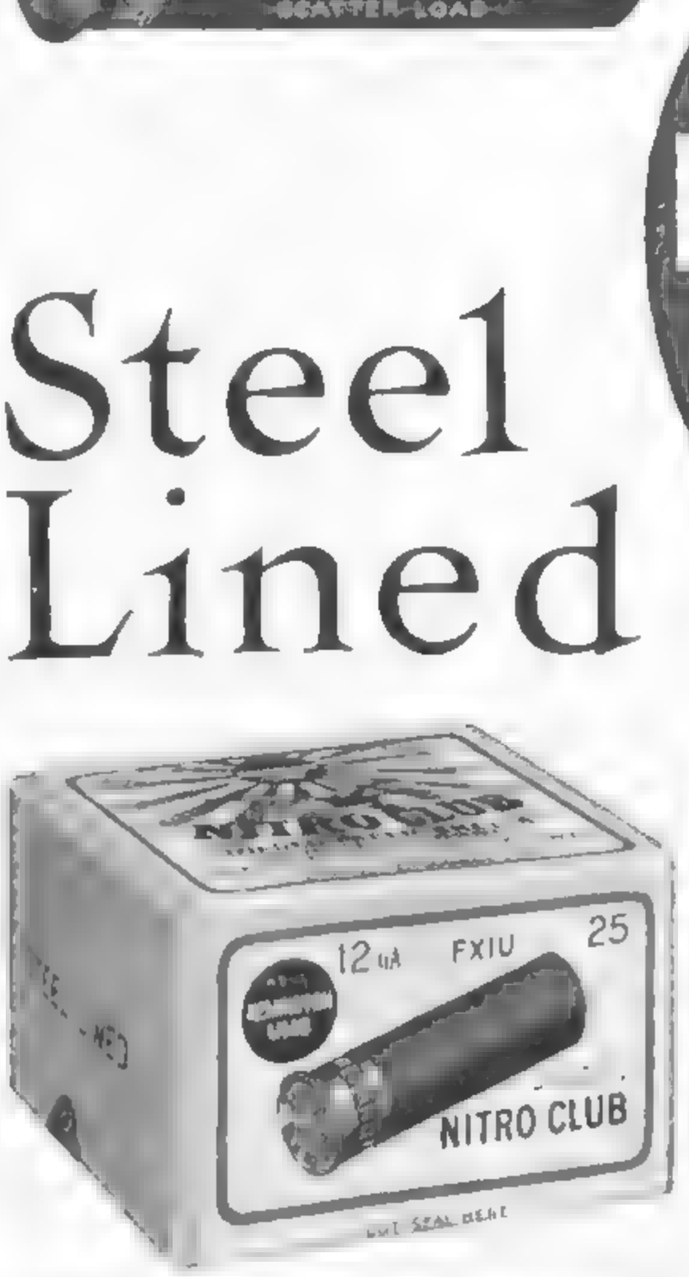
The chairman of the committee, who was a newspaper man, wrote out the resolutions and sent them to the engrosser to be engrossed, with instructions that copies should be sent to the dead man's widow and to his home papers. The storm broke with great violence in about ten days. The engrosser had made a mistake. The resolutions, in speaking of the character of the late lamented, read: "His faults he wore upon his sleeve." And a fool engrosser made it: "His faults he wore up his sleeve!"





REMINGTON UMC

Steel Lined Speed Shells

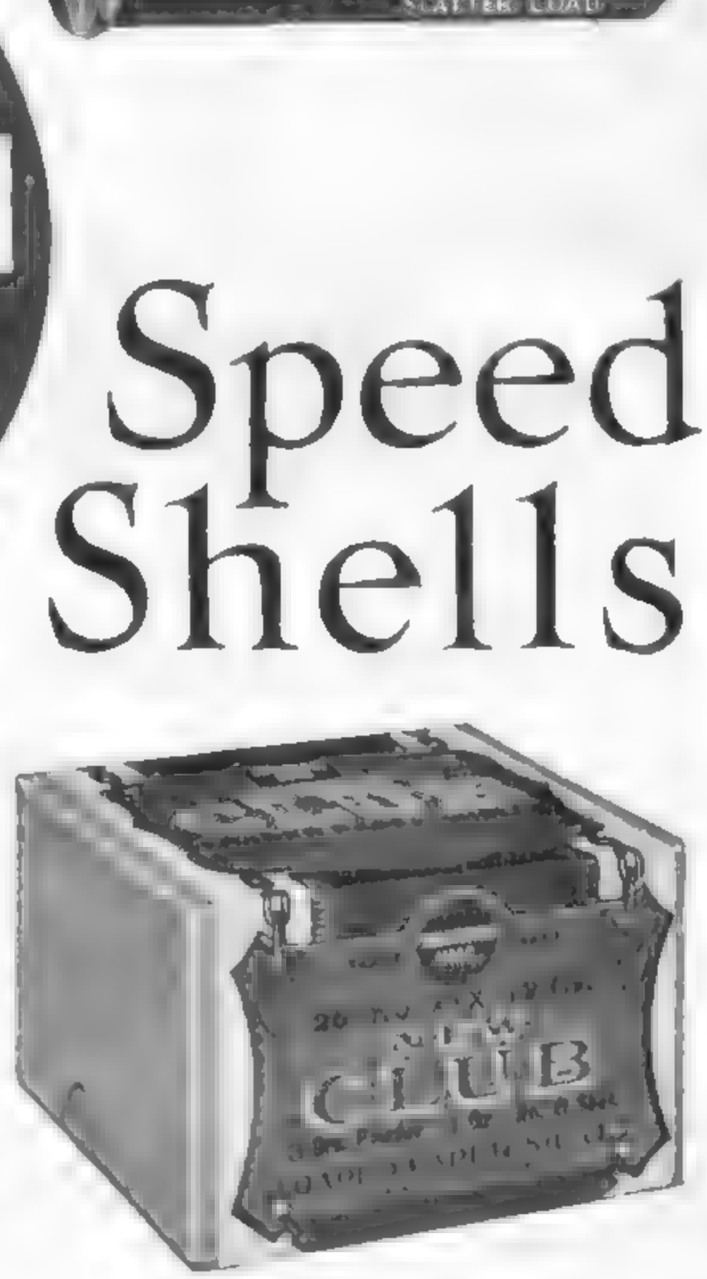


NITRO CLUB STEEL LINED SHOTSHELLS
(SMOKELESS)

Made in 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular smokeless powders.

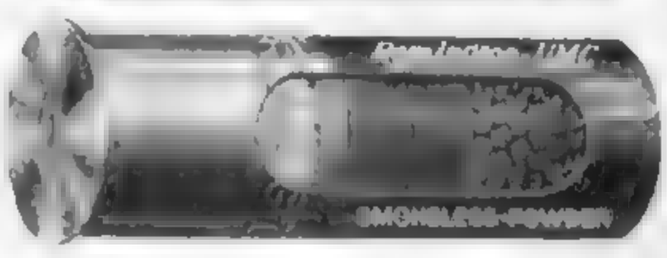
ARROW STEEL LINED SHOTSHELLS
(SMOKELESS)

Made in 8, 10, 12, 16, and 20 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular smokeless powders.



NEW CLUB SHOTSHELLS
(BLACK POWDER)

Made in 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 24, and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular black powders.



TALK to your dealer. Ask him how many of his ammunition customers are *young* men. Upon them depends the growth of his business.

It is not only the seasoned shooters who look for the Red Ball mark on every box of shells they buy. The young fellows are all awake to the Remington-UMC idea.

They are after results in their shooting and they are demanding the speed shells. They know that the steel lining is an exclusive Remington feature—the greatest advance step since the invention of smokeless powder.

It is more evident every day that the dealer taking the lead in the ammunition business is specializing in Remington-UMC.

Remington Arms—Union Metallic Cartridge Company

299 Broadway, New York Windsor, Ontario

One Morning

At the breakfast table, the folks who gathered found a dish like this.

A dish of Puffed Grains—Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat—ready for cream and sugar.

They were crisp, airy bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size. And the taste was like toasted nuts.

And those dainty morsels have been welcomed at that table on a thousand mornings since.

Such was the story in countless homes—a million times repeated.

The housewife heard of Puffed Grains, bought a package. And the next morning the folks at her table tasted a new delight.

Then the grains were served for suppers—floating in bowls of milk.

They were mixed with berries—used in candy making—used as garnish to ice cream.

Now we send out forty million dishes monthly to supply the lovers of these foods.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

This is how millions of dishes are served for luncheons and suppers in summer. Like crackers in bowls of milk.

The grains are four times as porous as bread. The walls are as thin as tissue.

These dainty wafers, with an almond flavor, form fascinating foods.

And they are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible—with every food granule literally blasted to pieces by Prof. Anderson's process.

Serve them any hour—between meals or bedtime—for these foods never tax the stomach.

These are two of the greatest foods of the century—scientific, delicious, unique and inviting. Let your people know them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

"44"

GOVERNMENT BY MAGIC

(Continued from Page 11)

commodities is determined by the amount of social labor necessary, on an average, for their production," ignores the dominating fact that no amount of social labor, on an average, would produce the greatest things we have. The greatest things we have are produced by a creative faculty infinitely beyond the average.

This is the rock upon which Socialism is wrecked. We cannot estimate the gains which the human race receives from its individuals in units of labor based upon any sort of average. They come very frequently from a great creative faculty that no amount of labor would ever cultivate in the average man. The electricians who work eight hours a day have not lighted our cities. It is Mr. Edison who has lighted them. It is not the French mechanic at St. Cloud who has enabled men to fly. It is Mr. Wilbur Wright who has enabled them to fly. It is not the young man in the wireless house who summons a ship out of the wilderness of the midnight ocean to the aid of another in distress. It is Mr. Marconi who performs that tremendous service. To say that these men shall not take the larger benefit for their creative faculty, but that it shall go to the unskilled electrician, to the French workman at St. Cloud, to the clerk in the wireless house, is to construct a system of philosophy essentially false. And the truth follows and controls down through the evidences of all achievement, from the man combining isolated human endeavor into a great central purpose to the man who harnesses the steam in a kettle to his plow. The greatest factor behind all production is the creative faculty.

Philosophies That Fail

No idea could be more false than this Socialistic one that value is alone the product of manual labor. The man who labors with his hands is not the only man who exerts himself, nor is he the only man who produces. The man who combines and directs and carries responsibilities labors as much as he. The man who exercises a creative faculty endures an exertion beyond anything known to the man who merely labors with his hands. Manual labor is a labor that sustains and supports the individual, but creative labor is a labor that wrecks and destroys him. The man who labors with his hands sleeps with a healthy fatigue. The man who labors at a creative work exhausts himself with an exhaustion that sleep often refuses to allay. If the laborer sometimes goes to the poorhouse the genius not infrequently goes to the madhouse.

But if the philosophies of Karl Marx and Wilhelm Marr will not advance us neither will the philosophies of Marcus Hanna and Pierpont Morgan. If the heads of the Steel Trust denounce a destructive competition as injurious to commerce, how can they object if the individuals in the mills denounce it as destructive to the interests of labor. If there is not free competition on the top of our commercialism there cannot be free competition at the bottom of it. And if the one combines to protect itself shall not the other also combine to protect itself?

And the great struggle reminds one of a battle between the head of a curled python and its tail. Whichever end wins, the python is sure to be damaged.

Nor will the philosophies of the Direct Actionists—namely, that what is produced by the laborers' hands belongs entirely and exclusively to the laborer and he has a right to take it on the spot—advance us. But it will advance us as far as the philosophy of a certain railroad president which was that a divine providence had committed the property interests of the country into the hands of certain worthy persons.

Perhaps the most useless of all philosophies are those of old reactionary leaders whom the people have set aside. Their schemes remind us of the elaborate plans the Prussian generals presented to Alexander for his campaigns against Napoleon. One sees always before his eye, when he thinks of them, the picture of these hopeless theorists spreading out their maps before the Russian Emperor and explaining their elaborate system of oblique movements based on a study of the campaigns of Frederick the Great. Alas, Napoleon never followed the rules, as life never follows the rules!

There is also another class of philosophers that give us advice which we may very complacently disregard. It is the school of contraryists, of which, in the province of literature—or what is called literature—Mr. Bernard Shaw is the apostle. The canon of its doctrine is to assert that precisely the reverse of everything which the human race has found to be true is in fact true; as, for example, a man walking along the road will be approached by a disciple of this school, who will undertake to demonstrate to him that instead of walking on his feet he ought to walk on his hands. The pedestrian will advance the two arguments that come first into his mind, namely, that men have always walked on their feet and that it is the easiest way to walk.

"Ah, my dear sir," this philosopher would reply, "those are the very reasons why you should rather walk upon your hands. Because men have been always doing things a certain way is no reason why they have been doing them correctly. In fact there is no method by which the human race can be advanced except by changing the way in which the people have been doing things. And it is only when the race has changed from the old method to the new that civilization has made any progress whatever. Moreover, is it not a law of Nature that we are developed only by doing things that are difficult and not by doing things that from use have become easy to us? If you would be a completely developed human being you will wish to be able to walk upon either end of you. Throw away your shoes and follow me."

Ovid thought that the gods would not permit the human race to be wholly ruined. We think that there are certain considerations founded in a universal common sense that will not permit it to be wholly ruined.

The sense of a great purpose in the universe will save us from Nihilism. The sense of vast benefits accruing to the human race from the creative faculty of innumerable men will save us from the philosophy of Marx. The evident necessity for a free swing of competition in order to develop the individual will save us from the philosophy of Hanna and Morgan. The desire of every man to enjoy peacefully the fruits of his labor will preserve us from the philosophy of Marr and the Direct Actionists. And a sense of humor will preserve us from the philosophy of the before-mentioned railroad president.

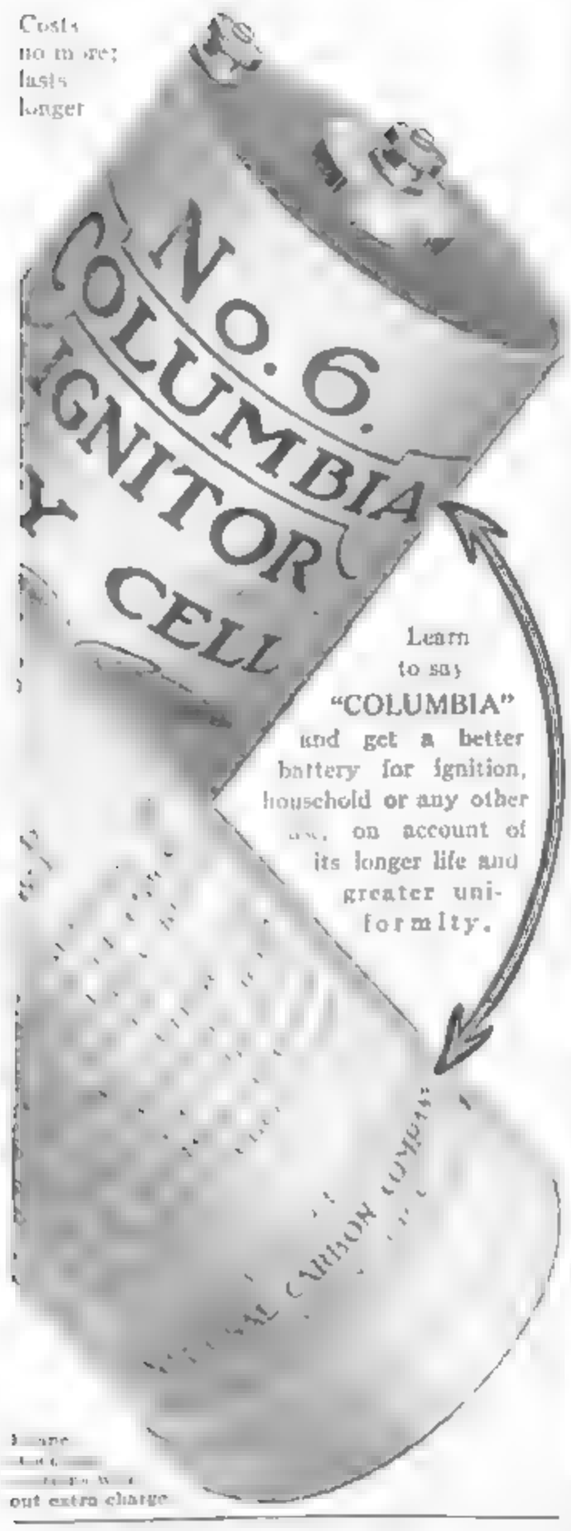
The Judge Who was a Socialist

The essential difficulty with all these so-called systems is that they are elaborately built upon foundation premises that are not true. If human nature were perfect a perfect system could be formulated. If all men were just, intelligent and moved by a great controlling interest in the public welfare, a perfect system could be formulated. But men are moved by a variety of motives, and it is possible for them to maintain a civilization only upon some great plan of compromise. They can no more be fitted into one philosophic plan than all men could be fitted into one size of shoes.

Did not Voltaire say that he had never known of a man who had spent his life formulating a system of philosophy that did not die at last with the conviction that he had wasted his time? But let us not wholly reject the Nihilist, the Commercialist or the Socialist. Every man among these who is not moved solely by a selfish benefit to his class is honestly trying to formulate some plan for the welfare of the race. And there is something good, something high and noble in every one of these philosophies. If the Nihilist, as the characters of Turgenieff define him, is merely one who accepts no principle without examination, no matter what credit the principle has, and is one who looks at everything from a critical point of view, then a Nihilist is only a scientist of this day. If the Commercialist teaches us the value of coöperation—the gain to be got from joining our hands together, the benefit of what is called teamwork in all human affairs—his lesson is to be received and cherished.

Tolstoi relates that a judge in Russia once asked a prisoner what he meant by Socialism. The prisoner replied that it was a working together for the welfare of mankind: and the judge said: "If that is Socialism then I, too, am a Socialist." No man has ever put the case better than that.

Costs no more; lasts longer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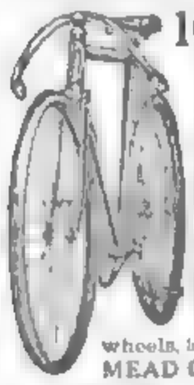

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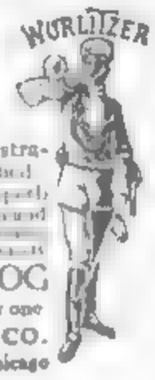
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It is precisely what every man everywhere is in favor of. If that is what Socialism means, then, like the Russian judge, we are all Socialists.

If that is what it does mean? Let us hasten to say that that is what all other philosophies mean too. This is the great motive behind every political movement. It is the great motive behind all unrest and agitation—a desire to formulate some plan by which we may all work together for the welfare of mankind. It is the welfare of mankind as a whole that we are after. It is equal opportunities to everybody. It is an equitable adjustment of the perils and of the benefits of life that we are after. It is to get the highest and fullest development of every individual consistent with a preservation of the rights of all other individuals; and it is a constructive and not a destructive justice to all that we are after.

We are not yet certain how we are going to be able to accomplish this result. But no man has any right to say that the thing is impossible. He has only the right to say that it is impossible to him. A thing may be impossible to the race of men now living but not impossible to the race about to be born or to the race to follow after them.

One thing, however, is adequately certain: that we cannot attain this great end by magic. We cannot attain it by the affirmative virtue of laws. We can no more obtain prosperity by laws than we can grow a crop by algebra.

But we can do some things toward this ultimate end by laws. We can remove the great inequalities which custom and the laws have already created. We can clear out restrictions, giving every man a free field in which to attain the ambitions of his life if he is able to do it. We can guarantee to every man security in his person and security in the fruits of his labor. We can protect the weak and the innocent from the strong and the crafty. We can distribute more evenly the burdens of civilization, as we can distribute more evenly all natural advantages. We can take care of those under disabilities, we can see that everybody has a decent living and we can humanize justice.

We must abandon our trust in magic. We must give up the fairy world that we have believed ourselves to live in. We must drive out the magicians, overthrow the tripods and, in the language of Lord Eldon, look hardship in the face. We cannot outwit the great immitigable order of Nature by any of this mummery.

Let us understand, once and for all time to come, that the high, the beneficial and the noble things that every individual wishes for himself he alone can obtain for himself. The magic of no law will ever give them into his hand. It is useless for any political party to promise it. Neither the Democratic party, nor the Republican party, nor the Progressive party, nor the Socialist party, nor any other party to be created out of them, can ever accomplish these things by any political black art. The one thing the law can do is to prevent us from cheating one another, since it never can enable us to cheat the relentless scheme of the universe.

No Native

FRED KELLY, the humorist, had it in mind to buy a farm. He conceived the idea of going out alone and looking at available farms in the section of Ohio that he inhabits, thinking to get a proper perspective when free from the talk of real-estate agents. He met a very old man walking up a lane. "Ha," said Kelly, "here is a chap who has lived here all his life. I'll tackle him."

The old man looked like one who had been a farmer all his days, had owned farms since he was a boy, and would know the value and fertility of them. So Kelly trudged for two miles with him in the dust.

"Great country round here," said Kelly.

"Yep."

"I'll bet some of these farms will be valuable some day."

"Yep."

"Still, I suppose some are more valuable than others."

"Prob'ly."

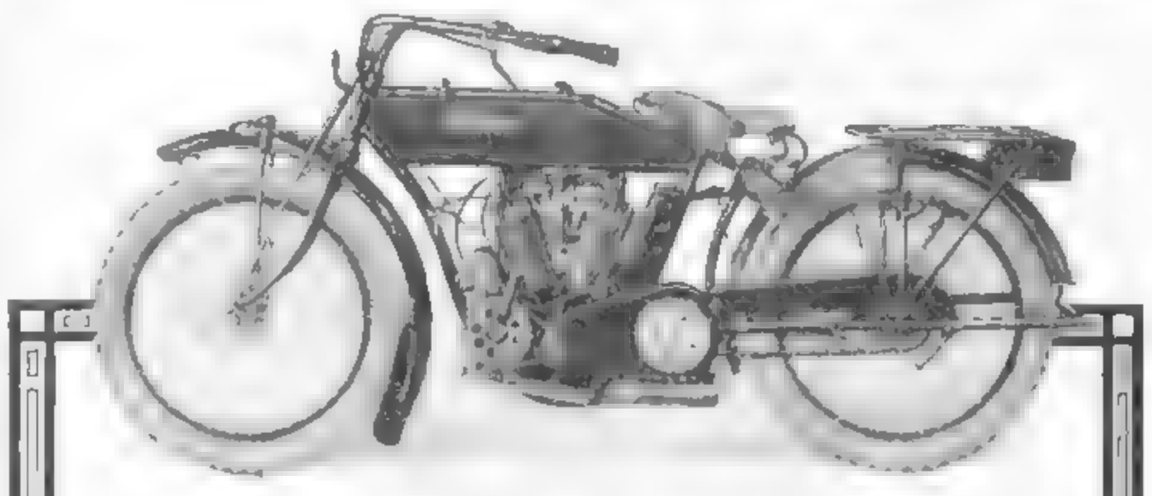
"Many of these farms round here for sale?"

"Dunno."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Don't live here. I live in Indiana. Fust time I ever was here was when I got here last night to visit my daughter."

This is the Tourist Trophy Two Speed Model



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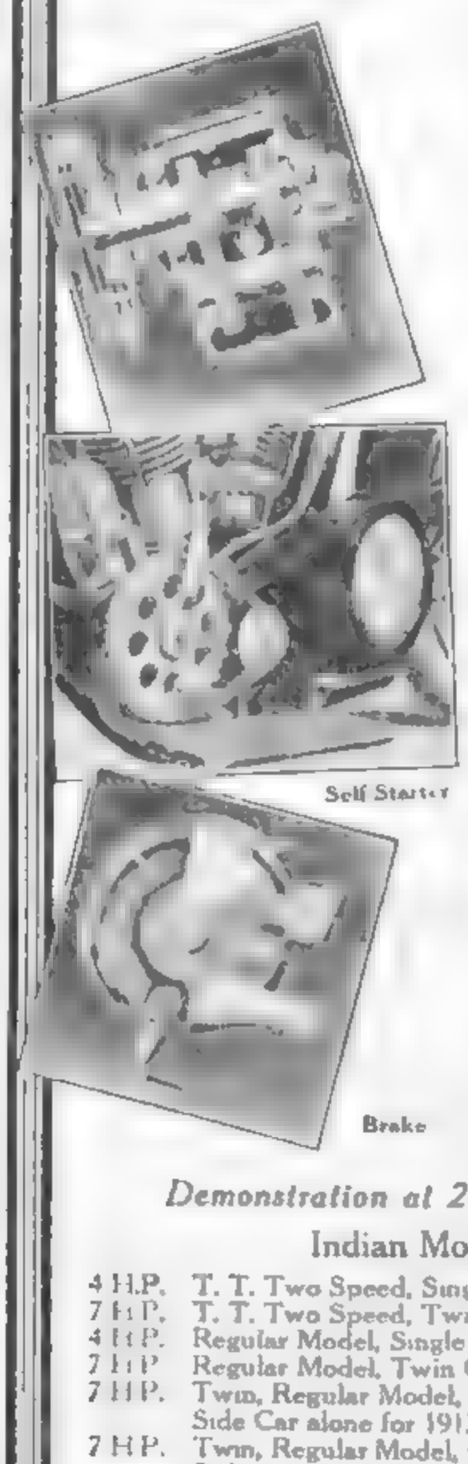

Self Starter

Brake

Folding Footboards make the rider independent of cramping, uncomfortable pedals. The famous Cradle Spring Frame suspended by leaf springs on both front and rear forks frees the rider of all road jars and vibrations.

Here are the exclusive features which have placed the Two Speed Model on the pinnacle of motorcycle perfection.

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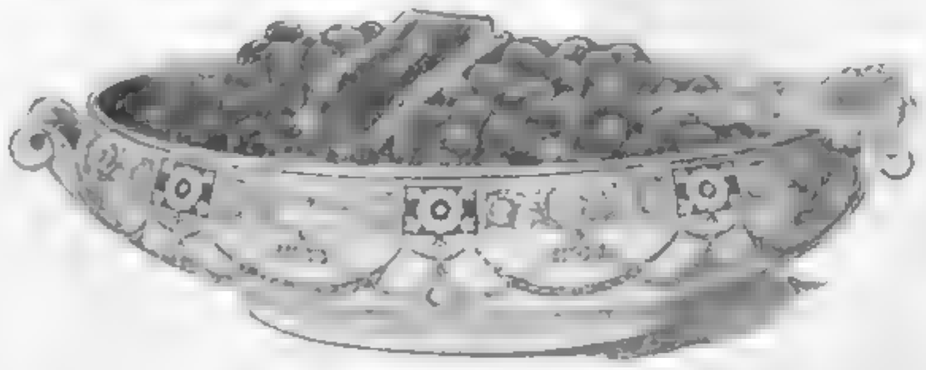

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To bring the beans to you nutlike, mellow and whole. And to retain in the beans all the fresh oven flavor, until they are brought to your table.

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Please try it once. Say to your grocer, "Today send Van Camp's." After that, we'll let your judgment say what beans to get.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

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Established 1861

THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 21)

The New York business men chatted with him for a few minutes. They talked on general topics. They said they hoped they might be better acquainted, and were pleasant and affable and did not look like custodians of the fearsome Money Demon at all. In fact they appeared to be clean-cut, affable, modest men, and not ogres or predaceous plutocrats. Not one of them approximated Marsh's preconceived ideas of a Captain of High Finance. Marsh told his wife, when he reached the hotel, he had had a very pleasant evening.

A week or so later Senator Paxton gave a dinner and asked Marsh. There were fourteen guests, four of the same business men from New York who had dined with the Senate leader and the remainder senators and representatives. Several members besides Marsh who had been at the previous dinner were there. The amusement after dinner was poker. Two games, seven at a table, were organized. Marsh felt nervous over this, for he had little money to lose and he imagined the game would be a big one. He soon discovered the mere fact a man is a millionaire doesn't necessarily mean he is either a prodigal or a producer at poker.

The richest men played most cautiously, and were derided by the poorer ones for holding their hands so close. The game was five-dollar limit, all jack-pots, with the dealer anteing each time. When four of a kind were held there was a round of "roodles," which meant the limit was increased to ten dollars on that round.

Marsh knew poker fairly well, and he decided to take no long chances, but to play his cards for no more than they were worth and to watch things carefully. He had heard stories of poker games in Washington where innocent members were inveigled in and bribed by crafty villains who lost large sums to them by betting on small hands. He wondered if that was the plot for him, but he soon found nobody in that gathering had any intention of giving money to him unless he had the cards to take it with, and mostly when he called what he thought was a bluff he found his opponent had the cards to justify his faith and his chips. It was a noisy, lively game, with the players joking one another and telling stories, and it closed promptly at midnight. Each man had been handed a hundred dollars' worth of chips, and when the settlements were made Marsh found he had won a hundred and fifteen dollars. Only two others were larger winners than he.

"Same old story," chaffed Senator Paxton, who had lost two hundred dollars. "The new man always wins. But," he said, turning to Marsh, "beware, my son, for we'll hook you yet."

Most of the party had carriages and automobiles waiting outside, but Marsh announced he would walk to his hotel.

"I'll walk down with you," said one of the New Yorkers, George F. Quicksall, who was connected with one of the big banking combinations of New York.

Quicksall talked of finance as they walked along and Marsh was greatly interested. He questioned Quicksall on some points in relation to the stock market.

"Do you ever do anything in the Street?" asked Quicksall.

"Not much. Occasionally I buy a few shares. Is there anything interesting over there?"

Marsh had been bursting to ask this question of the New York men ever since he met them. He wanted money and he wanted it badly.

"Well," said Quicksall, "I know of a pool that is being organized to carry a few thousand shares of a certain stock for a ten-point rise. I might get you some of that."

"How much would it take?" asked Marsh eagerly.

"How much what?"

"How much money?"

"Oh," said Quicksall carelessly, "not much, as money goes. I don't know exactly yet when they will take the stuff over, but I'll put you down for a thousand shares and we can settle afterward when the books are made up."

"A thousand shares?" gasped Marsh.

"Yes, that'll be about a tenth of it. I am quite sure my associates will be glad to have you in with us."

"But," stammered Marsh, "but —— I don't know as —— That's a big order ——"

Quicksall looked at Marsh curiously as they passed a street lamp. He saw Marsh was much excited, but palpably afraid.

"I am quite sure it will be all right, Mr. Marsh," said Quicksall. "However there's no hurry. Think it over and let me know. If you don't want it, it will be all right"; and he gave Marsh his card.

Marsh slept little that night. He was trying to figure out a way to get money to cover his interest in case the speculation failed. In his heart he knew it wouldn't fail, but he kept that information away from his head.

XIII

"NICE party we had last night," said Senator Paxton to Marsh next day when they met at the Capitol. "Pretty lucky to get away with that money, too, with those wolves trying to eat you up."

"I noticed they played them pretty close to their bosoms," Marsh replied.

"Greatest tightwads in the world," said Paxton, "with the exception of the few liberal ones. Most of them would rather lose their right legs than overplay a hand or lose a pot."

"By the way, senator," asked Marsh, trying to appear as if the question was merely for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity, "who's Mr. Quicksall?"

"Quicksall? He's one of the junior partners in the big house of Stunz & Sturgess. He's a likely young fellow who looks out a good deal for legislative matters they are interested in and is a comer. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! I walked down with him last night and he seems to be a nice fellow."

"Wise, too," commented the senator. "Knows his way about. He made a lot of money for me not long ago."

"How?" asked Marsh eagerly.

"Put me in on an underwriting scheme that split $200,000, and I got a tenth of it."

"How much did you have to put up?"

"How much did I have to put up?" repeated Paxton in surprise. "Why, I didn't put up anything. I merely took a tenth of the underwriting and stood to lose that tenth if anything broke or went wrong; but nothing did and I got my share of the profit on the deal. That's one good thing about Quicksall—he doesn't want it all himself. He's willing to split now and then and he's mighty popular round here."

Marsh was reassured. He turned the conversation to another channel, but when he walked down Pennsylvania Avenue from the House, after adjournment, he dropped into Quicksall's hotel and told him he would take a chance in the pool.

"All right," said Quicksall. "I don't think you can lose. I'll write you in a few days and tell you what your share is."

Quicksall left for New York on the midnight train. Five days later Marsh received a letter in an envelope bearing the Stunz & Sturgess imprint. He opened it nervously. There was a check for $6500 in it and this letter:

"*Dear Mr. Marsh:* I found when I returned to New York that that matter we spoke about was much nearer action than I had supposed. I put you in for a thousand shares, assumed the responsibility on what you had told me, and today we closed out at a seven-point rise. Your share of the expense is $500, and I beg to hand you herewith our check for $6500. Trusting this will be satisfactory to you, I am

"Yours very truly,

"GEORGE F. QUICKSALL."

"'Trusting this will be satisfactory to you!'" repeated Marsh to himself in a dazed sort of way. "I wonder if there ever was anything quite so satisfactory to anybody on this earth before."

Marsh couldn't keep his eyes off the check. Those figures, $6500, seemed to hypnotize him. Three times he put it in his pocketbook, and each time he took it out, looked at it again, turned it over, held it up to the light, patted it, caressed it. It was a lifesaver for him. He was short of funds. He needed money, and here six thousand five hundred dollars dropped into his lap. He recalled the Biblical story of manna dropping from Heaven. He was a lucky man.

But was he? That question constantly obtruded; and another: Why had Quicksall, a man whom he had met but twice, done this thing for him? He recalled Senator Paxton's description of him: "One of

the junior partners in the big house of Stunz & Sturgess. He's a likely young fellow, who looks out a good deal for legislative matters they are interested in and is a comer."

Marsh pondered that: "Looks out for legislative matters they are interested in." That no doubt was the explanation. Quicksall wanted to put Marsh under obligations to him. And if he had but known it he had put Marsh under tremendous obligations to him, for Marsh needed money, needed it desperately. Still there was the other side of it. Could Marsh afford to take the check? It was certain that sooner or later Quicksall would ask for his pound of flesh. He would demand a return. These men, thought Marsh, are not philanthropists. They are not handing out money in six-thousand-dollar chunks to members of Congress who are temporarily embarrassed for the mere pleasure of relieving the necessities of those statesmen. There was no charity about it. It wasn't a gift. It was a deliberate opening of negotiations with Marsh, a retainer for services to be rendered in the future; services that, in all probability, would not only be difficult to perform but dangerous politically. Marsh was no child, no fool. He was under no delusions as to the nature of this gift, for it was a gift with a string attached, and Marsh saw the string. He didn't argue that side of it much with himself. His question was whether in the circumstances he could afford to take the money. How much would it embarrass him in the future? Would it be safe?

The honesty or dishonesty of the transaction didn't figure conspicuously in Marsh's deliberations. With him it was mainly a question of expediency. He set his need for the funds on the one side, and itemized all the places where parts of the $6500 could be applied with advantage to himself and his affairs. On the other side he placed the danger of being found out, the strength of the hold on him the transaction would give Quicksall, the effect it might have on him politically if word that he was taking money from Wall Street got back to his district, where Wall Street was a synonym for Gehenna. He balanced these items, weighed one against the other, felt inclined to send the check back, but was restrained when he saw that magic "$6500" and thought what he could do with the cash.

Another thing that puzzled him was why they had chosen him for their schemes. His only appearance, except in a set speech or two on a national policy and his committee work, had been in opposition to the organization when he fought the landgrab bill. He had flattered himself he had shown a real independence of thought and action in that matter. He had hoped to impress on the minds of the leaders of the organization that he was a man to be reckoned with, a man who would not blindly follow where they led, but who would carve out a way for himself if the path of the regulars was not to his liking. He had even had visions of becoming a great opposition leader, of voicing the protest of the people against this congressional oligarchy, and here he was, within a month of his first real exposition of the thought that was in him, in receipt of a check for $6500 from one of the most interested of the interests, and reluctant to send back the check and declare his independence, his refusal to be bribed.

Twice Marsh began a letter to Quicksall, returning the money, not angrily but pleasantly informing Quicksall he was mistaken in his man and that he never took money for which he had not made an adequate return. Twice the alluring figures on the check held him back, and he tore up the letters and returned the check to his pocketbook. He was thoroughly uncomfortable, and he resolved to talk with Senator Paxton in order to get the viewpoint of a man who undoubtedly had taken just such money many times, and indeed made no secret of it.

He went over to the Senate side of the Capitol and found Paxton, who was in his committee room dictating letters.

"Sit down, Marsh, and have a cigar," said Paxton. "I'll be through here in a minute or two." Paxton turned to his stenographer and said: "Take this: 'George F. Quicksall, care Stunz & Sturgess. My dear Quicksall ——'"

Paxton was dictating in an ordinary conversational tone and was paying no attention to Marsh's presence in the room. Marsh listened. He couldn't help it. He wondered what the senator had to say to Quicksall, and although he tried to read a newspaper he felt himself straining his ears to hear what the letter contained.

"'My dear Quicksall,'" continued the senator. "Got that? 'I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday with inclosure. I am glad to note that our venture turned out so satisfactorily. I understand you were generous with this information and that several of our mutual friends were included in the deal. While we all understand perfectly that this action on your part was predicated on no motive other than that of good-fellowship, I can assure you that I for one am not indifferent to this further evidence of your long-enjoyed friendship, and shall hope to see you soon in person in order that I may have an opportunity to express my thanks by word of mouth. With sincere regards I am yours faithfully.'"

"I'll sign that myself," said the senator to his stenographer. "For Heaven's sake see that it gets in my personal letters. Last week you sent out a letter with a rubber-stamp signature that was going to a very touchy person, and I had the dickens of a time squaring myself."

"It's strange," Paxton continued, turning to Marsh, "how a little thing like that will raise trouble. Of course you know how many letters come into a place like this, and you yourself undoubtedly have a series of form replies that can be typewritten by your stenographer and sent back with a rubber-stamp signature or signed by the stenographer. Well, if by any accident a rubber-stamped letter gets to a man who thinks he is entitled to a real pen-and-ink signature from me, he is much more insulted than he would be if I had written him a letter in my own copperplate handwriting and refused his request."

"I've had several of those experiences," said Marsh.

"The ancient but crafty philosopher who said 'All is vanity' had an adequate understanding of the situation," continued the senator. "It is my experience, Marsh, that the human machine, as it is typed in this country, has two predominating attributes: one is vanity and the other is incompetency. Most of the human rabbits with whom men in our position have to deal are obsessed by two ideas: the first is that they are much more important than they really are and capable of doing a great many things they cannot by any possibility do; and the second is that somebody, usually I, is under obligations to obtain for them the chance to do these great things. The simple expedient of going out and getting the chance for themselves never occurs to them.

"The heaviest curse that ever fell on this world was the curse of using influence to get position and to hold it. It is as old as history, and it has reached its highest development in these United States of America. Men — and women too — who might do something on their own initiative waste years in trying to coax somebody to use his influence to help them. The thought that some merit of their own might assist never gets to them. They must have influence. So we have built a government wherein the man who can bring the greatest pull to bear is the man who secures the office, not the man who deserves it. And it is an organized affair. A political organization is nothing but a systematized, crystallized application of influence. The scrubwoman goes to the organization for influence to help her get her job, or to some member of the organization who can use his influence on some other member, and so on up until the whole machine is interested, and so does a man who wants to be an ambassador. And the blight of it all is that most of those who can command influence lack the ability they should have to be worthy of the places they get thereby."

"I've noticed that, too," commented Marsh.

"It's true," said the senator earnestly. "A man obtains a place through some pull or other. His interest isn't in doing his work so that he may hold his job, but in holding his influence so he may hold his job. We've tried to remedy it with civil-service reform, and we haven't succeeded, for there is no way to make over or change human nature by statute, however much various brands of reformers may think there is. And the incompetency of these half-educated, half-baked, and wholly irresponsible people appalls one. Their only idea is to do as little work as they can for their money, and their usual attitude is that of sullen contempt for their bosses for making it possible for them to get their pay by putting them to work. It's just like

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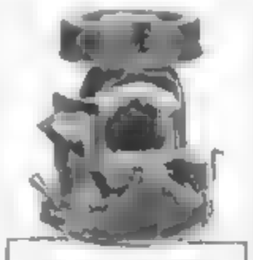

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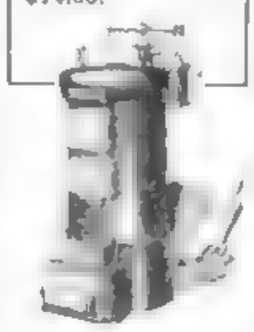

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"However, how are you? I've just been writing a letter to Quicksall. Did he let you in on that pool? Good thing that. Neat little check came in the mail this morning. Nice boy, Quicksall, and he never asks for a thing."

"Yes," said Marsh, "he put me in, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Don't know what to do about what?"

"Why, I had a conversation with him one night, and he told me of a pool that was forming to buy ten thousand shares of a stock—he didn't tell me what stock—and said I could have a tenth of it. I told him I didn't think I could swing that much, and he said he'd carry it for me for a time until I made up my mind. Then if I didn't take it no harm would be done. This morning I got a letter from him and a check for $6500 as my share of a pool I didn't know I was in on even, to say nothing of having put up no money."

Paxton laughed. "So that's it, is it?" he asked. "You feel that this money is more or less of a gift?"

"Exactly."

"Well, perhaps it is, if you look at it in that light; but you want to remember that a gift that entails obligation is a gift that costs the giver something. This deal didn't cost Quicksall anything, except the mere lending of his name to the pool. He had a ten-thousand-share part of it. If he chose to split that ten-thousand-share part and give you a tenth of it, say, and then turn over the profits, why should you kick? He didn't ask you to do anything, did he?"

"No."

"You wouldn't do anything you shouldn't do if he did, would you?"

"No."

"You don't hold yourself so cheaply that a little transaction like this would influence you in legislative matters, do you?"

"I do not," exclaimed Marsh emphatically.

"Well then, where's the harm? A man you meet takes a liking to you. It comes his way to do you a little favor, and he does it; and you sit round, mooching and grouching, and thinking he is trying to buy you, while he probably had no idea in his head other than to be a good fellow."

"But," said Marsh, "you told me yourself that he looks out for legislative matters for his firm."

"Certainly he does, and it's up to him to be on good terms with the men who legislate. If he can do a turn for any of them that's business, just as it is business when a New York merchant invites a buyer from Morganville out and feeds him well and takes him to a show. It's all one—business. He desires you to know who he is and to be his friend when anything comes along he is interested in. He isn't trying to get you to do anything immoral or dishonest or against your principles, but he wants you to be his friend, and thinks, perhaps, he may have a shade the better of it when it comes to a showdown. If he doesn't get that shade he makes no protest. He'll never suggest even that you shall do anything out of the way for him. He's merely taking a sporting chance on making you his friend, and, I take it, you are sport enough to play the game, especially when it is understood on both sides that there is no obligation."

"But there will be an obligation," protested Marsh.

"Nonsense! Let me tell you, Marsh, if George Quicksall or any other man of his stamp had even the remotest idea they could buy you for sixty-five hundred dollars they wouldn't buy you if they could get you for ten cents. It's proof they think they can't buy you when they let you in on a perfectly legitimate deal like this."

"That side of it hadn't occurred to me," said Marsh, who could see the figures on the check—"$6500."

"Well, it's so. And I take it the money will come in handy?"

"It certainly will."

"Then stick the check in the bank and think no more about it. I'm going down to deposit mine. Want to ride with me?"

"No; I've got a committee meeting."

Notwithstanding the arguments of Senator Paxton, Marsh was uneasy in his mind. He felt qualms of conscience. He felt—knew—that Quicksall didn't let him in because he had taken a violent fancy to him after meeting him twice. He couldn't understand why he had been invited to those dinners. It puzzled him; but that afternoon he had a chance to get into a hot debate, and acquitted himself so well that many of his colleagues came over and congratulated him. He had forgotten all about the check when he went to his hotel elated over his success.

"Jim," said Mrs. Marsh after dinner, "Dorothy came in to see me this afternoon."

"How is she?"

"Oh, very well, and she is full of the amateur theatricals the girls of the school are going to give next month. She has a leading part."

"Are they teaching her to be an actress along with other useful accomplishments?" inquired Marsh.

"Of course not, but it is a great thing for a girl in her first year to have this distinction. She is crazy about it. She came in to talk to me about her costume."

"Her costume?" Marsh sat up straight. He knew what was coming.

"Certainly. You didn't think she could appear in her street dress, did you?"

"No," answered Marsh; "my experience is that neither of you can appear twice in any dress you may happen to have."

"Don't be nasty, Jim," said Mrs. Marsh calmly. "The point is that Dorothy, who is to take the part of a lady of the Eighteenth Century, is obliged to buy a fine costume."

"How much will it cost?"

"Oh, I don't know yet, for there are special shoes and wigs and all that to go with it. I'm afraid it will be quite expensive, though, for Dorothy has one of the leading parts, and so her costume will have to be rather elaborate."

"Huh!" commented Marsh.

"And while we're on the subject of clothes, dear," she added sweetly, "I find I've simply got to have three new gowns myself."

"Three new gowns!" Marsh jumped from his chair. "Good Lord, Molly, you must think I'm a millionaire. Well, I'm not, and it's costing me all I can get and more to keep up this social foolishness of yours. Where's it going to stop?"

Mrs. Marsh didn't reply. Instead, she wept a little. Marsh walked about the room, fidgeted with some books on the table, lighted a cigar, looked out the window, took a glass of water, fidgeted with some more books, tried to read a newspaper. Finally:

"All right, Molly," he said. "I guess I can make it."

He knew he could, for before his eyes was dancing that pink slip of paper with "$6500" written on it and stamped across it in perforated letters: "Not over six thousand five hundred," and the signature of Stunz & Sturgess at the bottom. It would have been good if it had been for six million five hundred thousand.

Next day he put the check in the bank. His banker friend saw him at the window, greeted him with one of those restricted smiles of his and with elaborate politeness. As soon as Marsh left the bank the banker went into the cage of the receiving teller and looked at the check. He smiled again when he saw it—smiled another of those smiles that only included his lips; and there was no smile in his eyes.

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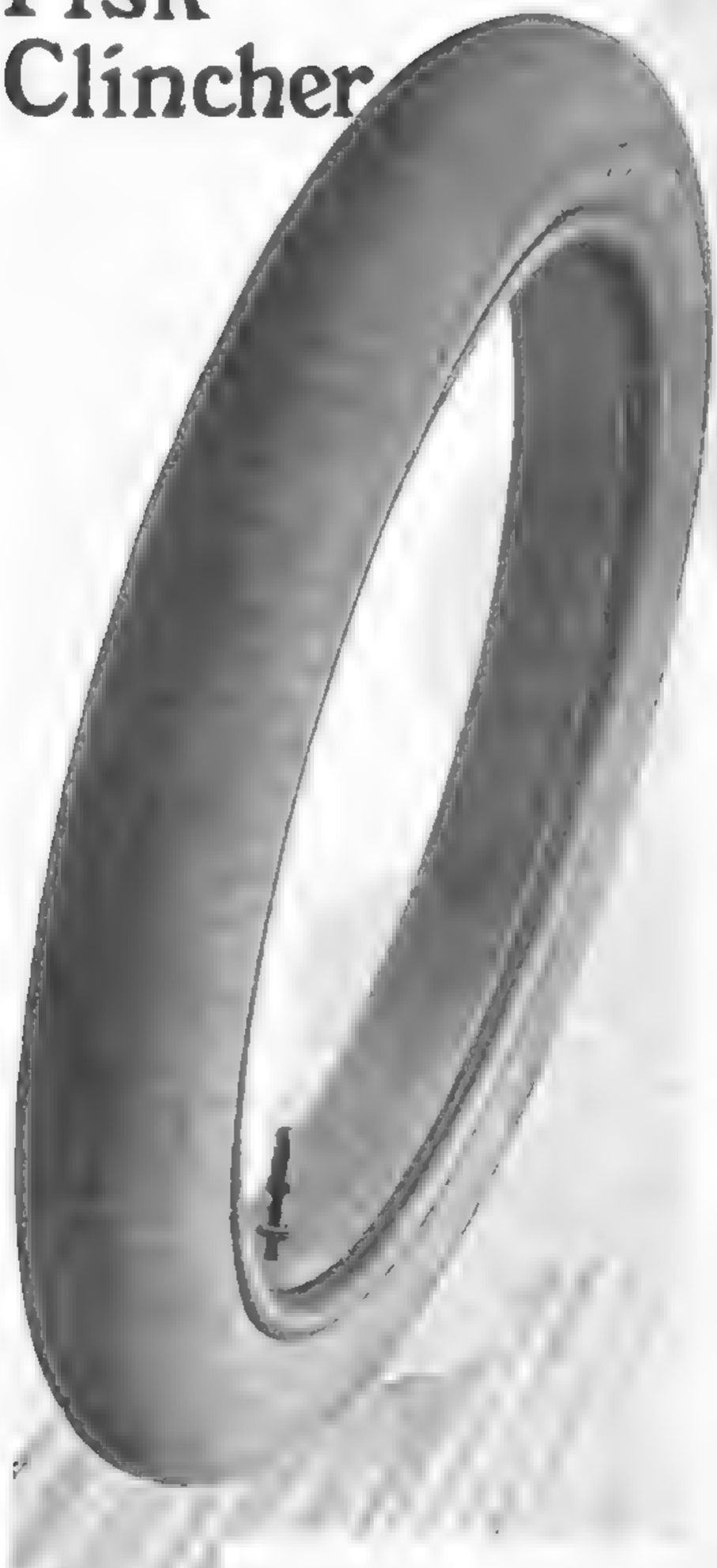

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This cost of doing business must be taken care of before the merchant can make a profit for himself.

There are two ways in which it can be taken care of:

(1) By charging high prices to the customer.

(2) By charging moderate prices, but selling goods fast, so that although less money is made on each article, so many are sold that the aggregate returns at the end of the year are sufficient to cover both costs and profits.

The latter method is known as "getting more turnovers."

Advertised merchandise usually yields more turnovers. Customers, having read about the goods in their favorite publications, take them by preference, need less persuasion, and often buy in larger quantities. The store which sells advertised merchandise, therefore, usually finds that it is making more "turnovers."

Now the right sort of advertised goods are so priced as to give the merchant the percentage of profit which he rightly deserves. Unadvertised goods of equivalent quality would have to be sold to the customer at a higher price because, moving slower, they would not yield so many "turnovers." Selling fewer articles, the merchant would have to make more on each. Sometimes this necessity of making more profit leads to an unfairly high price to the consumer.

Merchants find advertised goods of quality their best opportunity to make money.

And customers buying such goods may know that they are generally obtaining better quality or lower price than unadvertised lines can offer.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

AS PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

(Continued from Page 5)

who did all the gold trucking for W. H. Garrettson & Company, Wolff, Herzog & Company, and other gold-shipping banking firms. Photographers were duly stationed at the various points by which the aureate procession would pass.

Mr. J. Willoughby Parkhurst had the boxes of golddust taken out by the ash-and-cinder exit, caused his fellow reporters to be tipped off by hallboys that the gold would be taken away at twelve-thirty sharp to the Metropolitan National Bank vaults, and then took Jerningham in the Planet's automobile and followed the trucks.

In Wall Street Parkhurst introduced Jerningham to the waiting Kidder, and Kidder introduced Jerningham to the waiting Mr. Welles. The gold was carried down to the vaults. Jerningham separated twenty boxes from the heap.

"I'd like to have these cashed," he said with that delightful humor of all very rich men. And everybody within hearing laughed, as everybody always laughs at the so-delightful humor of all very rich men. There was not a clerk in the trust company who did not repeat the historic remark at home that night.

Word of what was happening went about and soon the great little narrow street was blocked by people who wished to see six or eight millions go into a place where there were one hundred and fifty. But there was this difference—the one hundred and fifty already there would stay there; but a handful or two of the six or eight might be distributed among those present by the latest Coal-Oil Johnny from the Klondike. The hope of a stray nugget or two kept two thousand busy people about the doors of the VanTwiller Trust Company nearly two hours.

As for Jerningham, the trust company was to send the twenty boxes of golddust to the Assay Office and credit Mr. Jerningham's account with the proceeds of the sale thereof. Two days later Mr. Alfred Jerningham had to his credit in the VanTwiller Trust Company $1,115,675.28; and in the vaults boxes containing, as per his most conservative estimates, golddust valued at six millions and a half. And everybody knew it—the Planet saw to that. Great potentialities in that golden fame of Jerningham's—what?

III

THE Planet's official version of the Jerningham affair, and the flood of sensational literature turned loose on the community by the other papers, made the Klondiker's name as familiar to New Yorkers as a certain breakfast food advertisement. His daily mail was enormous, especially after the newspapers said that he was looking for a house in which to entertain. "The richest bachelor in the world," he was called, and the real-estate agents acted accordingly. So did no end of unattached females of dubious age, but of not at all dubious intentions. Also it became known that he needed a social secretary to guide him in two things—the two being whom to invite and how to spend six hundred thousand dollars a year in entertaining those who were invited by the social adviser.

The applications came by the dozen—in the strictest confidence. If somebody had said this aloud in the hearing of society, society would have laughed scornfully. A gentleman was always a gentleman, and could never, never be secretary to a parvenu! But, for all that, there were scores of well-born men who appeared willing enough—don't you know?—to help spend the six hundred thousand a year. Or else some historic names were forged by dastards. The Planet's society editor, who would never allow herself to be called editress, proved invaluable as a living Who's Who, and demonstrated her worth to her paper by making connections that would further her work; for she was much sought by people who wished introductions to Mr. Jerningham. They would trade with her—items for letters.

It helped all concerned that not only Parkhurst but the rest of the kind-hearted sparegrabbers informed the world that the possessor of the income of six hundred thousand a year was a fount of erudition, and withal a man of the world, with exquisite manners—invulnerable to the optical artillery of the fairest sirens on earth. And always the six hundred thousand dollars a year to spend, so that the beastly stuff would not accumulate and choke up the passages of the palace he proposed to build! That was how Francis Wolfe came to be introduced to Mr. Jerningham by J. Willoughby Parkhurst, and how the position was delicately offered to him, and how F. Wolfe delicately accepted.

A fine-looking, well-built young fellow, this Frank—dark-eyed, black-haired, with a wonderfully clean pink but virile complexion that made him physically very attractive. In those Broadway restaurants that have become institutions Francis Wolfe was himself an institution. His debts were discussed as freely as the cost of gasoline. And yet the chorus contingent and their lady friends, consisting of the most beautiful women in all the world, not only preferred but publicly and on the slightest provocation proclaimed their preference for Frank Wolfe penniless to almost any one else—short of millions. But if Frank Wolfe was the chorus girls' pet, Mr. Francis Wolfe was the only brother of Mrs. John Burt and Mrs. Sydney Walsingham, and favorite nephew of old Mrs. Stimson. And everybody knew what that meant!

J. Willoughby Parkhurst left them alone, even if he was a reporter.

"If you do not mind talking business," said Jerningham with a deprecatory smile.

"Not at all," eagerly said young Wolfe, who was consumed by curiosity to listen to the golden statistics. "In fact," he added with a burst of boyish candor, "I'd be glad to have you."

"You are a nice boy!" said Jerningham, so gratefully and non-familiarly that Frank could not find fault with him.

"I need a friend," said Jerningham. "I know friendship cannot be bought. It grows—but there must be a seed. It may be that after you know me better you will give me your friendship. That is for the future. I also need a man! A man whom I can trust! A man, young Mr. Francis Wolfe," he said with a sternness that impressed young Mr. Francis Wolfe, "who will not laugh at me!"

Frank was not an intellectual giant, but neither was he an utter ass. He said very seriously:

"Go on!"

"I am willing to pay such a man twenty-five thousand a year ——" He paused and almost frowned.

"Go on!" again said young Mr. Wolfe, looking the Klondiker straight in the eyes.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars—to begin with!"

"Yes?" said young Mr. Wolfe quite calmly.

"The duties of such a man—and keep in mind I mean a man when I say a man!—entail nothing whatever of a menial or dishonorable character; nothing to which a gentleman could possibly object. But it would necessitate a certain spirit of good will toward me. I am not only willing but even anxious to pay twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and all traveling expenses, to a clean-minded young man who, for all his wild-oat sowing, is a gentleman, and will learn to like me enough not to laugh at me when I intrust him with the secret desire of my heart."

Before Frank's thoughts could crystallize into the definite suspicion that Jerningham wanted to be helped to climb socially, Jerningham went on so coldly that again young Wolfe was impressed:

"You will admit, Mr. Wolfe, that a man who has prospected all over North America from the Rio Grande to the Arctic Circle, and who has unfortunately been compelled"—he rose, went to his bureau, brought out two revolvers of a rather old-fashioned kind—"compelled against his will to draw first"—he showed the young man about a dozen notches in the handle of one of them—"one who fears no man and no government and no blackmailer; who owns the richest placer mines in the world—is not apt to be an emotional ass!" There was a pause. But Jerningham continued before young Wolfe could speak: "Neither is he a damned fool—what?"

Mr. Francis Wolfe felt he had to say something, so he said:

"I shouldn't think so."

He felt that Jerningham was not a man to trifle with—a tough customer in a rough-and-tumble fight; a man who had taken life in preserving his own; altogether a man, a character, who would make an

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admirable topic of conversation with both men and women—therefore a man to be interested in.

"Do you know Mr. Ashton Welles?" asked Jerningham almost sharply.

"Not intimately."

"Do you know Mrs. Ashton Welles?"

"Same answer."

"Ever dine at their house?"

Frank thought a moment. He had dined at so many people's houses.

"No," he answered finally.

"Could you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Are your relations with Welles such or could they be cultivated so as to make him invite you—not me—you! to dine at his house?"

"Look here, Mr. Jerningham," and young Mr. Wolfe's face flushed, "a fellow doesn't do some things for money; and this is one ——"

"I know it! Not for money. For friendship, yes! That's why—you understand now, don't you?" He looked so earnestly at young Wolfe that Frank absolved him of wrongdoing.

"No, I don't!" said the young man.

"Did you ever know Randolph Deering, who used to be president of the VanTwiller Trust Company?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Welles' father?"

"Yes."

"I don't recall speaking to him more than to say 'How do you do?' I don't remember when or how I met him."

"Do you know Mrs. Deering, Mrs. Welles' mother?"

"No."

"Do you know anybody who does?"

"I suppose I do."

"Anybody who would give you a letter of introduction?"

"I don't know. If my aunt or my sisters know her it would be easy. But, of course, I should have to know first why I should want to meet her."

"Of course. Did you ever hear anything about Mrs. Welles' sister, Naida Deering?"

"Didn't know she had a sister."

"Then, of course, you never saw her?"

Francis Wolfe thought a long time. His mind did not work very quickly at any time. At length he said:

"I don't think it could have been a sister, for I never heard of her having any; indeed, I distinctly remember hearing that she was an only child. Maybe she was a cousin or—er—something of the sort."

"No; Naida was a sister; a good deal older and —— But we are drifting away from business. Will you accept my proposition to be my—er—adviser in certain matters on which I think you are qualified to give advice, and accept twenty-five thousand dollars a year?"

"Do you mind if I speak frankly?"

"Certainly not. Speak ahead."

"Are you offering me this—er—salary when, of course, I know I am not worth a da—a cent in business; I mean, isn't it really in exchange for what I may be able to do for you in a—a social way? You know what I mean."

"No, sir!" said Jerningham decisively. "Not for an instant! I do not, dear Mr. Wolfe, give an infinitesimal damn for what is called society."

"But I thought Jimmy Parkhurst told me ——"

"I cannot help what Jimmy Parkhurst told you; but I tell you that I like interesting people, and I don't care who or what they are socially. I hate bores—whether they are hodcarriers or dukes. If I can meet people who will instruct me when I want to learn, or amuse me when I want to laugh, I'm satisfied. And I can always meet that kind without anybody's help. You know how it is." Then he spoke perhaps thirty words in a foreign language that Frank thought must be Hungarian. "You remember your Latin, of course. That's from Petronius."

"I thought so!" said Frank Wolfe, the pet of the chorus girls, laughing to himself. Remember his Latin! He? Haw!

"It is from his Cena Trimalchionis. The *arbiter elegantiarum* knew what social climbers might be expected to do, though I neither boast of my money nor do I eat with my knife. The Latin of the Cena is difficult—too slangy, full of the *sermo plebeius*."

"Yes, it is," agreed Frank, so gravely that it was all he could do to keep from laughing at himself. This Klondiker was not only a gunfighter and richer than Crœsus but also a highbrow! Could you beat it?

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"Suppose I find I can't?"

"I'll be sorry. The money is nothing. The inability to make a friend will be my real loss."

"Well, we might try six months." He looked inquiringly at Jerningham. "I don't exactly know what you wish me to do."

"Become my friend! You yourself said some things cannot be done for money by a gentleman; but there is nothing—so long as it is not dishonorable—that a gentleman may not do for a friend. Shall I explain a little more?" He looked anxiously at young Mr. Wolfe.

"Yes—do," said Frank. It occurred to him that this curious man was in reality proceeding with a curious delicacy.

"Just as soon as you feel you know me I will ask you to help me. Mrs. Deering is now abroad. Mrs. Welles may be of help to us. Mr. Wolfe, now that I am not so poor as I was I want to find Naida Deering, the only woman I ever loved—and, God help me, the only woman I still love!"

Jerningham rose hastily and walked up and down the room, his face persistently turned away from Wolfe. He walked to a window and stared at the sky a long time. Finally he turned to the young man, who was watching him, and said with profound conviction:

"*Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur!*"

Young Mr. Wolfe at first felt like saying: "Yes, indeed!" which would, as a matter of fact, have been a very pat retort. But he weakened and said:

"What is that quotation from?"

"Publilius Syrus. Mr. Wolfe, I must find her. And of course I can't employ a private detective. You understand?"

"Yes. That is true," said Frank.

"In her youth something happened." Young Mr. Wolfe sat up straight. Here at last was something really vital! Jerningham proceeded: "She was a highstrung girl—pure as gold. Her very innocence made her indiscreet. There was no scandal—no, indeed! But she disappeared. And now, when I have more than enough money for the two of us, I wish to find her. If I don't—of what possible good are my millions? Tell me that!"

Jerningham glared so angrily at young Mr. Wolfe that young Mr. Wolfe felt a slight spasm of concern. The Klondiker had a metallic gray eye that at times menaced like cold steel.

"Excuse me!" said Jerningham contritely. "My dear boy, do you know what it is to go chasing over the landscape for years and years in the hope of striking it some day so as to be able to go back to your native city and marry the one woman in all the world—particularly when she was one whom her parents, not understanding her nature, practically disowned? In all my prospecting what I wanted was to find Naida's mine—gold by the ton—so I could buy back her place in society!"

There was such determination in Jerningham's voice and look that young Wolfe felt a thrill of admiration and, with it, a distinct masculine liking.

"That's a great story!" he said. "I never heard of your—er—Miss Naida. She never married, I suppose?"

"I don't know! I don't know! She promised to wait for me. The Deerings used to live in Jersey; and living in Jersey when I was a kid wasn't what it is today. They were not prominent in society. Of course the Deerings kept it quiet. I think Mrs. Welles may know where her sister is—the sister who is never mentioned by her own flesh and blood! Mrs. Deering of course does; but she is abroad somewhere. I must find Naida, I tell you—and ——"

Jerningham was silent, but Wolfe saw that he was breathing quickly, as though he had been running. Frank never read anything except the afternoon papers, love letters and the more romantic of the best sellers. He now very laboriously constructed a romance of Jerningham's life that became so thrilling it took away his own breath. It made him feel very kindly toward the new Jerningham—everybody feels kindly toward his own creations; and so he said in a burst of enthusiasm:

"By George, I'll help you!"

And thus was begun the pact between the two men.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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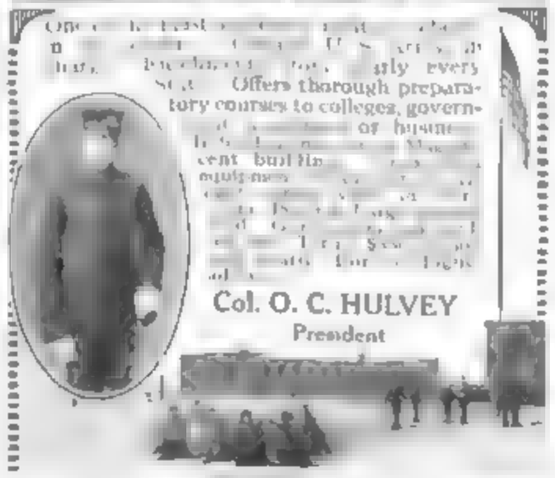
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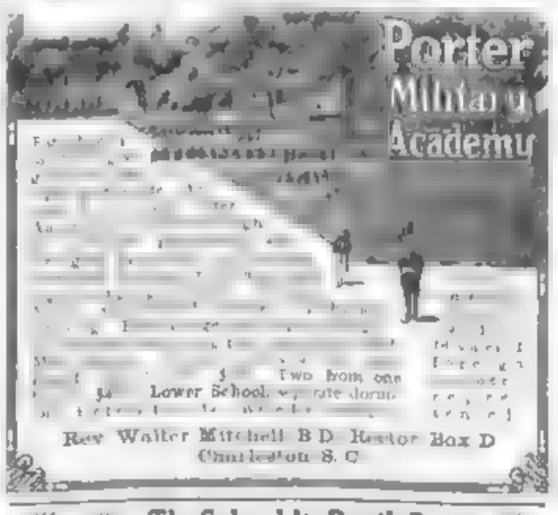

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ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 13)

Then, again, there is another advantage—this exposition is to be situated well within the city; the site is within easy riding distance of the civic center and not miles away from the middle of town, as has been the case in certain other instances in this country where big expositions were held. It is a place admirably devised by Nature for the purposes to which it is now being put a six-hundred-acre tract stretching along the water-front, with the Presidio at its farther end, the high hills behind it, and in front of it the exquisite panorama of the Golden Gate, with emerald islands rising beyond; and Berkeley and Oakland just across the way; and on beyond, northward across the narrowing portals of the harbor, the big green mountain of Tamalpais, rising sheer out of the sea.

Moreover, the president of the exposition and his aides promise that the whole thing, down to the minutest detail, will be completed and ready months before the date set for opening the gates—which will furnish another strikingly novel note in expositions, if their words come true; and they declare that, for beauty of conception and harmony of design, their exposition in 1915 will surpass any exposition ever seen in this country or in any other country. Probably they are right. I know that, as far back as the middle of March, the view from the first rise back of the grounds, looking down upon that long flat where men by thousands were toiling, and building after building was rising, made a picture sufficiently inspiring to warm the enthusiasm and brisken the imagination of any American, be he alien or native.

There isn't any doubt, though, that the people of San Francisco are going to have their hands full when the exposition visitors begin to pile in. By that I do not mean that the housing and feeding accommodations and the transit facilities will be deficient; but it is going to be a most goshawfully big job to educate the pilgrims up to the point where they will call San Francisco by its full name. All true San Franciscans are very touchy on this point—touchy as hedgehogs, they are; the prejudice extends to all classes, with the possible exception of the Chinese.

I heard a story of a seafaring person, ignorant and newly arrived, who drifted into a waterfront saloon, called for a simple glass of beer and spoke a few casual words of greeting to the barkeeper—and woke up the next morning in the hospital with a very bad headache and a bandage round his throbbing brows. It developed that he had three times in rapid succession referred to the city as Frisco, and on being warned against this practice had inquired:

"Well, wot do you want me to call her—plain Fris?"

That was the last straw. The barkeeper took a bung-starter and felled him as flat as a felled seam—and all present agreed that it served him right.

The Word That is Never Spoken

An even worse breach of etiquette on the part of the outlander is to intimate that an earthquake preceded the great fire. That is positively the unforgivable sin! In any quarter of the city you could get many subscriptions for a fund to buy something with silver handles on it for any man who would insist upon talking of earthquakes. To make my meaning clearer, I will state that there are only two objects of general use in the civilized world that have silver handles on them, and one of them is a loving cup; but this article would not be a loving cup. A native will willingly concede that there was a fire, which burned its memories deep into the consciousness of the city that recovered from it with such splendid courage and such inconceivable rapidity; but by common consent there was nothing else. It does not take the stranger long to get this point of view either.

If I were in charge of the publicity work of the San Francisco Fair I should advertise two attractions that would surely appeal to all the women in this country, and to most of the men. In my press work I would dwell at length upon the fact that in this part of California a woman may wear any weight and any style of clothes—spring clothes, summer clothes, fall clothes or winter clothes—and not only be perfectly comfortable while so doing, but be in the fashion besides; and to be in the fashion is a thing calculated to make a woman comfortable whether she otherwise is or not.

To see a group of four women promenading a San Francisco street on a pleasant morning is to be reminded of that ballet representing the Four Seasons, which we used to see in the second act of every well-regulated extravaganza. The woman nearest the walls has on her furs—it is always cool in the shade; the one next to her is wearing the very latest wrinkles in spring garniture; the third one, let us say, is dressed in the especially becoming frock she bought last October; and the one on the outside, where the sun shines the brightest, is as summery in her white ducks and her white slippers as though she had just stepped off the cover of the August number of a magazine. There is something, too, about the salt-laden breezes of San Francisco that gives women wonderful complexions; that detail, properly press-agented, ought to fetch the entire female population of the United States.

For drawing the men, I would exploit the great cardinal fact that nowhere in the country—not even in Norfolk or Baltimore or New Orleans—can you get better things to eat than in San Francisco. For its size, I believe there are more good clubs and more good restaurants right there than in any other spot on the habitable globe. Particularly in the preparation of the typical dishes of the Coast do the San Francisco cooks excel; their cuisine is based on a sane American foundation, with a delectable suggestion of the Spanish in it, and sometimes with a traceable suggestion of the best there is in the Italian and the Chinese schools of cookery.

The Jewels in the Food-Belt

To one whose taste in oysters has been developed by eating the full-chested bivalve of the Eastern seaboard and the deep-lunged, long-waisted product of the Louisiana bayous, the native oyster does not greatly appeal. A lot has been written and printed about the California oyster, but in my opinion he will always have considerable difficulty in living up to his press notices. It takes about a thousand of him to make a quart and about a hundred of him to make a taste. Even then he doesn't taste much like a real oyster, but more like an infinitesimal scrap of sponge where a real oyster camped out overnight once.

There is a dream of a little fish, however, called a sand dab—he is a tiny, flounder-shaped titbit hailing from deep water; and for eating purposes he is probably the best fish that swims—better even than the pompano of the Gulf—and when you say that you are saying about all there is to be said for a fish. And the big crabs of the Pacific side are the hereditary princes of the crab family. They look like spread-eagles; and properly prepared they taste like Heaven. I often wonder what the crabsters buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell—which is a quotation from Omar, with original interpolations by me. The domestic cheese of the Sierras is not without its attractions also, whether you eat it fresh or whether you keep it until its general aspect and prevalent atmosphere are such as to satisfy even one of those epicurean cheese-eaters who think that no cheese is fit to eat until you can't.

Another thing worthy of mention in connection with this California school of cookery is that you can pay as little as you please for your dinner or as much as you please. There are three standbys of the exchange editor that may be counted upon to appear in the newspapers about once in so often. One is the houry-headed and toothless tale regarding the artist who was hired to renovate religious paintings in a church in Brussels, and turned in an itemized account including such entries as—"Correcting the Ten Commandments"; "Restoring the Lost Souls"; "Renewing Heaven"; and winding up with "Doing Several Odd Jobs for the Damned."

The second of the set comes out of retirement at frequent intervals—whenever some trusting soul runs across a time-stained number of the Ulster Gazette giving details of the death of George Washington—I wonder how many million copies of that venerable counterfeit were printed—and writes in to his home editor about it.

And the third, the most popular clipping of the three, concerns the prices that used

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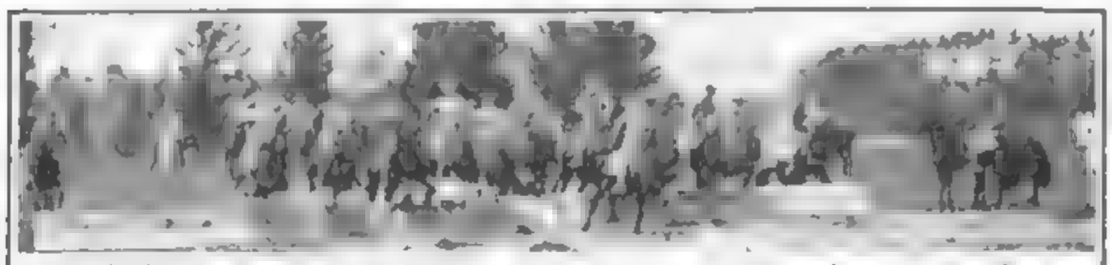

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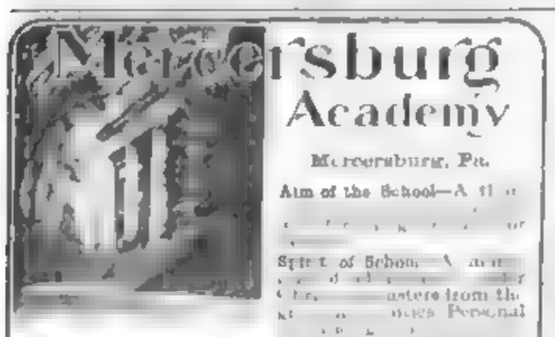

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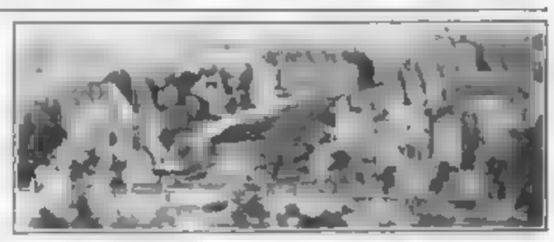

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to govern at the mining camp in the days of the early gold rushes. The story that is most commonly quoted has to do with the menu of the El Dorado Hotel, at Placerville, where bean soup was a dollar a plate; hash, lowgrade, seventy-five cents; hash, eighteen-carat, a dollar—and so on down the list to seventy-five cents for two Irish potatoes, peeled.

The cost of living may have gone down subsequently in those parts, but it has gone back up again—at certain favored spots. If the Argonauts, those hardy adventurers who flung their gold round so regardlessly and were not satisfied unless they paid outrageously big prices for everything, could come back today they would have no cause to complain at the contemptible paucity of the bill after they had dined at any one of half a dozen ultra-expensive hotels that are to be found dotted along the Coast.

I append herewith a few items selected at random from the price card of a fashionable establishment in one of the larger Coast cities: caviar impérial d'Astracan, two dollars for a double portion; buffet Russe—whatever that is—ninety cents; German asparagus, a single helping, one dollar and forty cents; blue-point oysters, fifty cents; fifty cents for clams; Gorgonzola cheese, fifty cents a portion; and, in a land where peaches and figs grow anywhere and everywhere, seventy-five cents for an order of brandied peaches and fifty cents for an order of spiced figs. Even seasoned New Yorkers have been known to breathe hard on receiving a check for a full meal at certain restaurants in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

On the other hand, you can step round any corner in San Francisco and walk into that institution which people in other larger cities are forever seeking and never finding—a table-d'hôte restaurant where a perfect meal is to be had at a most moderate price. The best Italian restaurant in the world—and persons who have been there tell me that Sunny Italy itself is not barred—is a little place on the fringe of the Barbary Coast.

There is another place not far away where, for a dollar, you get a bottle of good domestic wine and a selection from the following range of dishes: Celery, ripe olives, green olives, radishes, onions, lettuce, sliced tomatoes, combination salad or crab-meat salad; soup—onion or consommé; fish—sole, salmon, bass, sand dabs, mussels or clams; entrées—sweetbreads with mushrooms, curry of lamb, calf's tongue, tripe with peppers, tagliatini a l'Italienne, or boiled kidney with bacon; vegetables—asparagus, string-beans and cauliflower; roast—spring lamb with green peas, broiled chicken or broiled pig's feet; dessert—rhubarb pie, ice cream and cake, apple sauce, stewed fruits, baked pear or baked apple, mixed fruits; cheese of three varieties, and coffee to wind up on.

The proprietor doesn't cut out his portions with a pair of buttonhole scissors either, or sauce them with a medicine-dropperful of gravy. He gives big, full, satisfying helpings, well cooked and well served. There is some romance in the San Francisco cooking, too, if the oldtimers who bemourn the old days only realized it.

The World's Most Gifted Fish-Liar

If this seeming officiousness on the part of a passing wayfarer may be excused there is one more suggestion I should like to throw off for the benefit of the promoters of the exposition. Living somewhere in California is a man who should be looked up before the gates are opened, and he should be retained at a salary and staked out in suitable quarters as a special and added attraction. He is the most magnificent fish-liar in the known world! I do not know his name—he was so busy pouring fish stories down a party of us that he didn't take time to stop and tell his name—but no great difficulty should be experienced in finding him. There is only one of him alive—these world's wonders never occur in pairs. That would cheapen them and make them commonplace.

He swam into our ken—if a mixed metaphor may be pardoned—on a train leaving Oakland for the East. We were sitting in the club car—half a dozen or so of us—when he drifted in. At first look no one would have suspected him of being so gifted a creature as he proved himself to be. He was a round, short, tub-shaped man, with a button nose, and a double chin that ran all the way round and lapped over at the back of his neck like a clergyman's collar. But, though his appearance was deceiving, anybody could tell with half an eye that he excelled in extemporaneous conversation. Right off he began shadow-boxing and sparring about, waiting for an opening. In a minute he got it.

Not a Barytone in the Bunch

The tall man with the long face and the stiff white pompadour, who looked like a toothbrush, gave him his chance. The tall man happened to look out of the car window and see in an inlet a fleet of beached fishing boats, and he remarked on their picturesqueness. That was the cue.

"Speaking of fishing," said the button-nosed man, "I'll tell you people something that'll maybe interest you. You may not believe it either, me being a stranger to you; but it's the Gospel truth or I wouldn't be sitting here a-telling it. I reckon I've done more fishing in my day and more different kinds of fishing than any man alive. I come originally from a prime fishing state—Michigan—and I've lived in Colorado and Montana and Oregon and all the other good fishing states out West. But, take it from me, friends, California is the best fishing state there is. Yes, sir; when it comes to fishing, old California lays it over 'em all—she takes the rag right off the bush! I'm the one that oughter know because I've fished her from end to end and crossways—sea fishing, creek fishing, lake fishing and all.

It's a Great Thing Out There to Be a Native Son

"Down at Catalina they'll tell you, if you ask 'em, that I'm the man that ketched the biggest tuna that ever come out of that ocean. It took me fourteen hours and forty-five minutes to land him, and during that time he towed me and an eighteen-foot boat, and the fellow I had along for boatman, over forty-four miles—I measured it afterward to be sure—and the friction of the reel spinning round wore my line down till it wasn't no thicker in places than a cobweb. But tunas ain't my regular specialty—trouts and basses are my special favorites; and up in the mountains is where I mostly do my fishing.

"I'm just sort of hanging round now waiting for the snow to move out so's I can go up there and start fishing.

"Well, sirs, it's funny, ain't it, the way luck will run fishing? Once when I was living up there I fished stiddy, day in and day out, for two seasons and never got a bite that you could rightly call a bite. And then all of a sudden one afternoon the luck switched and in exactly forty-five minutes by the watch—by this here very watch I'm carrying now in my pocket—I ketched seventy-two of them big old black basses out of one hole; and they averaged five pounds apiece!"

We looked at one another silently. A total of seventy-two five-pound bass in three-quarters of an hour seemed a little too much to be taken as a first dose from a strange practitioner. And it was hard to believe they had all been basses; if only for the sake of variety there should have been at least one barytone. We felt that we needed time for reflection—and digestion.

Evidently realizing this, one of our number undertook to throw himself into the

breach. As I recollect, this volunteer was the fat coffin drummer from Des Moines who had the round, smooth face and the round, bald head, and wore the fuzzy green hat with the bow at the back. I think he wore the bow there purposely—it simplified matters so when you were trying to decide which side of his head his face grew on. He heaved a pensive sigh out of his system and remarked upon the clearness of the air in these parts.

I Didn't See a Single Owl Lunch Wagon or Meet a Single Beggar

"You're right there, mister," broke in the button-nosed man, snapping him up instantly. "The air is tolerable clear here today; but you oughter see the air up in the mountains! Why, it's so clear up there it would make this here hill-country air look like a fog. I remember oncet I was browsing along a cliff up in that country, toting my fishpole, and I happened to look over the bluff just so—and down below I saw a hole in the creek that was just crawling with them big trouts—steel-head trouts and rainbow trouts. I could see the spots on their sides and their fins waving, and their gills working up and down.

"I figured out that it was fully a hundred feet down to the water and the water would natchelly be tolerable deep; so I let all my line run off the reel, a hundred and sixty feet of it; and I fished and fished and fished—and didn't get a strike, let alone a nibble. Yet I could look over and see all these hungry trouts down below looking up with expectant looks in their eyes—I could see their eyes—and jumping round regardless; and yet not a bite! So I changed bait—changed from live bait to dead bait, and back again to live—and still there wasn't nothing doing. So I says to myself: 'Something's wrong, sure! This thing'll stand looking into.'"

A Native Son Not Bragged About

"So I snoops round and finds a place where there's a sort of a sloping place in the bluff; and I braces my pole in a rock and leaves it there; and I climbs down—and then I sees what's the matter. It was that there clear air that had fooled me! It was three hundred feet if it was an inch down from the top of that there bluff to the creek, and the hole was fully a hundred feet deep—maybe more; and away down at the plumb bottom all them trouts was congregated in a circlelike, looking up mighty greedy and longing at my bait, which was a live frog, dangling two hundred and forty-odd feet up in the air. But, speaking of clear air, that wasn't nothing at all compared to some other things I could tell you about. Another time ——"

At this point I rose and escaped to the diner. When I got back at the end of an hour the other survivors told me that, up to the time he got off at Sacramento, the button-nosed man had been getting better and better all the time. He certainly ought to be rounded up and put on exhibition at the Fair to show those puny and feeble Eastern fish-liars what the incomparable Western climate can produce.

I almost forgot to mention San Francisco's chief product—Native Sons. A Native Son is one who has acquired special merit by being born in the state. You would think credit would be given to the subject's parents, where it belongs; but, no—that is not the California way. It's a great thing out there to be a Native Son.

And, after that, the next best thing is to be a Southerner, either by birth or descent. People who have Southern blood in their veins are very proud of it and can join a club on the strength of it; and some of them do a lot of talking about it. The definition is rather elastic—anybody whose ancestors worked on the Southern Pacific is eligible, I think.

Of course there are a lot of real Southerners; but there are a whole lot more who—so it seemed to me—are giving remarkably realistic imitations of the type known in New York as the Professional Southerner.

I was out there too early in the year to meet the justly celebrated San Francisco flea. He's a Native Son too; but there isn't so much bragging being done on his account.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Electric Jumps

BY MEASURING how far an electric current can jump through the air from one piece of metal to another electricians can determine the voltage of a current; and it is by setting a current to making broad jumps and then scoring the feat with a tape measure that the very high voltages used nowadays are ordinarily measured. But the judges of these athletic feats have recently determined that the electricity jumps much more surely from some marks than from others, just as a man is not likely to jump so well from a mud spot as from firm ground.

Spark gaps, as these jump measures are called because of the great electric spark that jumps across the gap, have been made of needlepoints. Now it has been found that if metal spheres are used, and the electricity made to jump from one to the other, the result is more accurate; and sphere spark gaps are replacing the needlepoint jumps.

Even with spheres to jump from, the athletic electricity is not entirely satisfied unless each sphere is as big in diameter as the jump the current is expected to make. With such spheres the spark of a current of five hundred thousand voltage will break down when the spheres are a little more than fifteen inches apart.

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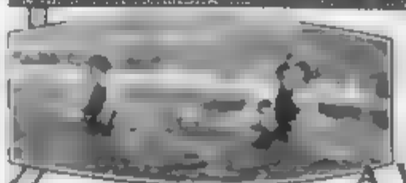

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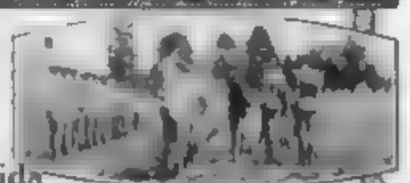

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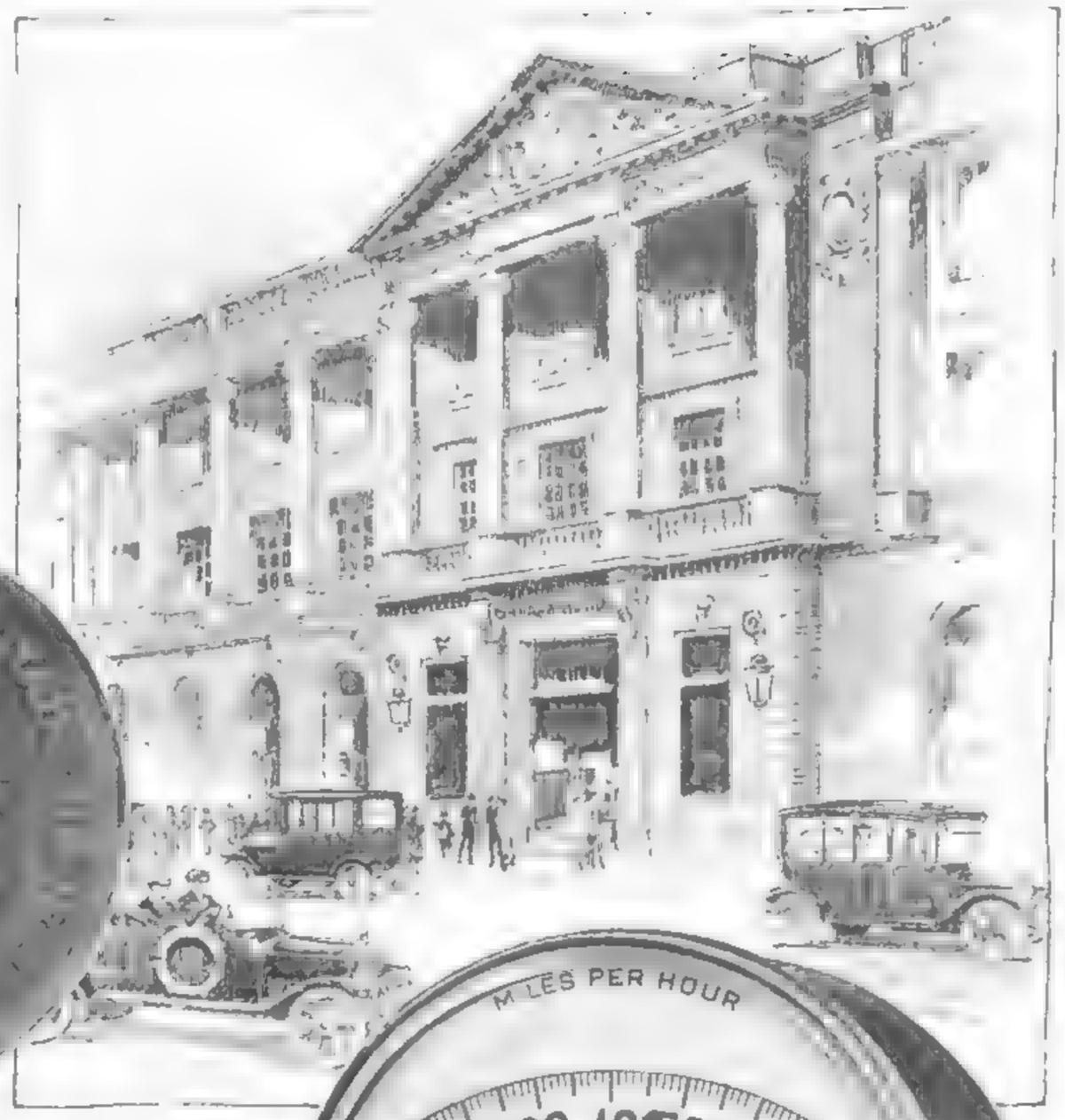

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MY NEXT IMITATION

(Continued from Page 15

"Mawruss," he cried, "do you got any objections I should go to lunch first today?"

He braced himself for the flood of protest he felt sure would greet his question; but, instead, the voice of his partner, evidently addressing Goldman the cutter, came from the direction of the cutting room.

"Mind you, I begged him he should send the goods last week already," it said, "and I might just so well talk to the fixtures for all the consideration I get."

Abe scowled.

"*Wiedermal* the sponger business!" he said to himself; and seizing his hat and coat he made a hurried exit to the elevator shaft, where he heard Goldman explode into a loud laugh as the harangue about the sponger came to an end.

"That's a fresh cutter for you!" he exclaimed; and he was still muttering to himself when he entered the elevator.

Nor did his indignation subside until he had consumed two portions of Hammersmith's *plat du jour*, which so restored his good humor that he ordered a slice of highly indigestible cake and leaned back in his chair to await its arrival. A moment later he sprang to his feet and darted across the room.

"Loafer!" he cried. "What d'ye mean by it?"

Morris Perlmutter paused with a cup of coffee between the saucer and his lips.

"What d'ye mean what do I mean by it?" he exclaimed.

"Couldn't you waited till I got back?" Abe demanded.

"Couldn't I waited till you got back!" Morris shouted, putting down his cup so forcibly that the coffee flew all over the table. "Why, you ——"

Here he became entirely incoherent and spluttered helplessly for some minutes.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" he said at last. "Should I starve myself to death while you spend hours making a monkey of yourself in that telephone booth?"

"What are you talking about the telephone booth?" Abe thundered. "I got through there in the telephone booth and was eating my lunch already before you finished roasting me to Goldman, Mawruss which I must say, Mawruss, when one partner does a dirty lowdown trick like joking about the other partner *mit* the cutter, all I could say is ——"

"Me joking *mit* Goldman!" Morris interrupted. "Why, I ain't spoke two words to Goldman this week yet!"

Abe lowered his head and glared so viciously that Morris grew alarmed.

"Sit down and don't make a bigger *Chammer* of yourself than you can help, Abe," he said; and mechanically Abe pulled out the chair in front of Morris and literally fell into it.

"So!" he declared. "I'm making a donkey of myself, am I? When you got the nerve to sit there and tell me you ain't spoke two words to Goldman, which *mit* my own ears I heard you tell him you might just so much speak to the fixtures as to me! First I am a fixtures, Mawruss, and now I am a *Chammer*. What?"

Morris felt his reason slipping away from him, and he took a hasty swallow of what coffee remained in the cup.

"I don't know what you're talking about at all, Abe," he said so earnestly that Abe grew a trifle calmer. "I ain't said nothing about fixtures to nobody, Abe, particularly to Goldman, Abe—which—what has a cutter got to do *mit* fixtures, Abe? An idee!"

Abe passed his hand over his forehead and sighed heavily.

"You and me has been partners together, Mawruss, for an awful long time now," he said, "and you got to admit that I should ought to know your voice when I hear it. Ain't it?" Morris nodded. "Then if you wasn't talking to Goldman in the cutting room half an hour ago, Mawruss," Abe concluded, "who was?"

Before Morris could reply Koppel Zinkman approached from the direction of Hammersmith's scanty free-lunch counter and smiled affably at them.

"Well, boys," he said, "how is my Sammie behaving himself so far?"

III

NOT to care whether a rich uncle lives or dies is after all a very negative virtue in a nephew and can hardly be expected to evoke much affection from the uncle. Indeed Max Polek had barely left Potash & Perlmutter's premises before he began to ask himself the question: "Why should I indorse Sidney's note for four hundred and fifty dollars?"

And in the period that preceded his appointment for one o'clock he repeated the question to himself many times over, with varying synonyms for the name Sidney, until it took the form of: "Why should I indorse that sucker's note for four hundred and fifty dollars?"

Thus he was in no very amiable frame of mind when, promptly at one o'clock, he arrived at Potash & Perlmutter's showroom to find that both members of the firm were out.

"And ain't my nephew come yet neither?" he demanded of Sam Zinkman, who was listlessly engaged in dusting off the sample racks with a feather broom.

"A feller in the cloth-sponging business?" Sam inquired.

"What is it your business what business my nephew is in?" Max retorted.

"Because a feller was in here in the cloth-sponging business looking for trouble a few minutes ago, and I thought maybe it was your nephew," Sam replied.

"Well it wasn't my nephew," Max said, taken off his guard by Sam Zinkman's ingenuous manner, "because my nephew's in the show business not the cloth-sponging business."

Sam dropped his feather duster.

"The show business!" he exclaimed, and walked eagerly toward Max Polek. "I've been wanting to meet some one in the show business for some time now. I've got a monologue something like Silver & Ford's work in Both Sides of Broadway. Would you like maybe to hear how it goes?"

For a few seconds Max stared at Sam, who had retired a couple of paces, and had started to walk backward and forward in the heavy, flatfooted fashion of his father, Koppel Zinkman. Then, as Sam cleared his throat, it began to dawn on Max that he was about to witness the rehearsal of a vaudeville act, and he became at once panic-stricken.

"*Koosh!*" he bellowed, frantically waving his hand, and subsided at once into a fit of coughing, in the middle of which Sidney Paul entered.

"What's the matter, pop?" he asked as he slapped his uncle on the back by way of assisting the latter's respiration. "Got 'em bad again?"

Meantime Sam had recognized the insignia of the theatrical manager in the Persian lamb collar of Sidney's overcoat and the unblemished straight-from-the-shoe-store polish of his patent-leather shoes—to say nothing of a pearl-gray fedora hat and the necessary three-carat scarfpin; and, after the fashion of the amateur in the presence of the impresario, Sam's talent promptly forsook him.

Accordingly he slunk away and hid behind the denim curtains of the farthest sample rack.

"You're a fine feller, Sidney!" Max began. "What d'ye mean keeping me waiting round here all this time?"

Before Sidney could answer, however, there came from behind the denim curtains a vociferous replica of Max Polek's last attack.

"Hello!" Sidney exclaimed. "Somebody else is sick round here too."

"Do you think I am the only one which has got such a cough?" Max cried. "You should hear that feller this morning also—a young man like him too!"

"He's certainly got you skinned, Uncle Max!" Sidney commented; and at this unaffected praise Sam stepped boldly from behind the curtain.

"That's nothing," he said. "Y'oughter hear some of my other imitations."

"Imitations!" Max Polek shouted, growing at once red in the face. "Why, you dirty young loafer, you! Do you mean to say you are imitating my coughing yet?"

Sam Zinkman nodded proudly.

"Well, what d'ye think of that, Sidney?" Max blurted out.

"Pretty good!" Sidney replied. "Let's hear it again, kid."

Without further invitation Sam went off into another and worse paroxysm, which left him bathed in perspiration and somewhat hoarse, but not nearly so hoarse as Max Polek, who was entirely speechless with fury.

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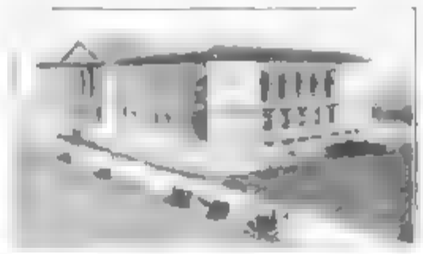

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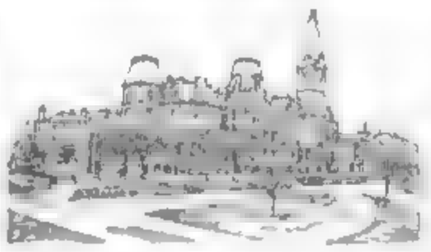

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"You're all right, kid!" Sidney exclaimed, clapping his hands. "Have you got any more of them imitations?"

"I do a—now—monologue something like Silver & Ford's work in Both Sides of Broadway," Sam admitted modestly.

"Let's have it," Sidney said; and Sam began his flatfooted promenade just as Abe and Morris alighted from the elevator.

"Sam," Abe cried, *"was machst du hier?"*

Polek struggled to his feet and took up his hat and coat.

"Leave us alone, Potash," he said with forced calmness. "We're giving a couple imitations here."

"Imitations!" Abe and Morris cried with one voice.

"Sure!" Max Polek replied, jamming his hat down over his ears. "This here boy just now gives us an elegant imitation of a feller coughing *mit* the asthma, understand me; and Sidney also gives an imitation of a nephew *mit* a heart like a brick." Here he started to leave, but he thought better of it and paused on the threshold. "And me, I'm just starting in, Potash," he went on. "I'm giving an imitation of a feller which was going to indorse a promissory note for four hundred and fifty dollars, and which changed his mind, Potash." He swept the entire room with a farewell glare. "Furthermore I would never buy from you again so long as I live another dollar's worth of goods, Potash!" he concluded. "And that ain't no imitation neither!"

"I met Koppel Zinkman on the Subway this morning," Morris said a month later. "He ain't sore at us that we fired out the boy, Abe."

"He should be sore at us, Mawruss!" Abe exclaimed. "With what that boy done to us in one day, Mawruss, Koppel is lucky we don't sue him in the courts for a couple thousand dollars yet."

"He gave us plenty warning, Abe," Morris said. "You must got to allow him credit for that."

"I allow him credit for doing us out of a four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar order, Mawruss," Abe retorted, "and also losing us a good customer like Max Polek."

"You didn't lose him, Abe," cried a voice from the showroom door. "You only mislaid him—that's all."

It was Max Polek who spoke. He had approached unnoticed from the elevator, for the sound of his footsteps had been muffled by the traffic noises that came with the warm April breeze through the open windows of the showroom.

"Why, hello, Max!" Abe shouted, jumping to his feet. "What brings you in town this warm weather?"

"I got to buy a couple hundred dollars more goods, Abe," Max explained with an apologetic smile—"for myself, Abe, not for my nephew."

"I'm glad to hear it," Abe said, "because with that feller we don't want nothing to do at all."

"Well, I'll tell you," Max said with a shrug: "After all, Sidney didn't mean no harm, Abe; so I concluded I would forget all about it that he insulted me, y'understand, in especially as he bought them suits without my assistance from a greenhorn on East Broadway, y'understand, which the fool was glad enough he should get the order, y'understand."

"You shouldn't feel sore at us neither, Max," Morris hastened to say, "because we fired that fresh boy of Zinkman's."

"I know it," Max replied. "Koppel told me all about it."

"Koppel!" Abe exclaimed. "Then you and him is also good friends again?"

"Why not?" Max asked. "Koppel ain't got no hard feelings for me, Abe, and I ain't for him; which if it wouldn't be for Sam Zinkman, Abe, Paul & Fennessy would got to let go that high-class vaudeville house they're running in Newark, understand me, and I would be stuck a thousand dollars I let 'em have toward the deposit on the lease. As it is, *mit* Sam Zinkman on the bill, they're turning 'em away there every matinée and evening."

"Sam Zinkman on the bill!" Abe repeated. "Do you mean to say that boy is now an actor in the theayter?"

Max wagged his head and smiled.

"I should say!" he replied. "The feller does a monologue where he gives an imitation of a couple partners which they are all the time scrapping, y'understand; and it's the funniest thing I ever listened to in my life! You ought to hear him do it once!"

Abe looked at Morris and grinned shyly.

"I think I did already," he said.

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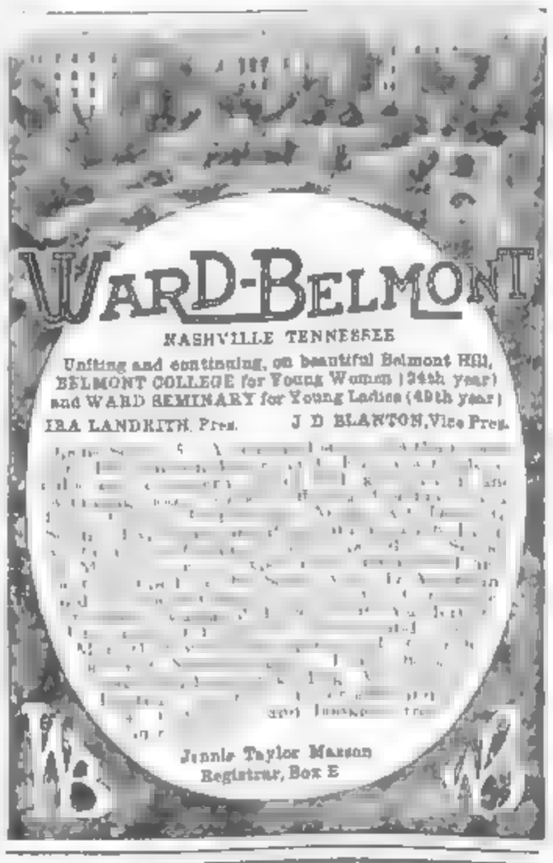

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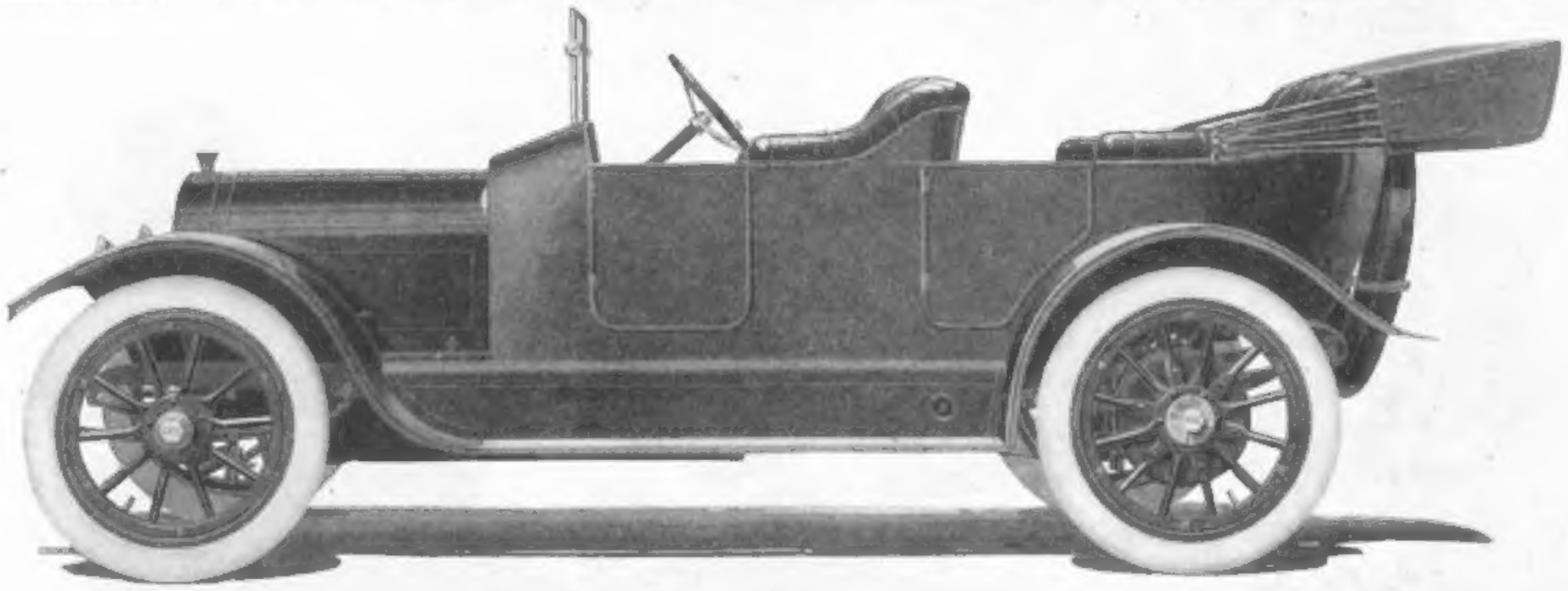

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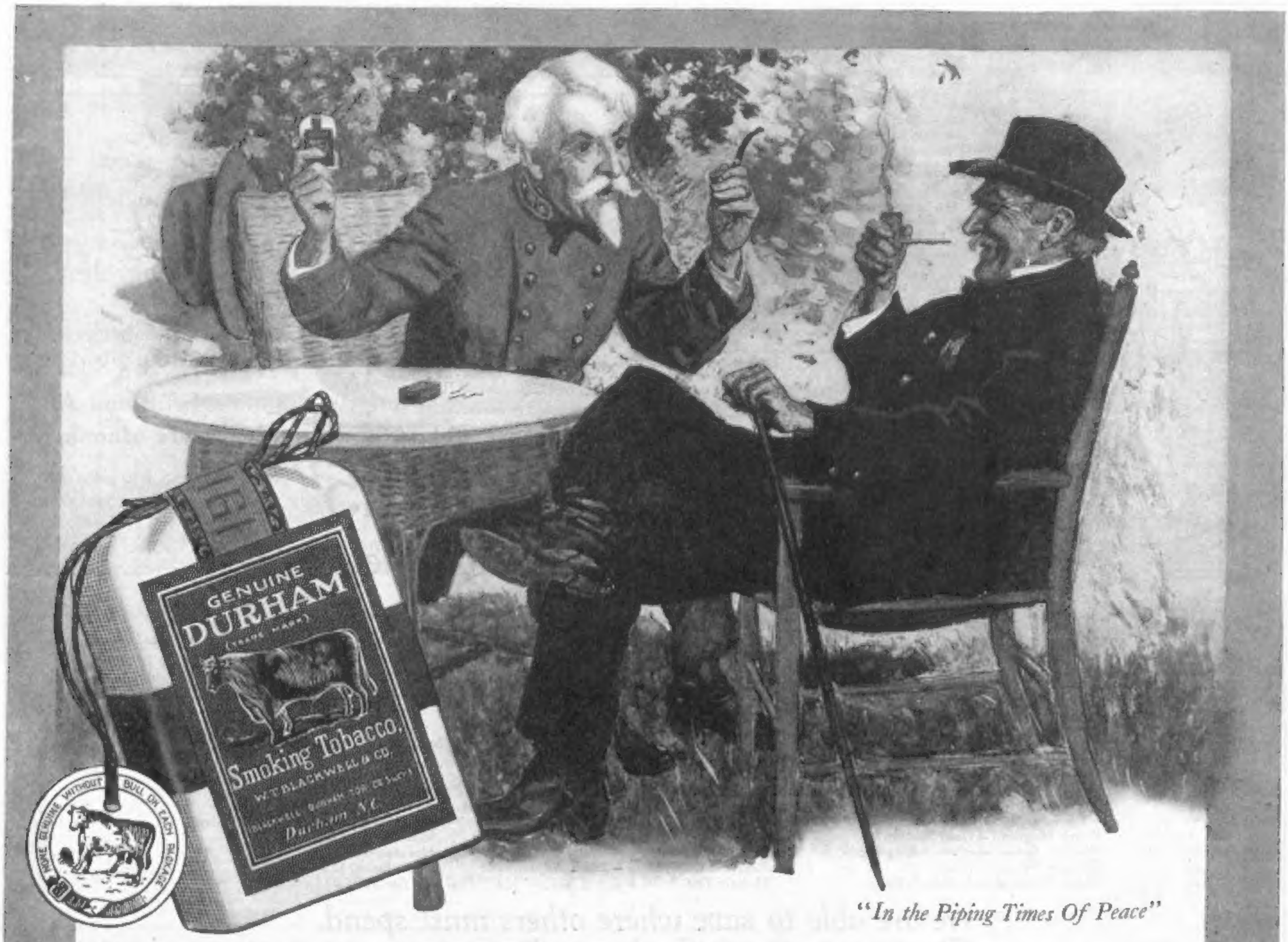

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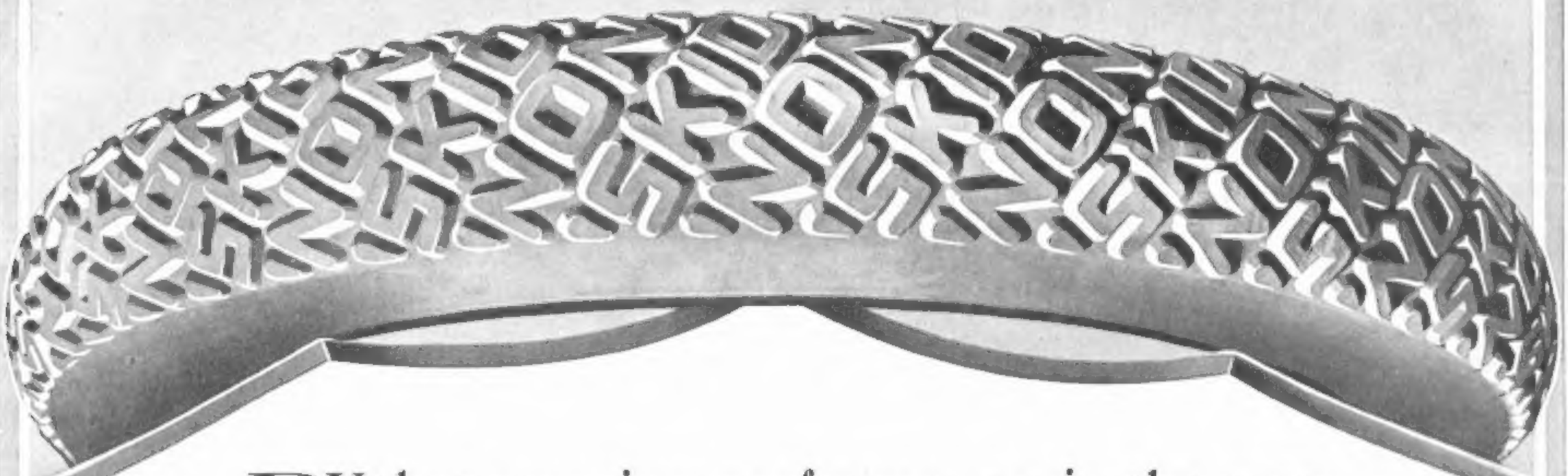

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